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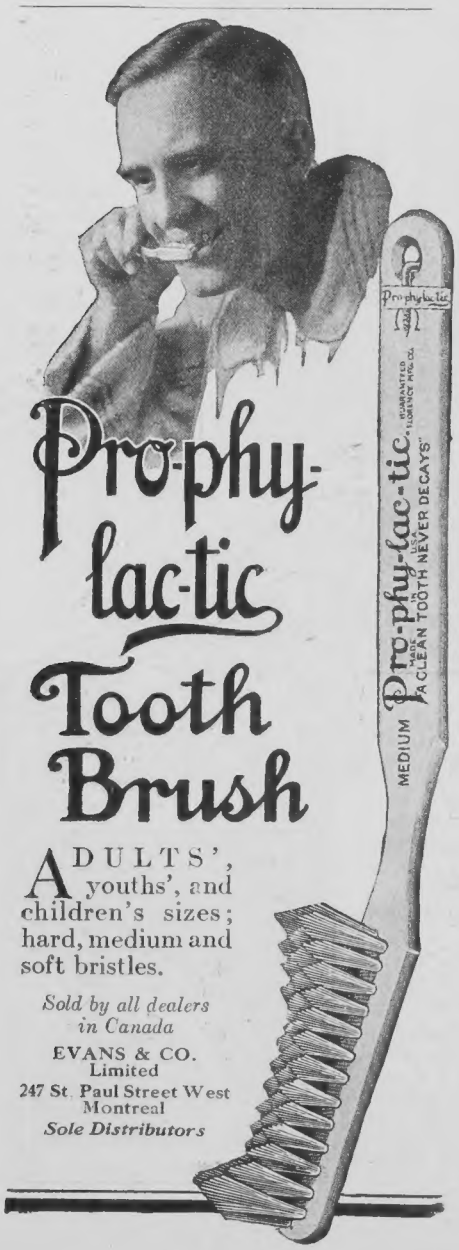

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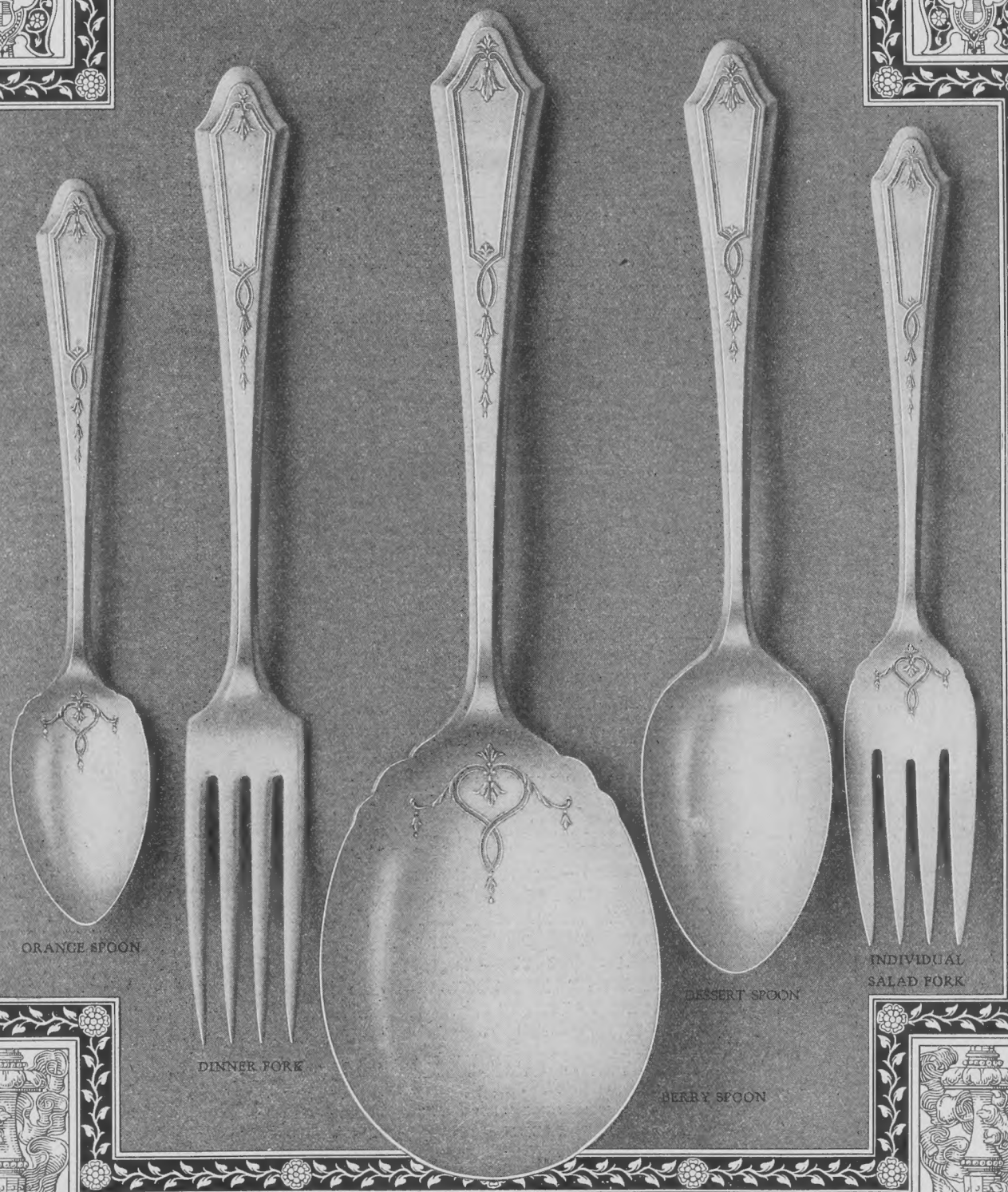

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National Dignity

WHEN one man does wrong to another he should hasten to make an explanation, should offer due apology, and should be more than willing to pay for damage inflicted. When one is wronged he should wait a little for the offender to explain his action, and then if reparation has to be made a way should be found that would tend to restore good feeling and friendship. When men are semi-savage or when they take themselves too seriously they do not act like men of culture. Rather do they lose temper, retaliate in unbecoming fashion, or say things for which they are sorry afterwards. It is pretty easy to classify men as to their culture by their actions when they are wronged or when they wrong others.

Nations are just like men. They do wrong to each other, they have to apologize, they have to make reparations, or if they are offended they have to wait for explanations. Then in the light of these explanations they have to take such action as is fitting. The more cultured a nation is, the more patience and courtesy it displays towards a nation that has wronged it. If a civilized nation by design or accident does wrong to another it will hasten to apologize and show regret before any demand is made upon it.

All this, of course, is prompted by the little trouble between Greece and Italy. That Greece was responsible for protecting the lives of the ambassadors is quite true. There are enough irresponsible and murderous Greeks in the world to justify Italy in making assumptions. More than this, the action of Greek governments during the last few years made it easy for Italians and the world at large, to believe anything. Yet up till the present time it has not been shown that Greek citizens either on their own initative or abetted by their government were guilty of the murders. Italy would have been wiser had she shown more patience and calm reserve. Mussolini showed the temper of a prize fighter rather than that of a Christian statesman. He lacked dignity. More than that, he left himself in the position of being accused of bullying. As a well-known writer said: "If it had been France instead of Greece he would not have seized one of the French islands, and if it had been Britain he would not have stormed the Isle of Wight." Apart altogether from this it was both dangerous in the extreme and a breach of faith to break away from the League of Nations. No man should allow his temper, personal or national, to run away with him. He should not forget his solemn obligation. Even if Italy were quite within her rights, she did no world-service by throwing a lighted match so close to the Balkan powder magazine.

Though Greece and Italy have given occasion for saying these things they are not a whit worse than other nations. They are all alike. In 1914 it was Germany that was nation-mad. To-day all Europe is infected with the disease and it has spread to America. There are indeed some Canadians who require anti-toxin treatment. It is this excessive selfish nationalism that is responsible for the display of what is known as "national dignity." Men that are quite sensible in private life act like silly people when they speak in the name of the public. True dignity knows nothing of swagger, and "big talk." It is allied to courtesy, refinement, patience and poise. These every statesman should possess. The cure for all who are affected with "nationalitis" is to cultivate a little more of the world spirit. If the individual can develop into manhood only through mingling with and serving his fellows, so nations can thrive only by joining in an effort to promote world-progress.

Monopolistic Control

THE danger of monopolistic control of the national resources is quite real. Mr. Amos Pinchot declares that in the United States, control already exists. Here are his words:

"Trusts and their banking directors have gained control of four basic industries—steel, coal, beef, oil. They own the railroads to such an extent that competition in these industries is a near impossibility, and the railroads are being used to create monopoly. Take the railroads out of the hands of those same trusts and their associated bankers, turn them over to the people and the backbone of that power, which is crushing competition and making equality of opportunity a mere empty phrase, would be broken."

And to knockers of our national system of railways, now despite adverse conditions, making its way out of chaos, these closing words of Pinchot are worth heeding: "It is mere propaganda of a suspicious, if not false nature, to say that we cannot run our railways."

This, of course, is only the opinion of one man, but there are many who sympathize with him. It is not right that less than one per cent. of the people should own and control over fifty per cent. of the wealth. There may be serfdom even in a country that calls itself a democracy. "The most intolerable aristocracy is the autocracy of wealth."

There are evidences in our own country that a few men whose names are known on so many interlocking directorates, and who at times exercise a malign influence in politics, are aiming at still further control of power. Canada is indeed a land of illimitable possibilities. Its resources are practically inexhaustible. It is not fair that these should be used for the benefit of any particular class or for any particular section. Any attempt to make the many minister to the few, or the new comers of the West to the older settlers of the East, or the farming population to those who administer finance or control transportation, is sure to end in disaster. It is better to speak now than after disaster comes.

Banking

THE failure of the Home Bank and the merger of the Bank of Hamilton with the Bank of Commerce have caused Canadians everywhere to examine critically the methods of our money-lending institutions. The comment that is made by individuals on the street and by the press is not very flattering. There is no doubt at all but that the statements sent in to the Government by some of the banks is altogether misleading, and there is reason for thinking that the statements prepared for shareholders is often equally unworthy of credence. There is no possible excuse for misrepresentation of facts, and less excuse for withholding the information explaining why facts are as they are.

The average citizen is led to believe that the cause of bank failure is the rash action of certain managers in advancing money to doubtful business concerns. No doubt this had something to do with it. There is another contributory cause about which little is said, and it will no doubt make some financiers angry when the truth is expressed. A few years ago some of the banks were making huge profits. The dividends had to be concealed in some way, and so the device of building unnecessary and costly branch banks was indulged in. Now it is found that these are an expensive luxury, and they are not easily disposed of. Hence the trouble. Overhead expense is eating up profits and people will not and can not pay excessive interest on loans. The banks are not suffering altogether because of bad investments of today, but because of the bad management of yesterday. The bad management was not due to lack of judgment in lending money, but due to the inordinate desire on the part of the men higher up to make money quickly. It is perfectly true that capital is necessary to the upholding of a nation, but those who control the capital must have a conscience. Otherwise ruin is inevitable. The sooner this is learned the better.

The government of a country is supposed to protect the people from bank failure. Yet strangely enough the government seems to be very inactive. There are many who are closely examining into the affiliations of certain members of the government in order to explain their motives for silence. Now that two large banks have gone, another swallowed up, it is certainly the duty of the government to insist upon such a scrutiny of the books of all banks as will ensure safety for all depositors and shareholders.

One of the best suggestions that has been made comes from the Financial Times:

"If there are more readjustments by which the Rest Account or dividend is to be reduced to provide for commercial losses—a most natural step—we are firmly of the opinion that the "house cleaning" should be carried out without further delay. There can be no excuse that a bank is in the dark today as to where it stands. Why, then, keep the financial and business world in tension? It is the unknown, not the known, that is to be feared. Consequently we trust the Canadian Bankers' Association, as individual members and as a body, will insist on an immediate settlement of any fundamental weaknesses in the position of the remaining banks if such exist. Right after this should come a definite, reassuring statement, such as the banks as a body or individually should then be able to make, that, insofar as they can now foresee, all the unfavorable news is out, and we may turn again to our various problems of upbuilding."

A Lesson From Our Neighbors

IN the last number of Current History, there are three interesting and informing articles on the Negro situation in America.

In the first article Eric D. Walrond shows how great has been the exodus of negroes from the South to the Northern and Western States during the last twenty-years. Normally, the exodus from the South is at the rate of 10,000 a year. During 1916-17 there was a sensational movement, about 400,000 leaving the South. Recently the normal exodus has been accelerated because of social, industrial and political conditions. Among social causes are injustice to negroes in the courts, lynching, disfranchisement, Ku Klux Klan. Among educational causes are disproportionate expenditure for education of white and colored children, miserable school houses and untrained teachers; among economic causes are low wages, system of land-tenure, the boll-weevil.

The second article is written by Robert W. Winston, formerly a judge in the Superior Court of North Carolina. He knows the negro and sympathizes with him; points out the disadvantages under which he labors, and urges that there is no proper solution along the line of equalization of races. In his own words: "Men of the South place race integrity above politics, property, religion or life itself. The South alone among nations is making a fight against a universal ethnological law of race-blending. As soon as we make a co-operative start toward negro migration and colonization, and cease the vain attempt to pour two gallons of water into a one-gallon vessel—to bestow citizenship on the negro in the South—this condition will improve. The course to be followed must not be along impossible lines, makeshift lines of racial equality in the South, but in the quite opposite direction and in terms of hundreds of years." The white man is right in wanting to rule the South, and the negro is right in wishing to be free, and there is a way of reconciling these two contradictions.

The third article is by Marcus Garvey, the founder of the Universal Negro Improvement Association. He speaks on behalf of his race, and his argument for separation is even stronger than that of Judge Winston. "That is why we are fighting for the founding of a Negro nation in Africa, so that there will be no clash between black and white, and that each race will have a separate existence and civilization all its own without courting suspicion and hatred or eyeing each other with jealousy and rivalry within the borders of the same country."

Now there is a lesson in this for Canadians. Asiatics of three types are seeking admission to Canada. It is not beyond the mark to say that intermarriage of these races with pure white stock is more impossible than intermarriage between white and negroes. There is no reflection on these races in saying this. It is merely a statement of fact. Probably the races referred to are quite as opposed to intermarriage as the white races themselves. The Americans have found out that two or more races that cannot mingle in the way mentioned, cannot live together as equals. Both races know it and acknowledge it. Why then should political leaders either here or in the far East, wish for the very thing that will in the end bring unhappiness and misery to both Canadians and those who come to live here? The answer is clearly this, that capital wishing cheap labor approves of something that promises immediate profit. "Cheap labor at any price" is the Slogan. Everywhere we hear the cry "Send us more people or we must live in poverty." The answer is "If you bring more people of the pauper class from certain sections of Europe you will have more poverty and endless political trouble, and if you bring in people of a different color you heap up trouble for the future." Canada has not to be built in a day, but its foundations must be truly and securely laid. We are not above learning from our neighbors

This of course is looking at the whole question from the Canadian point of view. What about the countries that are overrun with people? What are they to do with their surplus population if the sparsely-settled districts of the globe refuse to receive unwelcome additions? This is a real problem for the world to face in a thoughtful way. It is far better to think out a way, than to adopt a course without thinking, as is the case now. And it is better for the nations of the world to confer openly and frankly, than to quarrel after they have got themselves into trouble.

THE PROMISE

A delightful romance

By Winifred Cheesman

THE train winding tediously up the mountain slope was hot, very hot. Windows were raised as far as possible except where a crotchety old man was irritated by infinitesmal particles of soot falling upon his otherwise immaculate attire.

Addressing the whole car, or any of the passengers who would listen, he grumbled about the heat, then lamented the fact that a small local train was not provided with screens in first class coaches, and finally subsided, either because such haranguing was too much of an exertion, or because no one, apparently, paid the slightest heed.

Then to break the temporary quiet a wail of discomfort was emitted from the tiny heap in a distracted mother's arms. "Sh—sh—sh—h," came the loud hissing sound from the would-be comforter. The wee limp bonnet was removed from the tiny perspiring head, a wonderful bone and rubber invention was forced between two small lips, and all was silence once more except for the hum of the rails, and rush of the train through the black night.

A tall man restlessly paced the length of the car. Upon returning to his seat he shaded his eyes from the bright glare within and peered into the gloom. Suddenly he started and stared harder out of the window, then consulted his watch and replacing it in his pocket with a nervous gesture looked out once more.

It was about eleven o'clock; there were no stars, no moon, only a mysterious unearthly glare lit up the far distant horizon to the northeast.

With an exclamation he rose and turning to the man in the seat behind, drew his attention to the glare without. The other had no better theory than his own—that it must be a forest fire—so he sat down once more, but now and again his restless gaze was caught by the weird illumination as brighter and brighter it grew.

The train was slowing down and a brakeman thrusting his head within the rear door announced in a harsh discordant voice that they were approaching a station, where the train would be delayed some fifteen or twenty minutes on a siding.

Some compelling force seemed to take hold of Stanley Moore. In that fifteen minutes he might investigate the fire, so with that idea crushing down all other thoughts he slipped a small flashlight from his bag to his pocket, and was at the door before the train stopped. He swung off to the station platform and slowly at first made his way through the darkness.

The village must be very small, as there were but a few blurred indistinct lights denoting the location of the few scattered buildings. Then as his eyes became more accustomed to the gloom, he strode along over the unfamiliar road. What seemed to be a very rough mountain trail wound away through thick woods on the right, seemingly leading directly toward the mysterious glare, which he calculated couldn't be more than a couple of miles away.

In Stanley Moore's character was an odd mixture of impulsiveness and repression. Few people would have guessed at the former, while almost anyone among his acquaintances would have said quite decidedly that he was a cold reserved sort of man. But perhaps it was only because no one had guessed at anything beneath that reserve which was only a sort of armor to protect the sensitive man within. And no one really understood young Moore. From this you decide and rightly too that Stanley Moore, Esq. some time of Peterboro, London and several lesser towns found himself still a bachelor.

But for once the impulsive nature predominated, for after a slight hesitation he plunged ahead into the shadows Weird unearthly shapes seemed to rise on either side and once the phantom-like arm of a tree appeared so close that only the quick gesture of a raised arm prevented its tearing at his face and clothing.

He continued for perhaps ten minutes, then suddenly lay sprawled full length on the ground, this the result of some tree root or rock in the uneven road. Having time for thought as he picked himself up he began to see the futility and ridiculousness of his wild sudden dash. "Must be near the fire," he mused.

Just then he heard the sound of someone approaching along the path. He stepped aside as two or three figures dashed past, but he halted one straggler and to his inquiry the man replied, "Yes, the 'San' is afire." Then drawing his short figure to its full height, he announced proudly, "We're the Fire Department—" but the other cut in sharply, "Why are you running away from the fire?" The man's face took on a dull red under Moore's scrutiny in the light of his flash. "Oh—er—something was forgotten. But who are you?" he broke off angrily as if already he regretted his admission. Moore did not reply but kept the dazzling light trained on the other's features. So he turned, silent and sullen, and stumbled after his doughty companions.

Moore was aghast. The sanitarium! And the hundred patients at the mercy of such blundering idiots as the man he had just questioned.

He flashed his light along the road once more and marveled in a dazed way that his long legs took him over the ground at what seemed to him such an incredibly slow pace. His flash picked out a side path, and he turned along this soon to find himself with in a few yards of a clearing in the midst of which the savage crackle of destruction ate into the huge

He halted one of the stragglers, and to his inquiry the man replied "yes, the "San' is afire."

mass of the main building. With a victorious roar the flames licked up and up, like some huge unsightly monster devouring its helpless prey and rubbing its many red tongues over its face in fiendish delight at the ruin it caused. Sparks were thrown high in the air, and it was miraculous that none had strayed to the surrounding forest, splendid fuel after a long dry spell

THIS much the man saw before he again stumbled suddenly, but this time it was no inanimate bit of granite which his foot struck against, but someone living, or at least not quite dead, for a smothered groan proceeded from the limp heap as he touched it.

It had been a hard day. Really more than that, the hardest of a series of hard days. For Nurse Helen, usually the most cheerful of companions to any of her patients, had come to the realization, that it was more than pity or even friendly sympathy she felt for Ronald Cook. He had one of the worst pair of lungs in the "San," but on all occasions he was the brightest, most cheerful chap of the crowd. "O dear—why? why? why?" Helen asked herself, "Why couldn't he get well?"

But the doctor had said only that morning that Ronald was beyond recovery, and Helen on returning to his room could not keep the pain from her eyes and voice, and for the first and only time since she had known him, his own voice had lacked that cheery ring characteristic to him and after vainly clenching and opening his hands he spread his thin fingers over his face and burst into great dry sobs, which shook the nurse's self control.

With very unprofessional tears brimming her eyes she gently drew one of Ronald's quivering hands into her own soft warm clasp. "There, there Boy, it can't be as bad as all that."

"But, oh, Helen you darling—" If he had looked into her face he would have stopped for her sake, but he was gazing with unseeing eyes at the iron bars at the foot of his bed—his prison! On he blundered. "He had no right of course to tell her, it was only because he knew he couldn't last much longer, but if (what an insurmountable wall that "if" built up between his happiness and blackest despair!). If he had been strong, nothing—nothing," he almost shouted the word, "could have prevented him from making her his—" But suddenly his feverish voice subsided, and he lay back trembling, for there was the sound of footsteps in the corridor and when an orderly brought in his luncheon tray all was as it should be. Nurse Helen's back was turned squarely toward the room. She was apparently engrossed with the weather for she was saying, "Yes, Mr. Cook, it looks as if we might have rain before the day is over. The country sorely needs it after this long dry spell."

This sudden interruption furnished just the stimulous required. She had ended the matter in her own quiet way, and later in the day when she entered his room, Ronald was his cheery old self again, and it seemed as though his nervous outburst of the morning had never been—almost.

Only the last time when making her rounds with a cheery good-night, Ronald had taken her hand reverently in both his own, "Forgive me, Helen," and he respectfully kissed the cool fingers.

It was of these things Helen was thinking as she lay restlessly tossing in her bed, murmuring, "Poor Ronald—poor Ronald."

The nurses' residence was separated from the other buildings by a broad strip of well-kept lawn and when Helen arose and turned listlessly to the window the whole place lay spread before her.

She was peering into the gloom occupied with her own reflections when she was suddenly startled by a burst of light from a window in the south wing in a temporarily unused section. She watched it for a minute not comprehending its terrible meaning, then her overtaxed nerves giving way, a wild scream escaped her, which split the stillness and acted on the nurses as a general alarm, for they jumped from their beds, most of them only half awake.

Someone aroused the sleeping caretaker and it was not long before the nurses were running back and forth bringing out the patients with well arranged precision. But their efforts were considerably checked when an inner partition fell blocking the main exit, and by this time all other means of escape were blocked, either by fire or fallen debris, leaving the windows as the only means of egress.

And Helen hadn't yet found Ronald Cook. So she rushed blindly back, against the protestations of her sister nurses that it was too late—if he were dead then she would die too, she reasoned desperately, her mind in a whirl.

But it seemed neither of them were to to die just yet for one of the other nurses as sooty and begrimed as herself had rescued Ronald, and carried him to the extreme edge of the clearing—to safety. He lay dazed, weak and aching, with a racking cough from his poor diseased lungs aggravated by the stifling thick smoke. The nurse had left him and he lay half conscious until some heavily moving person or thing came along the path and stumbled across his outflung arm. Then a low moan escaped his lips. The shape resolved itself into a man, who bent and peered into his haggard features when Ronald tried to raise himself to a sitting posture, and with shaking arm pointed toward the weirdly illuminated building, "The nurses," he managed to stammer. "Helen has gone back again; she'll be burned—killed—killed. Oh! do leave me—I am safe, from the fire, but the women in there....please...." The other agreed, and with silent comment to himself, "What a plucky chap and he looks as if he were dying," he hurried across to the frightened women, huddled in a group, and now that their patients were all out of danger, giving way to an overmastering, all engulfing fear, and none would follow to drag that one half crazed woman from the wreckage.

Only three or four men were about and these were making futile efforts to stop the blaze. The newcomer after one comprehensive glance at the scene climbed in by the one opening left, and began to search as rapidly as possible in the smoke choked, flame consumed interior.

At last he found her, a limp heap in scorched torn clothing. With a mighty effort he dragged her to a window. They were on the second floor now, and it was a great relief to find the firemen had arrived with ladders, making the descent even with such a burden easier than the upward climb. From the building to the silent group he carried her, with her head upon his shoulder and her hair tumbling about his face. He was loath to surrender his burden, when the nurses came crowding round murmuring words of praise and relief.

Never before in all his thirty-one years had Stanley Moore been half so close to a woman, without feeling awkward and self-conscious. And the reason was this:

When he was thirteen or fourteen and a little maid living next door had just turned eight, they were out upon a fishing trip one day. He had scoffed at girls being afraid of worms and had, in a rather ungentlemanly manner it is true, flatly refused to bait her hook (a real fish hook, not a bent pin). Then almost in the same breath he had called her his sweetheart. And what darts of withering scorn she had shot at him from those big little-girl eyes! And with a babyish lisp she had informed him quite clearly and leaving no doubt in either his mind or hers as to whom she referred, that "No girl would ever have a boy she knew for a fella—they just natchly wouldn't have a rough old thing that wouldn't even bait a lady's hook." She wouldn't fish any more and went home with head held high. They said it was his fault when she came down with measles, and before she was out again he was sent off to boarding school. He had never seen her again for after that their lives had drifted apart, but that scene on a summer day was stamped on his memory as clearly as the happenings of yesterday, and try as he would he could not efface another conversation of a previous occasion when demure eyes had lifted to his and a solemn voice had announced confidently, "I will marry you some day Stanney boy when you has growed up."

BUT it was the last time he had seen her, and it was the condemning verdict of that occasion which he always remembered when with women; it made

Continued on page 10

CONSIDER THE LILIES

Janet Birney proves that a few fine feathers may be worth while

By Georgina H Thompson

THE little Jap in the Canton silk store was most obsequious and yet withal most politely insistent.

"Velly beautiful kimona," he said, and added knowingly, "velly useful—wear long time and not show dirt."

A sudden revulsion came over Janet Birney. Always it had been the same, ever since she could remember, something serviceable, something useful that would wear a long time. Even the little Jap had sized her up quickly as she advanced to his counter, and from all the shining array of gay silken garments, had set before her a robe of grey—exquisite in its own way with its trailing wisteria, but grey, nevertheless.

Janet was seized with a strange, new defiance. Was she not going on a holiday, a whole month's holiday, offered entirely on the initiative of the firm, her pay to go on all the while and a fifty dollar bonus to boot? Her defiance brought red to her cheeks and a light to her eyes. She leaned forward and addressed the astonished Jap impressively.

"Listen! I don't care a rap how long it wears and I don't want it to be useful. I want it to be frivolous and gay and—and foolish, like that one, do you see? That one with the lilies."

The little Jap laid it before her, more obsequious than ever. (What an unaccountable blunder he had made!). The girl stroked the silken folds caressingly and feasted her eyes on the blaze of color. No common field flowers these, but gorgeous water-lilies with great golden cups, shining as though woven of actual threads of gold, floating among their leaves on a dull expanse of silk in neutral tones like the deep, still waters of a lily pond. Even the leaves were touched with a shimmering iridiscence as though catching the rays of the sun on their moist edges.

"How much?" cried Janet.

"Fifty dollars," said the Jap.

"I'll take it," said Jane, without blinking an eye. She carried it home with her and spent most of the evening gloating over its loveliness. At intervals the old, practical Janet tried to assert herself, but the new, frivolous Janet refused to listen, and went about her packing singing snatches of "A Wonderful Thing Has Come into My Life."

Later the girl from across the hall strolled in for a chat, but stopped open-mouthed at sight of Janet gorgeously arrayed in her new raiment with her dark auburn hair hanging in a tumbled mass about her head. The contrast between this radiant creature and the Janet familiar of old in shabby grey plaid dressing gown, and hair demurely caught back in thick smooth braid, was startling enough.

"I say, Cinderella, who's the fairy Godmother?"

Janet laughed and pirouetted about her, enjoying her triumph.

"I always said you were pretty, Janet, if you would only wear something frivolous instead of those everlasting shirtwaists. And your hair! Why girl, it's wonderful. Why don't you fluff it out that way all the time? Just because you have an intellectual forehead you don't need to skin you hair back."

Janet sobered a little. "I suppose I had to wear plain things so long that I just got the habit and its rather late to change now. Besides, I can't afford to. This is a ridiculous extravagance, but oh, Peggie, I do love color and beauty, and it seems to me that my life has all been subdued and grey like my clothes."

"Never mind, honey! You look spiff in those tailored things, and you keep your mind on your work and not on your clothes. That's one reason why you get on so well." But Janet answered absently. She was standing before the mirror, staring with wide eyes beyond her own image into the future. Was this bit of color a harbinger of something brighter—some really wonderful thing that was to come into the drab of her existence?

THE following morning the Canadian Northern station was the scene of unusual stir. It was the first of the personally conducted tours to the coast via Prince Rupert, and many holiday seekers were seizing the opportunity to see this comparatively new part of the country. The one and only parlor car was crowded and stuffy, and Hollis Lang, junior partner in the firm of Murdoch, Smith, McKay & Lang, surveyed it with some distaste.

"School teachers, most of them, to judge by their looks; scarcely a man among them. Why Aunt Lucy should choose this time for her trip is more than I can say," he thought to himself, all the while most charmingly attentive to his aunt, seeing her comfortably settled and all her little wants attended to.

The service was decidedly one-horse, owing to the fact that this was only a branch line and on ordinary days the occupants of the parlor car rarely numbered more than half-a-dozen. For this reason the staff had been reduced to a chef and one other individual who filled the combined offices of porter, conductor and waiter.

The girl from across the hall.....stopped open-mouthed at sight of Janet gorgeously arrayed in her new raiment, with her dark auburn hair hanging in a tumbled mass about her head.

"Poor devil," thought Lang, as he watched him struggling with a wilderness of hand luggage. Later, when the train had started, he came through in a white coat to announce breakfast. In fact, he proved a most versatile fellow. In the midst of his duties as waiter, if the train happened to reach a town of fair size, he would hastily doff his apron and appear on the platform in brass-buttoned uniform. During the morning Lang heard him typing the menus for lunch. As the day waxed hotter, he distributed fans to the lady occupants of the car.

The latter were, for the most part, teachers as Lang had surmised, but among the formidable array, his eye rested with relief on one familiar face, that of Miss Birney, the head stenographer of the firm of Murdoch, etc. Relief is quite a strong enough word; it was exactly as if he had encountered some fairly intimate male acquaintance, with this disadvantage that he could not go off to the smoker with Miss Birney as he might have done with a man. This again was counterbalanced by the fact that he could introduce her to his Aunt and shift to her capable shoulders some of his responsibilities as escort. She looked trim and immaculate and cool here in this stuffy car. Her dark auburn hair in its smooth coils was somehow refreshing to the eye among the bobs and puffs and marcelles surrounding her. Lang didn't stop to figure this out, but it was all vaguely summed up in the feeling of relief with which he recognized her.

"So this is how you are spending your holidays?" he said, after they had exchanged greetings in the usual impersonal office manner.

"Yes, and you? I did not know you were taking your vacation now."

"Neither did I till Aunt Lucy insisted on my accompanying her on this special trip. Said I needed a holiday and all that rot. Funny idea of a holiday, crawling over the prairie at this rate packed in here like sardines."

"You sound quite outraged, Mr Lang. Never mind! Accommodations will be better when we get into the main line. Odd, isn't it, how differently two people react to the same conditions. Here you are bored to extinction, while I—" She drew in her breath sharply and her eyes shone. "Why, don't you know it is all a wonderful adventure to me? I have never had a real trip before." She lowered her voice mysteriously. "Mr. Lang, I am twenty-four years old, and I have never seen the sea!"

"Honest injun?"

"Honest injun. It isn't so very surprising after all. Do you know there are hundreds of prairie children who have never seen a real tree and who form their idea of mountains from tiny knolls and buttes?"

"Well, I hope your glimpse of the sea will not prove disappointing."

"It won't," said Janet emphatically.

Enthusiasm is a very catching thing. Hollis Lang began to be interested. When they stopped at the next station with its cluster of unpainted shacks, he looked with a new sympathy at the children collected on the platform. "Never saw a real tree," he said half aloud. "Well, they don't seem to mind. Look at that little shaver in overalls with the seven by nine grin!"

"I didn't say that they minded; the prairie's their birthright and it's a wonderful birthright too, in its way. I know, for I grew up on a prairie farm. Sometimes it seems cruel as Sahara in a dry season when the sun beats down as it's doing to-day, burning the life out of the crops; but then it has its generous side too, and you get to love it after awhile till no other place would really be home."

Lang looked out at the bare wooden buildings of a farm through which they were passing. A woman with a couple of small children clinging to her skirts, stood in the doorway, watching the train go past "Do they love it?" he asked.

"Why yes, I shouldn't wonder. People going through on the train acquire such a superior attitude. They forget that the poorest little shack has its own home life, its love and its anxieties."

Lang regarded with a new interest and a surviving tinge of skepticism, the unlovely buildings scattered like small dots over the prairie. Presently he introduced Janet to his Aunt, and when they became deeply engrossed in the intricacies of a new tatting pattern which Mrs. Murdoch was trying to take off, he slipped away to the smoker with a happy sense of responsibilities shared.

THEY reached Edmonton in the evening, and as they had four hours between trains, Lang took his Aunt to the Macdonald for dinner, and Janet went out to look up some old friends. Lang put off the return to the stuffy sleeper as long as his Aunt's fidgets would allow, and having left her there, remained out in the cool air till the last warning sounded. As he made his way along the narrow aisle toward his berth, his eye was attracted by the figure of a girl just ahead of him. She wore something that seemed to gather to itself all the dim light of the sleeper and give it off in softly glowing gold and green. Her hair hung in a fluffy mass of auburn that blended mysteriously into the colors of her kimona.

"Somebody new," thought Lang, and felt his interest on the qui vive as to the pretty stranger. He must see her face. She stopped at her berth and while she fumbled at the curtains, Lang continued to stare with more interest than manners. As though becoming aware of his scrutiny, the girl turned and looked directly at him. Lang subsided suddenly into his berth. The "stranger" was Janet Birney!

After he had thought it over, he decided that he had been right after all in considering her a stranger. This entirely feminine Janet Birney *was* a stranger to him. Just as he had taken the plain little shacks they had passed at their face value without a thought as to the hidden drama enacted in each, so, through years of intimate business relationship, it had never occurred to him to wonder if Janet Birney were anything more than a highly efficient stenographer, a part of the office equipment. At night when he went home, he was dimly aware that Miss Birney did not remain with the rest of the equipment, but where she went or what she did outside of office hours, had never interested him in the slightest. He never thought of her in anything but her immaculate, tailored business costumes and smoothly arranged hair.

Her hair—who would have thought she had so much or suspected that glint of gold in it! Not he, for one. He couldn't quite analyse it, but in some mysterious way the soft silken robe had changed her in a flash from a sedate business woman to a young girl—an eager-eyed girl in search of adventure. Pondering on the strange metamorphosis, he fell asleep.

Next morning when they met in the observation car, she wore shirtwaist and skirt as usual, but for him her whole person was invested with a strange new glamor. He had caught a glimpse of the real Janet Birney.

At Jasper that morning, after the long-suffering totem pole had been duly snapped, the tourists were taken in cars to view some of the beauty spots of the park.

"This isn't the way to do it at all," said Janet to Lang who had manouvered her into a seat beside him and Aunt Lucy in one of the crowded cars. "It's jolly and all that, but it's—well, it's desecration."

"What is?"

"All this mob rushing through these magnificent scenes at the rate we're going, with a driver bawling out the names of the Mountains like a spieler at a circus."

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THE GREASE SPOT

How a brief absence changed mother s perspective

By Marion Wathen Fox

MRS. Walter Jamieson was greatly concerned about the wall-paper in her hall.

"It's getting disgraceful," said she over and over again to her husband.

"Well, Maggie, for the life of me I can't see anything the matter with the wall-paper," was her husband's response. "I've always liked it, in fact, it would seem as if I'd come to the wrong house if that wall-paper was changed."

"Now, if that isn't like a man!" answered Maggie.

Mrs. Jamieson was quite a sensible woman; but it was strange how she let that wall-paper "get on her mind" or on "her nerves" as she variously expressed it. Indeed thoughts of it were with her early and late. When she first came down stairs in the morning she was sure to notice how it was soiled on the wall next the stairs.

"It's carrying trunks up and downstairs as like as not," she grumbled.

One day she discovered a new spot on the wall-paper near the sitting-room door. It happened to be just before dinner. So her indignation was served up with the dinner.

"See here, pa, I'd like to know just what's to be done about it!" she exclaimed indignantly.

"About what?" innocently answered Mr. Jamieson whose thoughts ever since he had read the morning paper had been largely on the Japanese devastation.

"Why that hall paper of course! It's going to disgrace the whole family. Why, it's the worst looking hall-way in the whole place."

At this the family laughed. They evidently did not take the wall-paper seriously.

"Why, ma, I always think our hall looks such a sunshiny place—I don't think it's half bad," consolingly said fifteen year old Vera.

"Now, pa, just come and look!" and with this Mrs. Jamieson took hold of her husband's arm and bore him off in triumph to look at the "spot."

"Is that all?" laughed pa when he had seen the spot.

"All! Well you men do beat—the Dutch!" and her voice shook with—either emotion or anger.

"Why a person would never notice that bit of a spot unless you pointed it out to them. But, Maggie, to tell you the truth, I can't afford any extra expense about the house this spring. Wait until the fall and we'll try and get new paper. But really, I can't see that it needs it. However, you ought to know best dear."

This last was a bit consoling and Mrs. Jamieson seemed to grow calmer.

"You see, Walter, I do love to see a nice hall or pretty entrance to a house. When a visitor firsts opens the door, it is the hall they see. And very often whatever impression they have of that remains as their impression of the whole house, and indeed the people in the house," she explained with a great show of wisdom.

"Somthing like the introduction to a sermon, eh, ma? If that's interesting and nice I like the whole sermon," commented Vera.

"Well, that may be all very well for halls and sermons, but it's not true of dinners. 'Tisn't the introduction to them I like best; it's the last part—the dessert," added her brother Melvin.

"There's something in that," laughed Mr. Jamieson.

Just two weeks later Mr. Jamieson came home at night and handed his wife a ten dollar bill.

"There, wife, take that and go on a visit for a few weeks. It's time you had a change. You've been wanting to visit your cousin, Jean Inglis, for the last five years, so now pack your trunk and be off. It will do Vera good to take the responsibility for awhile and we'll get along first-rate for a week or two. I just sold that old bicycle of mine for ten dollars and it's like so much money found. Anyhow, Maggie, I want you to have it and use it for the holiday you deserve so well."

This certainly was a surprise for Mrs. Jamieson. But, although she would have liked the visit, it didn't take her long to decide: she'd paper the hall with the money. It would buy real nice paper and pay the decorator as well.

"May I do anything I like with the money?" questioned she instantly.

"Of course—it's yours. But—you'll go on the visit? You've wanted it so much."

"I know, but I'd rather paper the hall."

"Nonsense, Maggie, what difference about the hall? You need the change. I just noticed yesterday how thin you were getting. You fuss about the house too much. Go and have a real good time and forget about halls and all the rest of it."

And after all she had to go. She got no rest from any member of the family until she had given her consent.

At last her three weeks' visit was over. She returned one day, earlier than she was expected and took the family by surprise. She rang the front door-bell just for the fun of it. Vera went to answer it but saw her mother's hat through the glass on the door. She gave a little delighted scream and called out—"It's mother!" The family were at dinner, but by the time the door was open they were all there to welcome her.

As soon as the greetings were exchanged, exclamations began.

"My, Maggie! How well you look; as bright as a button and five years younger!" exclaimed her husband.

"Don't she, now!" added Melvin.

As soon as the first budgets of greetings and news had been exchanged and Mrs. Jamieson had assured herself that they were as well as before she left, she began looking about the house.

"My, how nice it looks!" she exclaimed admiringly. "I guess you've been doing some fixing up. And if you haven't got the hall papered while I was gone! It's real nice, too. A little like the old paper but brighter and much prettier! It makes the hall look bigger, too," she kept on enthusiastically.

The family looked from one to the other. They didn't understand. Of course she couldn't mean just what she was saying! Of course she really must know that the hall hadn't been papered, that it was the same old hall-paper, grease spot and all.

But she didn't give them a chance to explain or question. She was hurrying on to the dining-room.

"Why, what have you been doing to the dining-room? It's bigger. What have you taken out, or moved?" she gushed as though again agreeably surprised.

But the family again were so surprised that they couldn't tell her it was exactly the same room that she had so often called "poky."

"You must be hungry, mother, sit down and let me get you some dinner," interposed Vera looking admiringly at this fresh-looking mother.

"Oh, wait till I've looked into the kitchen—I just must. Seems like a year since I've seen it. Why, Walter, you extravagant man! I believe you've been buying a new range! Or no, is it the old one—no—it can't be! It wasn't anything as nice as this."

"No, wife, it's just the same 'lumbery old thing' as you used to call it."

"Well—I declare! Why—yes, I believe it is! Now I guess I'd be the better of a cup of tea anyhow, Vera. Oh, the dear place! I can hardly wait to look into every corner. Things look so different, somehow."

As she sipped her tea she gave them interesting details of her visit, describing her cousin's house in the city and the many friends with their wonderful homes whom her cousin had taken her to visit. At last she broke off with—

"But, I'm so glad about the hall. You chose such a pretty paper, too."

"Maggie, you surely don't think we've papered it! We haven't. Come out and take another look!"

She did as her husband requested. In a moment or two she saw her mistake and realized it was the same old paper. She knew the laugh was on her; but—she was game.

"But, you've cleaned it and put on some new bits here and there?" she questioned, a bit dismayed.

"Not a bit of it, it's the same as when you left."

"But—the grease-spot and that terrible place down the side of the stairs?"

"They're there yet. Just the same."

At this she ran up the stairway a few steps and looked carefully at the "terrible place." "Why, it's scarcely soiled at all, just rubbed a little!" she exclaimed.

"How about that grease-spot, mother?" asked Melvin, with his eyes all a-twinkle.

She looked over the side of the stairway.

"I can't see it from here. You've cleaned it off, Vera?" she questioned as she walked through the hall, looking intently towards the place where she remembered the grease-spot to be.

"No, mother—honestly, we haven't touched it."

"And—and, it's that little bit of a spot!" she answered in a very weak tone.

With this she looked from one to the other a bit confused, and dismayed. Her face coloured up. She dropped into a chair, sat a good minute and just looked about at that hall wall-paper.

"What a goose I have been!" at last she exclaimed. "Well, I'm glad I took that visit!"—and with this she grabbed her suitcase and rushed up to her room and the family heard the door close. They gave her about ten minutes or so to "recover." Then there was a knock at her bed-room door.

"Come!" she called in quite her natural voice. And there entered "pa" with a long bundle under his arm.

Maggie greeted him with a laugh. "Seems as though I'd been up in an aeroplane, Wallie, and got my eyes taken off my own little corner. It does one a power of good to have their vision extended now and then; when we come back, we've got a new perspective."

"It was natural, my dear, for you to begin to worry so about little things, you kept too close to them. It's something like looking at a good painting, you've got to get off a bit to see it right, to be able to judge."

With this wise remark he opened his bundle and revealed to his wife wall-paper, a pretty bright, golden brown wall-paper.

"It's for the hall," he explained—"I managed it after all. I remembered your ideas about halls so I thought this

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Lines Written On The Train

while passing through the Canadian North West

By Marion G. Goddette

A vast expanse of prairie green rolls on to meet the sky,
With here and there a variate scene to greet the hungry eye ;
Now sweeping on to meadow land, now undulating wide
Bedecked with heath and willow palm in all their country's pride.
O'er all this vast extent of yore the buffalo roamed unharmed,
And often in full tides they bore, full tides with tempests armed,
Down o'er the steeps through rushing streams, and on through waving grass,
All gamboling in their wildest dreams, a snorting, surging mass.
And here the Indians abode, chief monarch of the plain,
And oft as warriors they rode, far o'er the distant main ;
To wreak out vengeance on a foe, lodged in some lone retreat,
Or hunt the roaming buffalo then in a host to meet ;
The buffalo is now no more, but here and there his bones
Betoken what he was of yore like monumental stones.
The Indian, he, too, has fled, far to that hunting ground,
Where fears of white men, once his foes, no more encamp him round,
But some still linger on the plain historic of their sires,
And wander still in warlike mien, and gather round their fires ;
There oft in war dance to engage and dwell upon the past,
And think of loss of heritage, while wheels of commerce fast,
Ride o'er the land from sea to sea, and carry in their train,
The blessings of the great and free, to bless the prairie main.

THE SKIPPER'S VICTORY

A Seafaring Story

By W. R. Gilbert

THERE was a steely glint in the December sky as the S.S. Thurso swept clear of the high Irish land and met the first of the big Atlantic combers fairly on her bow. That steely glare told of the coming of winter, and more than one man of the crew shivered as the keen northerly wind bit hard through his protecting clothing. But old Captain Sedley sniffed the fragrant saltness with the distended nostrils of a war-horse, and the ripe-apple hue of his weather-beaten cheeks glowed still more redly. His pulses leapt gladly to the sense of antagonism that the rolling waves bred up in his staunch old heart. For forty years had he matched his skill and strength against the massed forces of the elements, and he had carried the banner of a steadfast cause to victory every time he had been pitted against the warfare of the storm. And he smiled with happy appreciation as he noticed there was no diminution in his cheerfulness, no sense of weariness in his tough soul. Men had said that at sixty a man's best days were over; but—he knew better. At sixty a man was in his prime; his blood, salt-impregnated with the salt of many years, flowed in his veins strongly; his eyes, taught by ceaseless gazing through fog and battering sprindrift, were clear and far-sighted as those of a boy.

The first mate, young, alert, vigorous and clean-shaven, paced the bridge with a jaunty step, and smiled somewhat patronisingly as his glance fell on the face of the old Viking. He was of the newer generation, full to the very eyes with theories, a keen navigator, and an excellent practical seaman. Jefferson, too, felt the boisterous welcome of the North Atlantic, and his heart answered the call to battle; but—he did not know all that battle meant as yet, for he was not learned in the symbols of the skies and the sea. To him the steely glint ahead spoke of fair weather and placid seas; the orderly procession of white-topped green was a presage of easy steaming; the snap and bite of the air were invitations for brisk exercise; that was all.

And the sturdy craft lurched gallantly over the piled combers, her forecastle-head lit up with opalescent hues as the last rays of the setting sun shone goldenly over the vast expanse.

Sedley walked slowly to where that mate had halted.

"A fair wind and a fine night for all," he said. "We've made a good start, Mr. Jefferson."

"Yes, sir. Everything promises well. Ought to make a good passage this time, I think." Sedley shook his head; but he had all a sailor's aversion to being reckoned as a wet-blanket, and he changed the subject.

"You've got a good upstanding lot of men this time, I notice. Fine, brawny fellows—you've chosen well. Personally, though, I'd like to see a backing of older men, old shell-backs, you know. They have a good influence on the rest of the crew. Too many young men don't always answer for a winter trip. They haven't got the experience."

Jefferson laughed patronisingly. Here was a subject broached that was very dear to his heart, and he prepared to speak at length.

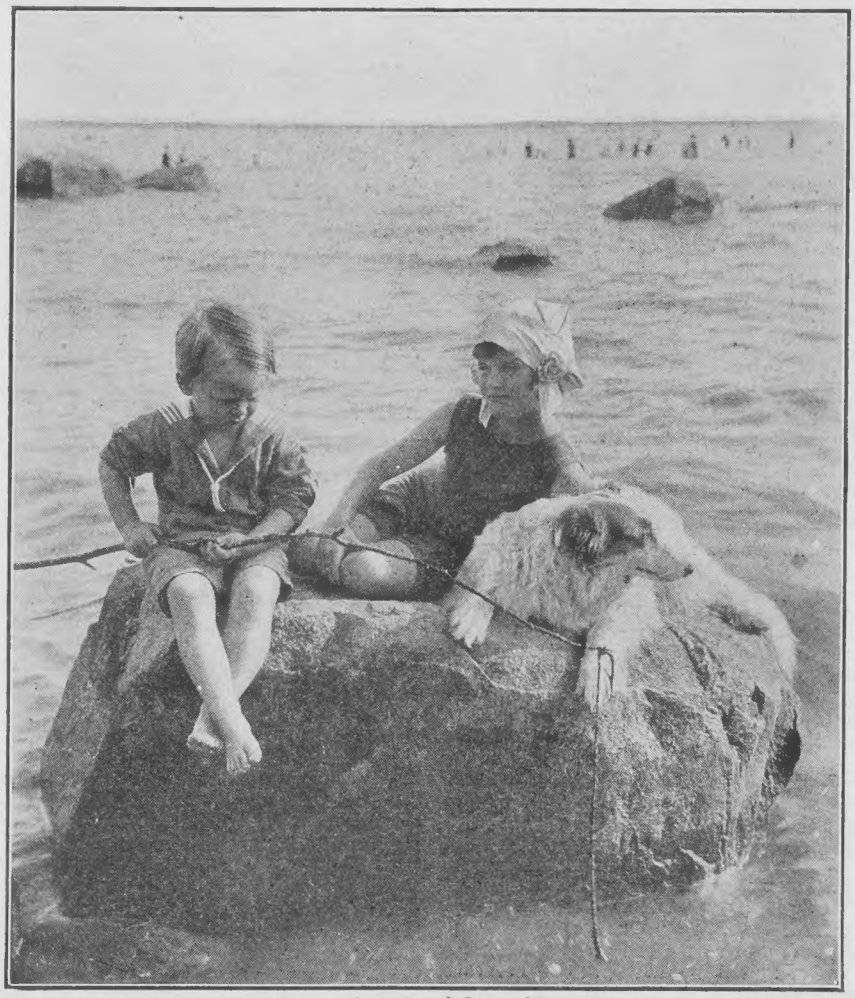
"Give me young men, every time, sir," he said quickly. "There's not a single man over thirty in the forecastle this trip. Even the bos'un is only twenty-five—a man with a second mate's ticket. I'm a young man myself, sir, and I've got a weakness for young men. Now, with the old stock—the old-timers who've been in sail, and have learnt every loafing trick there is, you never know when you have them. The very day the biggest batch of work comes on, half of them get laid up with rheumatics and the like. They won't stand ordering about by a young officer, because they think they've forgotten more about ship's work than a young mate ever learnt."

"Have things changed so much, then?" asked the captain sorrowfully. "I'm a bit old myself, and I may be biased, but it seems to me that there isn't much difference in going to sea now compared with going to sea forty years ago. So long as a man can stand exposure, and can use his wits, and can put up with wet clothes and slippery decks—why, there's not much of a change, you know."

The mate laughed quietly. Not much of a change! With twelve men of a crew to do the work of thirty in the old times! Yes, there certainly was a great change.

The young bos'un was busy superintending the lashing of some heavy pieces of machinery on deck, and the mate, with a word to the captain, left the bridge and went to the foredeck to give a few necessary instructions. He stood there on the No. 2 hatch, tall and slim, his clear young voice ringing out with calm authority, his every gesture speaking of an aptitude for command, and yet—Captain Sedley sighed and shook his head.

"In my time," he said to himself, "the bos'un wouldn't have needed advice from a young officer. He'd have resented it, and he'd have told the young officer to mind his business or go to—Aden, probably. But, then, that was thirty or forty years ago, and things have changed, so Jefferson says." Then he set to pacing the bridge, with short, rolling steps, swaying lightly to the movements of the ship, stumping solidly to and fro, now casting a sharp glance into the eye of the wind, now standing motionless at the helmsman's elbow, watching his quick play with the small brass wheel.



A young disciple of Isaac Walton

And all the time he was thinking deeply, thinking passionately. Was he superannuated, played out, done? Had he no place in the modern state of things? His body was strong and his eye was clear, his spirit was hot within him; but—had he anything in common with these clean-built young fellows who pitied him while they half despised him? That was what rankled in his heart—the thought of their pity. He had had his day, and the time was coming when he must resign the reins of government to more capable, more youthful hands than his own. The very fact of his remaining in his command was resented by half a score of ardent men who were not yet in their prime. He was spoken of as a "Sticker;" one who could not retire to make way for others who were more deserving. Men had forgotten those old days when he had thrust the reeling tea-clippers through the mightiest gales that had ever devastated the surface of old ocean, when he had carried on sail until his half-mutinous crew had stalked aft in a stuttering body to demand that the canvas be reduced before the staggering ship ran under. But that was all in the past—and now, he was sixty and too old. Stay, though, was he too old? If that were so, what did this glad uplifting of heart mean, as he glanced at the concave surface of the mercury in the barometer, and noticed the hundred-and-one signs of approaching heavy weather? Had he been too old, he would have viewed these tokens with a sinking soul; but, instead of that, he was almost gay.

The fighting spirit within him was rejoicing in the coming conflict; without his own volition he burst into a stave of a gallant old sea-song, and trolled it bravely, though the twenty one-year-old quartermaster at the wheel lifted a supercilious eyebrow to hear "High aloft, among the rigging, sings the loud, exultant gale," chanted sonorously by a steamboat captain. But the quartermaster was a steamboat man, and had never known the sweet ecstasy of a rough-and-tumble with death in the shivering rigging of a windjammer.

His every instinct told him that he was not too old. His life was at its prime, the teachings of forty years had given him knowledge to fight on equal terms with the worst dangers the grim, implacable sea could send. Some of these days he would teach these young striplings that other things beyond youth were necessary to win the ardent battle with the all-devouring sea. He did not know that the time was fast approaching when he should be asked to try a bout with death in support of his claims.

THE weather showed no improvement as the days went by. Instead, it grew rapidly worse. And an added coldness came into the blustering gale, a coldness that froze the flying spray about the forecastle rails until they became solid walls of white. Where the huge anchors lay snugged on deck, two great hummocks of solid ice now appeared; each boat was a miniature ice-mountain. The scanty rigging was decked with fantastic patterns of frozen snow. Three men were already down with frost-bite, and the pinched look of the rest as they snuggled into their saturated clothing, looking as shrivelled as nails on hot shovels, gave but scant promise of fitness supposing the rigor of the weather should increase.

And still the concave surface of the mercury dropped lower and lower, and there came into the singing lift of the gale—which is the true note of a storm—a mad shriek that soughed away into moaning disquietude, until it swelled with an ever-increasing crescendo to a strident bellow. The wave-tops had ceased to rise now, and were lying flat and angry, only throwing out wisps of white spray that were at once caught up in the arms of the breeze and dashed all-whither like a constant hail of solid shot. It was a typical Atlantic day, but though every elemental force seemed conspiring together in mighty wrath to overwhelm the struggling steamer, the Thurso bucketed on, through and under, with sturdy self-reliance.

It was growing towards a deeper blackness than had prevailed all day when the full force of the northern blizzard screamed out of the obscurity of the misty horizon and smote the staggering craft. She stopped dead, and writhed in her agony. Then the flattering wind seemed to pick her up, twirl her round twice or thrice dizzily, and then set her down again gasping, sodden, all but overcome, but yet struggling gallantly. Up to the white-covered bridge, streaming with perspiration from every pore, that froze as he faced the blast for one second, the chief engineer struggled, and his face was the face of a man who looks on death.

"We canna keep a full heid o' steam in the boilers," he screamed. "The boilers'll no keep their heat in this bitter cauld. Ye'll need tae turrn back, I doot."

Captain Sedley snapped the long icicles from about his ears and listened. Fresh icicles formed as he bared his face, but there was a fire in his stern old eyes that more than counteracted the cold. He was swathed in oilskins, that cracked as he moved, and a shower of broken ice followed the uplifiting of his arm.

"You'll keep those engines going if you have to burn the boats to get heat!" he roared; and the engineer staggered as the full force of that tremendous voice, that had carried to a royal-yard in a Cape Horn gale, reached his senses. "We're going to see this through. I'm pitting myself against what's coming, and God help the man who stands in my way!"

Ah! but he was glorious in that moment. Not a single faculty but was fined to a razor edge, not a sense but was doubly sensitive then, though the cold was such as to freeze the feet of the shivering mate, in spite of his Cape Horn socks and felt-lined sea-boots.

"Ye' better turrn roond," volunteered the engineer in a shriek that became a whisper before it reached the man addressed. But Sedley heard it. His eyes blazed, his frozen beard seemed to bristle like the hackles of an angry dog; he clenched his strong right hand and brought it down with the force of a hammer on the refractory man's shoulder.

"Down below, sir," he roared. "Down below at once, or I'll log you for insubordination. This ship's going through, though the sky should blow itself into emptiness; and here's the man who'll see the game played fair!"

Down dashed the engineer, through the thick snowdrifts at the foot of the bridge-ladder, to the engine-room, where

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SEEKING STORIES FOR THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY IN THE FOREST OF THE ATLANTIC COAST

By Bonnycastle Dale Photographs by Laddie

THESE wild, rock-littered lakes are abandoned and lonely. No longer do the Mic-Macs glide amid the rocks of the shore in their crude birch bark canoes. No light of campfire glimmers on the falling shades of night. Day after day as we urge our old favourite Rice Lake canoe up strange rivers, through low savannahs, past mighty wild, wide barrens where the bears feed on the blueberries; down winding creeks, nameless on all maps, populated only by the great moose and the shy white-tail deer, never once in all our work have we met a canoe. Never once have we drawn up at an island camp, and we are rarely fifty miles from the sea. We might as well be the original explorers so far as meeting any of the natives is concerned.

Since the United Empire Loyalist landed on these shores in 1775 the Mic-Mac tribe, those squat warriors who watched from the spruce forests the fluttering downhaul of the Loyalists sails, who stared amazed when tall whitefaced strangers "knelt and kissed the dear land" and planted a flag that flaunted its crimson crosses to the breeze. Who, after much opening of strange chests, and decking and gauding, danced on that moonlit strand in very lightness of heart, rejoicing that though nearly all was left behind they had escaped with life and those they loved the most. No wonder these awe struck silent natives crept back to their birch-bark camps and told their women of these strange sights.

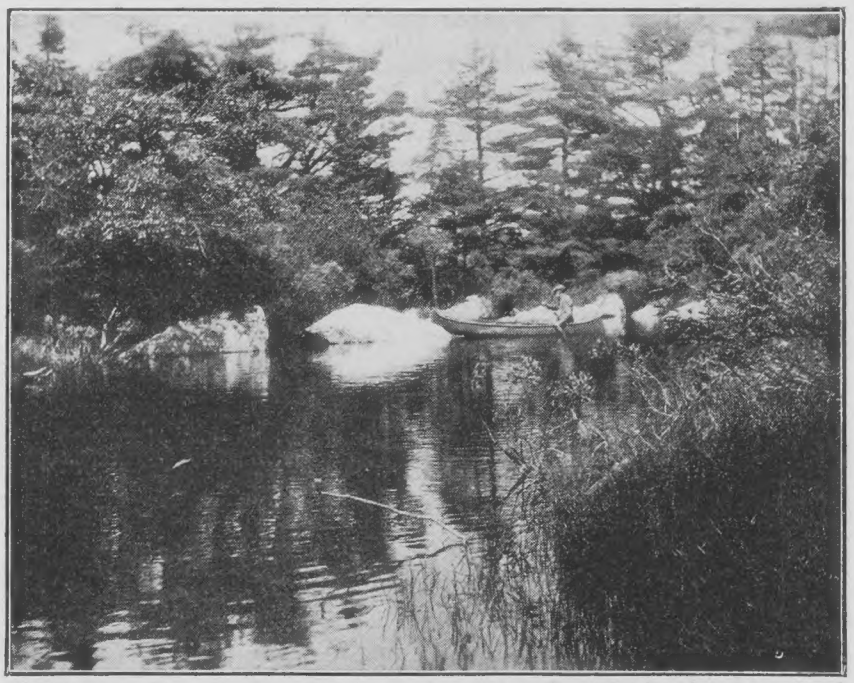
Our men adventured forth from the seashore and came away up this Clyde River and met these hunting Indians and traded with them and lived beside them as good neighbours—until the French used the Mic-Macs as scouts and warriors, teaching them to raid our exposed homes and settlements. Never believe for one moment Longfellow's account of the Expulsion of the Acadians. He never set foot in Nova Scotia. He got his notes at a breakfast from Hawthorne who was none too well posted himself as a hundred years had passed since the New England Colonists very wisely forced the Acadians to leave the shelter of a Flag they would not respect. Longfellow's sob story is all wrong. Men who fire on British officers from under a white flag, men who use their savage allies to creep in and burn and torture and scalp British women and children must either go from in under the Flag or pay the penalty, death. We mercifully shipped them away and after they returned and the Old French leaders were dead or transported they lived and live beside us as good neighbours, so when next you read the poem Evangeline admire it for its sweet rhythm but ignore the spirit of anti-British sentiment that it exudes.

Both the Mic-Macs and the French-Canadians are very good subjects of King George today. The Indians have literally passed out. A friend of mine, Professor of English in the University of Pennsylvania, had kindly sent me "Boethuk and Mic-Mac" by Frank G. Speck who did much work for the Dept. for Ethnological Research. He finds the Beothuk exterminated in Newfoundland and no trace of them here, roughly speaking, only rumours of the Mic-Macs. He shows us how this Nova Scotia was divided up into hunting territories by this branch of the Algonquins.

You still find an odd Mic-Mac—as the one illustrated fishing—in these territories. At long, rare intervals we find a single family basket-making on some lake near to civilization. They still have a head Chief; he lives in Cape Breton. They used to mark the limits of their chosen and assigned hunting grounds by double and triple crosses but we have never seen any of these in these late days. They never killed for slaughter, only for food and they moved camp when they wished to procure different kinds of flesh food. The man who married into the family usually came and lived in the camps for a year before he founded his own camp on his newly assigned hunting territory.

They had huge hunting grounds. Usually a whole lake country with its rivers down to the sea "tugel' wo' mi" they called these hunting grounds, and in the summer season they would all descend the rivers in their birch-bark canoes and live in a huge camp on the seashore. Bear River seems to have been a capital in this district.

We came in to the Mic-Chic Lakes by ox team, a rumbly, bumpy trip. I do not wonder the good old typewriter stutters and complains as I write this. If you could have seen those patient oxen slowly pull that devoted wagon into a dry creek bed and have seen those wide tired wheels ascend a huge boulder and FALL to the ground you will not wonder that the canoe leaks and the typewriter stutters. Three hours of this work and we saw the moon glitter on the Mic-chic-che-Wagatha—but the Indian is gone from these scenes. True there are wide well trodden



Paddling up Dirty Creek, sadly misnamed as it is a beautiful bit of water spattered with glacial rocks

trails all through these forests, but the moose and the deer, the bear and the wildcat nightly stamp and pad these trails down. We came to one place where a year old spike buck had fallen before a bear or a wildcat right on the trail and all the myriad feet all the many nights since have walked it down until it is but a flat map of a deer. Never before in the closed season have we carried a weapon but the wild cat and deer sign on the trail make us do it here.

IT IS awe-inspiring to walk along these deeply cut paths through the forest primeval, where man has not yet swung an axe, and to see the great freshly dug trail of a giant moose who, clever creature, may see you from some gloomy spot and stand like a statue if he knows he is unseen until you pass. We came to one exquisite spot where an island divides the stream and here a wildcat had chosen the beautiful outlook as the spot to hunt her game from; by all signs she had used it many moons before we came along.

Today we are windbound in a little cabin on Mi-Chio. A New York Judge built it but he, poor chap, has passed along to be judged himself and we, two men and a dog, passing along the trails, rent it as a refuge.

We wonder daily however the Mic-Macs passed along these lakes safely in their skin-thin birchbark canoes. Laddie has to kneel erect in the bow and warn me where the next boulder lies. I show you a picture of a rocklined shore. But the Indians must have had excellent fishing with their crude bone hooks even before the French gave the iron ones as these creeks are full of trout. We take only three, one for each member of the party. Yes, Dash is very much a member, but he is growing so fast that before the snow flies and the trip is over he will have crowded me out of the stern of the canoe He snuff, snuff, snuffs as we glide along scenting the wild things we cannot see. We land on an un-named island where the gulls have dug holes for their summer-time nests. This is almost September when I write this, and Dash digs the nests out and barks in glee.

We came to one headwaters where the upstream running seafish, the Gaspereau, were spawning, and there stood a Great Blue Heron (Crane here) with its long legs far apart spearing down with its sharp bill at these herringlike fish and nipping them between its strong mandibles. It had killed three when Laddie splashed into the scene and saved the rest and off it went croaking out its displeasure. There are many beautiful strange things to be pictured for our columns in the Western Home as our canoe slips along, and I was just wondering how long a time more, and how many more new rivers and wild lakes I will be spared to see, for it is going on fourteen years ago that I sent in my first illustrated story to the Editor, whom I have never met, and still I am going on. We have done the Pacific, crossed the continent, half done the Atlantic Coast and as Roosevelt said, "I am worn to a frazzle." I do not mind it when we are together but when Laddie and the canoe disappear up or down a new river I tell Dash and I look anxiously at sundown for that canoe and Laddie to reappear.

If you want a really deserted lonely river come to the Clyde. Laddie desired to prove just how many wild animals he could see on a single July day, so I heard him push the Rice Lake canoe off the river's bank before daylight on the 12th, a morning with a trailing mist arising from the slowly flowing waters.

He made Bloody Creek in 28 minutes of fast silent work, then he entered the upper part of the river where short rapids run about every mile and where hardly a paddle breaks the surface from dawn to dark. Let him tell the story—

"At five a.m. I saw a large black-looking animal rush through the long grass (Laddie is the narrator) and go flop into the water; he made a large wake behind him as he swam across the river. I landed near where I lost sight of him, then I heard pebbles rattle. He was up on the bank. He saw me—into the water he went with his head up and down he sank. Then he dived—I lost him—then I saw him back at the runway swimming about. As soon as he spotted the canoe and me he started off upstream, just the head showing, the tail was always under water. I saw it once when he dived. I followed in the canoe and he swam along the bank, then, when next I saw him, he was coming down stream—He dived about thirty yards above me and came right under the canoe. I could see the bubbles of his wake—I pushed the paddle down trying to touch him but failed, and not in a hundred and fifty yards did he come up, then a bend hid him. He looked about as big as our four months old Airedale pup when he was plunging from the grass. He was dry the first time and looked furry. Once I got within two canoe lengths of him but of course I was looking ahead for some deer and lost sight of him.

"I heard a crackling in the bush on the other side of the river and saw a deer, a doe, a small one, walking along. The river mists prevented my taking a snap of her. I drifted over and landed but she had gone without a sound. At this place the otter came so near I could see the bubbles breaking off his hair to the surface—so near I could have hit him with the paddle. The sun was up now behind the tall spruce but the river banks were yet too dark for pictures.

"The water was high enough to let me paddle up most of the riffles. At Hamilton branch I saw a fawn swimming across the river some 200 yards above me; it was too far off to see its spots, however. The doe waded out after it and swam across the deep places and landed; a little later I saw both of them feeding in the brush.

"Then I saw a flock of young black ducks swimming along like coot. They were throwing their little heads back and looking at me all the time; one flopped off and the others dived. A half a mile farther on I saw the mother bird. She was feeding alone; away she went down past me at twenty-five yards—a dandy shot in open season. I was going up stream now and I saw a fawn and doe. I let the canoe drift but it grounded on a rock and the noise made the deer raise its head and stand listening for about one minute.

Then three hundred yards further on I saw another doe and fawn on the pebbles; they were eating grass. The fawn spied the canoe first and up went his head. In another minute both had disappeared.

"I pulled the canoe up some 'falls' and walked along the river bank. There were moose tracks on the fresh mud. The moose had walked up to the ashes of a man's camping fire and had smelled about it. The tracks told the story very plainly.

"THERE was a big Crecopia moth in the water, almost perished. Evidently they do not see very well in the clear light and it had fallen into the river. I lifted it very carefully and put it on a twig and when I returned much later it had folded its wings in correct shape and was evidently O.K.

"At 12 o'clock I came to a long space of calm level water and I paddled for one hour and a half more up-stream through a new country to me. The banks at Hamilton branch are barrens and savannahs, most beautiful places to camp, but away up here it was all wild hay meadows. I saw a pile of dry sticks and investigated. It was an old beaver house; I could see into it and the level spot of the inside house on which they sat and the diving hole were visible. The room was oval with a hole in the floor. Then on the meadows edge I saw where another moose had walked. It had waded into the water and had eaten lily pads; the stems were sticking up clean and eaten off.

"At the point of the hay meadows I saw many runways in the grass. I followed these wondering what they were—such large long trails; then I came to feeding holes in the mud where twigs were out. Soon I saw a bunch of sticks, then a heap, then, on the highest part of the point was a large house made of branches and twigs. There was some mud on it, not much. The beavers had been working very lately. I stamped near the house and heard the bubbles rise as

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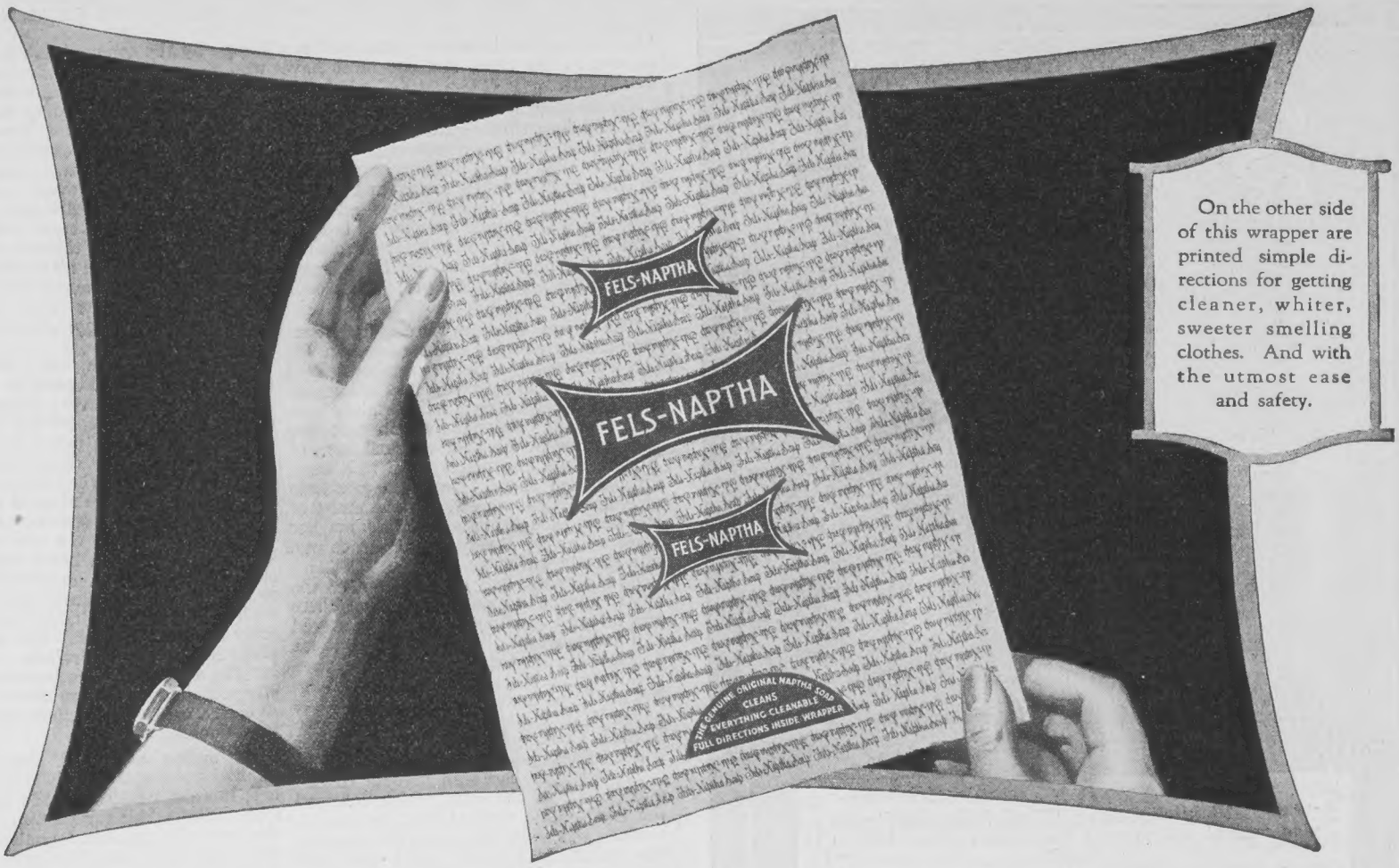

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THE PROMISE—Continued from page 4

him awkward and clumsy. She had been so sure at the time, and she must have been right.

By the time Moore had gently deposited the still insensible figure on the ground the firemen were sending streams of water over the now ruined building, making up in energy for their late arrival and numerous unnecessary delays. But all they could do was to soak the charred heap of smoldering ashes to prevent a chance spark reaching the two or three small outbuildings, or worse yet, the woods beyond.

The nurses' quarters were quickly converted into sleeping accommodation for the worst cases, and the stranger helped with the others in a ceaseless stream to and fro gently carrying in helpless men and women. Among the foremost the man carried in the poor wrecked form of Ronald Cook and placing him in a comfortable bed thereby won the gratitude of Nurse Helen, who was in the midst of the work, though neither her legs nor her voice were very steady, and her face was of a ghostly whiteness.

As Moore was only on his way from the city to a place to spend his vacation, there was no need of hurrying on, so he stayed and assisted with the building operations which began next day. Just several temporary frame shacks to house what were left of the patients, for some had died as a result of burns or shock, and soon Ronald Cook joined these tired ones whose suffering days were over.

The stranger had seen "Nurse Helen" quite often in the days which followed the fire. Quite natural that he should, working cheerfully about the place among the voluntary helpers. And that odd sensation would follow the length of his spine each time he met her or stopped to watch unnoticed as she went about doing unceasing little kindnesses, with a pathetic droop to her weary mouth.

He puzzled over her almost hopeless expression until the day Ronald Cook died. The boy was lying among his blankets and Moore had taken him his dinner (such was the diversity of his odd jobs, when not working upon the buildings), but something in the boy's expression startled him. In a difficult whisper he asked for Helen and the other went in search of her, and at his urgent summons she went silently to the boy's bed. She gave one glance into his eyes, her face went white, then with a little cry she dropped beside the recumbent figure, which seemed to be literally shrinking within the blankets. Her arms went round the still form, her lips were on his face, but the other man waited to see no more. He turned away with a queer lump in his throat. The nurse's pathetic and hopeless appearance was at last explained to him.

They buried him quietly, solemnly, beside those others and the next day having decided his usefulness was at an end, Moore disappeared as quietly and unostentatiously as he had come.

The following week he gave to the pursuit of bass and trout but for once that favorite sport failed to please. The lakes and streams were as clear and sparkling, the rapids as white foaming as ever, the fish as sleek and shining and plentiful as usual, and quite as hard to land, but the final victory of whisking a big dripping beauty from the splashing waters failed to provide the usual thrill of attainment.

Something was wrong, somehow, and Stanley Moore failed in his self analysis to discover the reason—that is, for a time; until a sad patient face obtruded itself more and more often between him and his actual surroundings; sometimes she came to him on the banks of the merrily chattering brook, sometimes her face seemed reflected in some quiet pool, or at night the phantom shapes of firelight and shadow flickered into a familiar outline. When this happened repeatedly, he lost patience with himself and at the end of one short week in the wild, he packed together his belongings and set his face toward the city. Perhaps that would accomplish what the solitudes had failed to do. He determined resolutely to forget that first week away from town, when with eager yet unskilled hands he put forth his best efforts toward building shelters for those poor wrecks of men and women. And greater to him than this, he had dispelled the image of his youthful playmate and been made almost happy by the companionship of a woman who did not at every action of his make him feel the awkward schoolboy.

Thinking of the building operations, he considered he had not done anything that another in like circumstance would not have tried—it was the unabating cheer and hope of every one of them that got under the ribs and worked its way to a fellow's heart. He gave a rueful smile when he thought of the office. Wouldn't the fellows all be surprised and kid him to death about his first week away, but—and he shut his mouth firmly—none of them should ever hear of it.

He left the train, went through the station and found himself in the street. It looked as though very nearly everyone he passed had just come out of a clothes shop, with the sales ticket still fluttering from his or her coat. Some sort of bothersome tag day, but when halted by one of the eager taggers, he allowed a fluttering banner to be pinned onto his overcoat.

He would walk to the club he decided, but at the end of a block the city heat stopped him. Off came the overcoat and it was thrown carelessy over his arm with the little tag hidden away in its folds. Another block. He was almost there and sighed with relief.

"Tag sir?" The soft questioning voice stopped the man as suddenly and quite as effectually as a well aimed bullet would have done.

He swung about at sound of that familiar voice and eagerly walked toward her; but she, recognizing the man at the same instant, half turned away, clutching the box with its many small tags. The glad light went out of his eyes, his hands dropped to his sides, he hesitated.

A puff of wind blew round the corner and sent a few of the bits of cardboard to the pavement and while the man stooped to retrieve the lost ones, he tried hard to silence the loud thumping of his heart which seemed to be up in his throat.

And the girl—she had a panicky feeling as though she must turn and run. Getting command of herself, though not of the flaming color in her cheeks, she managed a shaky uncertain laugh as she reached for the recovered tags. He stared down upon her, then poured forth a torrent of questions, which Helen did her best to answer. Yes, things were going more smoothly at the "San," many of the stronger patients had been sent home and those who remained were more comfortably taken care of. She had come to town two days before to help in organizing this campaign to raise money for rebuilding "And we award you this medal for your services—and for helping me," she ended softly, disentangling one of the tags and reaching up to his buttonhole. Stanley didn't think it worth while to remind himself that he already had one, nor did he tell her that he had dropped a quarter in someone else's box without inquiring what charity the money was for.

He looked more intently into her face. It was very white again and drawn and weary after a long day in the heat and sun, added to mental suffering of which he could but dimly guess.

"You are tired out, Nurse Helen. Suppose we have a cool tea somewhere? I am just off the train myself," he urged. She hesitated, but he perceiving this, gently drew her onward toward a gray fronted building made conspicuous by a flapping sign whereon were the words, "Headquarters for Free Sanitarium Fund."

He disposed of the box, quietly, masterfully and led her without once more. After that she moved as in a fog. She did not remember the meal they had in some secluded spot of the man's choosing, nor what happened afterward; objects waved before her eyes, the gray fog became thicker, and when at last it cleared away she found herself in a small unfamiliar white room. She painfully turned her throbbing head and a bowlful of marvelous bloom came in sight. Beyond and partly within her range of vision was a white capped figure.

THE eyelids dropped shut once more. Next time she put forth the effort necessary to opening them, a bunch of rosy sweet peas replaced the yellow flowers of her first awakening. A fluttering sigh escaped her, and she found a solicitious face bent above her—she must not talk yet. And Helen was only too thankful to obey.

THE PROMISE—Continued from page 10

Once more she awoke. It must be evening, for a green shaded light half lit up the room and after slowly exploring the farther corners with her tired eyes she decided it was empty of human presence save herself. Beyond a door nearly closed the tone of a voice drew her attention. "Really Nurse, you are sure she is improving?" it questioned anxiously. A strange voice answered so softly Helen could not catch the words, the white door opened—closed, and a soft footfall approached the bed in which the patient was apparently asleep. What need to open ones eyes when the nose was properly functioning? Roses! roses! Again the door shut. One eye opened. Alone again. Both eyes wide open turned to the roses. She thrust out a shaky hand experimentally. It just touched the table edge; a bit nearer the side of the bed and she might manage the nearest rose—pale gold at the heart of the flower, blushing to pink at delicate velvety edge. How tired that arm felt! It dropped to the table and quivering fingers clutched a card upon the smooth top. She drew it to her with sudden strength. "A medal for your bravery—Nurse Helen" it read, then down in the corner a name, "Stanley Moore." Ah!

She had known of course that it would be Moore—Mr. Moore who had saved her life, and helped so heroically after the fire, and whom she had come to need as an almost physical support, but....Stanley Moore! Curious she had not heard his first name before.

Within two or three days Helen was sitting up, a little pale but very bright of eye, expecting—expecting—why the doctor of course! But it was not the doctor who appeared, but a radiantly happy young man, whom Nurse Helen could hardly recognize as the same person who had come upon her so unexpectedly in the street when she was selling tags that day, which seemed so very very long ago. He had brought no flowers today, but her eyes wandered to the ever present bouquet on the little table—they were roses again.

She glanced down to her thin white hand nearly hidden beneath strong brown fingers. Of course she tried to thank him for taking such care of her and for the flowers, but it seemed impossible to adequately express what she felt

He had not come to see her until she was able to sit up. That was kind of him And though he seemed loathe to go today, he left after a very few minutes, saying he would tire her on her first day up.

Although she knew he came every day after that she did not see him again until one golden September day when the Doctor gave her permission to go out—for the first time in a month! He took her for a very short drive that first day, lengthening it out each succeeding day until they had a whole glorious Saturday in the country

There had been a slight frost and the trees had turned to flaming reds, yellows and orange. With a cloudless blue arc above and the earth carpeted in a pattern of sunny goldenrod, and blue, white and purple asters, the world was fair indeed and it was good to be alive

He stopped his car in a wonderful bit of country, they both climbed out and walked half across a sunny field, to where a clear sparkling stream gurgled its way between sloping green banks.

They spread their lunch in the shade of some graceful elms, and if Helen did not do full juctice to the meal, Stanley at least exhibited a healthy appetite. For he was happy, exultingly, glowingly happy and content with the present hour. It was good to see the change in Nurse Helen, too. True she was not very rosy of cheek yet, but the wan face had filled out and the tired hopeless lines had nearly disappeared.

She lay back and smiled up at him as the man gathered together their luncheon things, then settled comfortably down on the bank beside her, occasionally sending fragrant puffs of smoke into the lazy air from his well worn pipe.

"Don't you wish you had a fishing rod and a can full of bait?" she asked unexpectedly. "You bet I do," then in a half embarrassed tone, "You see it's one of my favorite pastimes and near the city one cannot find a stream like this. There was a time when salmon trout were numerous in the Humber, but of course that was long ago."

She was still for a moment as if weighing her words. "Then I wish you had a rod here for I'm not afraid of baiting hooks now, Stanney." He barely caught that last word, spoken almost in a whisper, but he whirled about and caught both her hands.

"You—you—" he stammered, looking at her as if for the first time. "Helen Ellsworth," he repeated helplessly.

Scene on one of the Carnation Milk condensery farms

Her eyes were laughing into his, for she had seen a new light in the brown ones which made her glad—glad!

And wasn't it funny that he had called her "Nurse Helen" and had not heard her other name? Laughing over this he forget his embarrassment, but the shock and joy of his discovery remained. He had found Helen Ellsworth, his childhood sweetheart, and she was as lovable as he had remembered her through all the years

For the next hour there was a rapid fire of questioning, first one of them, then the other with a "Do you remember?" or "Have you gorgotten ..?" over and over again. Finally Helen laughingly suggested, "Hadn't we better start back soon?" "Just a little while more," he begged, "everything is so wonderful here."

THERE was an unwonted stillness for some moments. A long-drawn sigh escaped the girl reclining half in sun, half in shadow at the foot of the giant elm Guessing her thoughts the man asked in a tense eager tone, "Why leave all this, why go back to the 'San'....?" but she interrupted hastily, "No—no, I can't prolong my vacation much longer, Stanney—and we must go" She had risen wearily and was picking up her coat and belongings, but he came up behind her, drew away the bundles and put his strong arms about her shoulders His husky voice pleaded, "My little Sweetheart" And again, "Just one more 'Don't you remember' Don't you remember a promise of yours made a long time ago? You said 'When you has growed up Stanney....' " He loosed her gently

Continued on page 12

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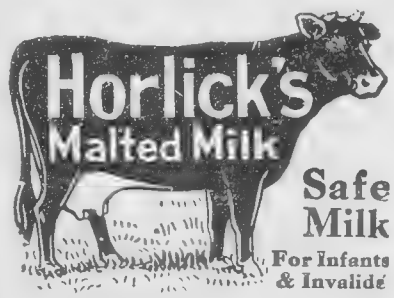

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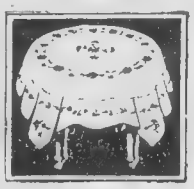

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THE PROMISE—*Continued from page 11*

and stood before her. "Haven't I grown up yet?" he pleaded. But after one fleeting glance the other's eyes were fastened on the ground.

"Is it too late? Was it the boy Ronald?" he questioned. Still silence. "I love you! Will you marry me now, little sweetheart?" he asked in a low tender voice.

Then she answered. "Ah well—since you won't ever grow up really, Stanney boy, and I believe I like—love you better as you are, yes, yes," she murmured, but the words were smothered as was the slight figure in Stanley Moore's embrace.

CONSIDER THE LILIES—*Continued from page 5*

"How would you do it?"

"Why, I'd slip in quietly some fine morning, hire a pack horse and go away up that ravine over there, camp beside a mountain stream, and just look at the mountains every day till the beauty got time to sink in. To be brought from the prairie overnight and have all this suddenly flung at one is something in the nature of a shock, don't you think?"

"I suppose so. I hadn't thought of it in that way." Then with assumed carelessness he went on: "You would be a solitary pilgrim?"

"Not if there were someone who felt as I did about it. You know what the poet says about friends making 'Every dear scene of enchantment more dear.'"

Lang hadn't heard about this particular poet before, but he heartily endorsed his sentiments.

Later in the day the haze from forest fires lifted to allow a wonderful view of Mt. Robson, though the attention of the passengers was fairly well divided between it and two small pet bears on the platform, who whimpered for candy and fruit like spoiled children.

"Some day I'm going to climb that," said Lang as he and Janet finished snapping the king of the Rockies; but Janet was content for the present to gaze.

THAT night obliging officials cleared out the dining-car, and a dance was soon in progress. Janet had to confess ruefully that she had never learned the new dances, and went to sit with Mrs. Murdoch on the platform of the observation car. The sound of the music reached her there, interspersed with shouts of laughter when the train took a sharp curve and the dancers had to look to their footing.

A little chill of half-envy crept over her as she tried to listen to Mrs. Murdoch's harrowing account of her latest illness. Then after a time, the beauty of the star-lit skies, the shadowy trees on either side of the track, and the darker shadows that were mountains, brought a benediction of peace to her. Even Mrs. Murdoch's querulous voice was finally hushed and they sat in silence. Breaking into Janet's meditations came Lang, reporting the improvised ball-room to be hot and tiresome. Presently Aunt Lucy declared the night air too damp for her, and went off to bed. Lang found Janet's talk and even her silences infinitely refreshing after the noisy hilarity from which he had come. She seemed strangely aloof under the quiet star-light. If the radiant glimpse of her the night before in her gorgeous attire had shown her to be a girl and not an office automoton, this tete-a-tete revealed her to him as *the* girl to whom his heart and life were attuned.

In the days that followed, he was constantly with her, as though to make up for the blind years he had lost. They read together parts of a book on the explorers of the western coast, grudgingly vouchsafed them by a suspicious Ethiopian librarian, who muttered imprecations as to what would happen if they did not return it. Lang was inclined to be annoyed at his arrogance, but Janet suggested that no doubt the porter's mistrust was founded on sad experience with the race of tourists in times past. What they read took on fresh color from the fact that they were passing through the actual scenes of these explorers' adventures.

"Look at those people playing bridge," whispered Janet, "and not even glancing out at what these men risked their lives to claim for Canada and for us."

Even the bridge players got off to view the Gateway in the Bulkney River where the water pours through a gap in a perpendicular wall of rock eight feet thick. When they reached the Skeena the whole party was conducted through one of the big fish canneries. At Kitwanga they wandered through the old Indian cemetery, its graves covered with fantastical houses in which hung the mouldering clothes and remnants of food placed there for the use of the departed, a mute testimony to a primitive belief in immortality.

The Skeena was widening now, and Janet began to feel a tingling sensation such as the creatures in "The Water-Babies" must have felt as they hurried along chanting "Down to the Sea, Down to the Sea!" The light of the late afternoon sun shone on the gray sails of little fishing boats bobbing up and down on the water now swollen by the incoming tide. The salt smell of the sea was in the air.

A great scurrying about of porters ensued, in the excitement of collecting luggage, but Janet kept her eyes on the vast river till at last, out beyond, she caught her first glimpse of the sea.

They reached Prince Rupert in time to have dinner at the hotel of the same name, but the magnificent view which it commanded made Janet oblivious to what the bill of fare contained. After dinner she and Lang wandered about this town of ups and down, muskeg and rock. They climbed to a point of vantage on the rocks and watched the sunset. Down below, an old, gray-bearded man with a long pole in his hand was driving a herd of cows up from the water's edge. His picturesque form in the mysterious twilight appearing and disappearing with his herd among the rocks, made them think of some old-world tale—Polyphemus, perhaps, bringing in his flocks, while yonder the ship of Ulysses lay in the harbor. They sat there till the light had entirely faded. Scarcely a word had been spoken, yet they returned to the hotel with the quiet happiness that comes from rare comradeship and a perfect understanding.

In the run from Prince Rupert to Vancouver they were hardly ever out of sight of land, wooded hills and islands on each side making a closed passage; this and the stillness of the water made it hard to realize that they were actually on the Pacific. Janet rose early and spent almost every waking moment on the deck, and Lang, with his new-found zest, was always with her. Janet and other prairie passengers almost lamented the placidity of the sea, and expressed a wish to see some white-caps. The second evening on board, as they were passing through the Queen Charlotte Sound, they had their wish granted so generously that in a short time most of them were below. Janet and Lang tramped the almost deserted decks and gloried in the sting of the wind in their faces. They stood on the upper deck in the front of the boat and watched her nose her way through the wilderness of waves. For the time being they felt nothing but the sheer physical exhilaration of conflict with the elements. After a couple of hours when wind and wave had somewhat subsided, the two sought a sheltered nook and watched the wavering path of the moon on the water. A light house flashed its cold, white warning from a rocky island in the distance. The wild isolation of it took hold of Janet's imagination.

"Oh, wouldn't you like to live there and be lighthouse keeper, not forever and a day, but just for awhile, with only the sea and the sky and the rocks and the gulls—."

"And you," finished Lang, looking steadily down into her startled eyes. "I'm not jesting, Janet dear. These few days that we have been together have made all the world seem different to me. Before that I took everything for granted. Now even the ugly little shacks on the prairie mean something to me. You are the most wonderful girl. You've simply got to marry me, Janet. I can't go back to the old stupid life I lived before I had you for interpreter."

Continued on page 5

THE SKIPPER'S VICTORY—Continued from page 7

the grateful steam restored his frozen circulation, and then the words came with an ultra-Gaelic fluency:

"Yon auld deevil up there's fey," he screamed to his second, who was darning a pair of much-worn socks in the light of a swinging slush lamp. "He's sweerin' he'll tak' the shippie through or under aught she meets, an' by gosh! he'll dae it, tae."

"Then we'll need tae gi'e them firemen a worrd or twa," suggested the second nonchalantly, "for I've kenned Sedley a matter o' forrty year, noo, an' he'll e'en dae what he says he'll dae." He carefully placed the sock on the rail of the crank-pit, stuck the darning-needle into his caplining, and disappeared through the narrow door that communicated with the stokehold. The sound of a clattering shovel, followed by a cry of pain and an oath, the falling of a second blow, told that the second was busy instilling the fear of death into his satellites. The Thurso seemed to feel the added impulse as she planed a solid curl of water off the top of a wind-flattened swell, and sent it over her bridge exactly as a carpenter would send a shaving over his shoulder.

And then, through the horrible blinding broth of snow and hail, she steadily trudged forward. Against that awful might of power the ordinary protections were worse than useless. The weather-cloths at the corners of the bridge were rent and tattered into fluttering fragments, which froze hard and stiff as they fluttered. The Thurso was fitted for the North Atlantic trade. There were no snug huts at the wings of the bridge, no comfortable wheel-house wherein the helmsman might direct the ship at his ease; her upper works were open to every breeze that blew.

Captain Sedley saw the quartermaster lurch forward suddenly and collapse over the wheel. When he flashed a lamp on him, he saw his face was blue and set, with the blackened lips drawn back from the grinning teeth. Icicles clogged his hair, his mustache, his eyebrows, in spite of the fact that he was wrapped and double-wrapped in wool and oilskin. Sedley dragged him down the rocking bridge-ladder and thrust him into the chart-room, rubbing his face and hands with piled handfuls of snow, until some circulation was restored, and then a glass of reeking brandy was forced between the clenched teeth, until the man sat up and looked wanly about him. Another sailor had been sent to the wheel, but his trick there was short. Less than five minutes after his arrival, a gasping, twitching body was carefully carried to the heated forecastle by two of his fellows.

"Seems to me," howled Sedley, as he grasped the spokes in his gloved hands, and twirled the wheel carelessly—"seems to me that a backing of old-timers mightn't have been a bad idea."

There was no reply from the motionless figure in the weather corner of the bridge. Jefferson was fighting for breath against that terrible cold, that seemed to be settling about his heart, to be numbing the flow of his blood, to be stupefying his aching brain. Five minutes later he, too, was assisted below, an inanimate body, and Captain Sedley was left alone. A dozen times he sounded his whistle frenziedly, but no one answered the hail. The few men who remained did not dare to face the elements; they cowered back in the steam-warmed corners of their forecastle, and vowed that nothing short of death should drag them forth.

Sedley knew in his heart that if he left the bridge again he would never dare to return. And yet—the ship must go on. Something of wild exultation filled him now. Of all those strong young men, full-blodded, light-hearted, presumptuous with arrogant pride of youth, not one had been able to endure one half of what the night promised. Whilst he, who was too old for following a sea-life, according to a lately expressed opinion, was fighting for the steamer's life single-handed.

Ay, he said, he would put up a good fight, too. As yet the rich blood ran hotly in his veins, his eye was clear and his heart was stout. Let the massed powers of sea and sky conspire together against him, he would yet wring a victory from their ravening jaws, and would drag the old ship through the bitterest storm the century had known. He made his preparations methodically.

The whistle lanyard was brought within reach of his hand as he stood at the wheel; he lugged a piece of cotton waste from his pocket and laid it handy to wipe the glass of the binnacle with, that he might see the oscillating compass card clearly. At first he thought of imbibing long draughts of fiery brandy, but a moment's thought told him that the fictitious heat would soon ebb, leaving a still more bitter cold in its wake.

Then, with set teeth and staring eyes, he set to to wrestle with death for the sake of his honor and his ship.

He was like a spectre in a vast expanse of sheer desolation. About him on every hand was nothing but the swirling snow, that lashed before the wind like something solid. And ever the storm-note rose triumphant in his ears, singing a requiem and a paean of triumph in one.

And still that glad exultation that was almost glee filled his gallant soul. He was not aware of any great cold, for his iron frame had long been insured to such vicissitudes. Winters spent in the Arctic sealers had taught him how best to act against such a coalition of discomforts as was now his share. Feeling a slight numbness in his feet, he commenced the old Arctic shuffle, lurching from side to side constantly, now dancing a few brisk steps, now kicking with his toes at the frozen wood underfoot, to send the tingling blood racing anew through the veins. His

Continued on page 14

A View of Kildonan Park, Winnipeg.

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How to keep your hair soft and silky, full of life and lustre, bright and fresh-looking

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After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

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THE SKIPPERS VICTORY—Continued from page 13

body was more than warm; it was in a rich glow, for the steamer was steering like a log, and it was imperative to sheer the wheel from hard-a-port to head-a-starboard without ceasing, so mighty had the sea become now.

Once—he dashed the ice and snow from his collar to give his ears clear play—a new note crept up in the storm's roar. He listened again intently, shielding his ear with mitted hand, and then, clutching hard at the whistle cord he pulled with all his might. No sound followed. The dropping water from the siren had frozen hard, and the frog-signal was choked and useless.

He jammed the helm hard down just in time. Again did that warning note boom out ahead, again and still again, while he held the kicking helm down with iron hands and clenched his teeth. The white uncertainty around him grew dark at one point, the shadow grew denser, it slowly took a shape—a fairy like vision swept up into his range of sight. It was a gigantic liner steaming hard before the blizzard. Her portholes shone dimly through the rime that covered them; she was caked in ice from stem to stern; but for the constant wailing of her great siren and the fitful gleam of the half-hidden lights along her broadside, she might have been an iceberg propelled by some invisible power.

She missed the boring Thurso by a hair's breadth, and a volley of vocal sound came dinning down through the obscurity. In imagination Sedley had a vision of that vast structure's bridge; its wings closed in with stout wood, with steam heaters in the huts: and a quartermaster keeping the officers on the lookout constantly supplied with boiling cocoa and hot toast. They would be taking two-hour spells, he fancied, two officers relieving the starved two who had kept the vigil. But he was alone. But long before the vision had been created in his brain. the snow walls had closed in again, implacable, impregnable, with a horrid menace in their whirling solidity.

He guessed that the blizzard was fast reaching its culminating point now. Once he dragged his watch from under thick layers of clothing, and managed to keep the snow off its face sufficiently long to read the dial. It was midnight; eight long hours to wait before the slow dawn broke!

He laughed no more now, but set his teeth grimly, and prayed that he might be vouchsafed the strength and resisting power to carry his point. He knew from the steadfast throb of the deck underfoot that the engines were still working gallantly; and he guessed, though he could see nothing of the ship's wake, that she was making some small headway in the storm. Once he had a faint idea that a shrouded figure appeared at his elbow, and the voice of the second mate cried out in consternation at the terrors of the night; but he waved his stiffened arm authoritatively, and the figure vanished, to find some alleviation from the already severe frostbites in the hottest corner of the reeking engine room, where he confided to the second engineer that the skipper was mad.

"Ay, lad; there's a sight of method in his madness," commented the dripping engineer. "Ye'll no ken jist what this means tae him. He's fightin' for the auld generation agen the new. He's provin' tae the worrld that there's some guid in an auld mon yet."

The second mate, thinking shiveringly of that howling wilderness that had once been the bridge, grunted a reluctant acquiescence and felt a new glow that was admiration come over him in great waves.

The dragging hours passed slowly with Captain Sedley. The cold grew still keener; one by one the binnacle lamps, their oil coagulated by the rigor of the cold, went out, leaving the binnacle in darkness. After that he started wanly into the very eye of the wind, and kept the ship's head true by instinct.

At last the blizzard reached its height. Where it had shrieked before it now raved; and the force of its flight was as moving mountains. Sedley reeled to his fall, but his clutching hands gripped the wheel rim like vices, and though the laboring breath was forced down his choking throat until he thought nothing human could stand that terrible strain, he still stuck to his post. There was a dull crashing from where the ice-enshrouded boats lay, and Sedley knew that a sea which, compared with previous waves, was as a mountain to a mole-hill, had swept on board, smashing and destroying broadcast.

The Thurso reeled to that hammer stroke, and shuddered in her grevious pain. Let her once receive such another and she must inevitably founder, pressed downwards by the sheer weight of water alone. But with a hundred cunning tricks of hand, Sedley humored the sorely tried vessel. He brought her fluttering like a wounded sea-bird, into the wind's eye once more, and eased the chilly spokes one by one until she lifted her drooping head once more. She rose suddenly, and the wave surged under her keel. Her stern flew up—up, until the skipper was looking down a great void on the foredeck of his ship. It seemed as though she would never rise again; but though the propeller rattled and clattered deafeningly, though the fabric shook as in its death throe, there was a man on that dangerous bridge who knew the old ship as he knew the secrets of his own heart. The Thurso righted again. She rolled now in wide arcs, so that the gauges on the pillars danced in zoetrope circles; but once more she came up to the wind, and shouldered her way onwards into the white obscurity.

Dawn came slowly, and showed some signs of the damage, though the all-enveloping snow hid the greater part. Both lifeboats were clean gone by the board; the pinnace was hanging by one tackle, and the wind had caught her so that she stood out like a storm-tried flag. The foredeck was in hopeless ruins. Ventilators were flattened like cardboard, though they were built of inch-thick steel. The entire forehatch was stove in, and only a gaping hollow down which eddied blinding snowflakes, showed where had been a stout barricade. Everything moveable had disappeared, everything that was not a part of the fabric herself was bent and twisted into a hundred fantastic forms. There was no semblance of a ship in the grotesque thing that still plowed steadfastly forward. She was sheeted in ice; even the very funnel had long stalacites hanging from its crown.

Sedley watched the dim dawn break through the storm with haggard eyes. He was sore-stricken—he knew it now. Few men could have endured one hour of that awful night; but he had stood at his post, without stimulants, without relief, for close on a dozen hours.

His half-seeing eyes took in the havoc that had been wrought, and he smiled grimly. A chill numbness was slowly creeping up from his feet. It had passed his knees; his hands were useless now. But he kept up the swift play of the wheel with his elbows. and vowed that he would see it through to the bitter end. He was deathly sick, and felt that an icy hand was being laid about his heart.

"But a little while, good God!" he prayed, "but a little while!"

Suddenly the slatting whiteness began to thin and lessen. The wind had now a sob in its voice, as though mourning that its might had been expended in vain. It became possible to stand almost upright, to face the gale, to catch long breaths of exhilarating air. But all the air in God's heaven could not ease that cold hand that was tightening about Sedley's chest. The sound of the storm was slowly dying in his ears; he could not hold back the growing vertigo. Feebly he lifted his arm and rubbed his eyes, for his sight was growing most unaccountably dim. But it would not clear. Instead, a settled greyness fell over all that dazzling white underfoot, a greyness that deepened slowly until it became quite black. He fought the air once with his hands; then, as the snow ceased falling and a gleam of wintry sun shot over the battered ship—lighting up every crystal until it glittered like a diamond, casting cold glows over ice masses, and illuminating

THE SKIPPER'S VICTORY—Continued from page 14

the horrible, tossing, baffled sea—a patch of blue sky showed through the piled cloud-heaps, and then—

"I've won!" he cried in a great voice, and again: "I've won!"

There was just a flicker of strength in his frame. He crawled from the wheel to the frozen telegraph, rang the bell violently, then he reeled back to the helm.

A shamed crowd of men clambered hastily up to the bridge, as the signal rang out below to tell that the fight with death was past. They found him standing by the wheel, his face white and set, his eyes fixed in a curious stare and his lips curled with a smile of pride. They said that he was dead.

But the second engineer, an old man, too, came charging through the crowd, and lifted the inanimate body in his powerful arms.

"Deid!" he cried, "deid! He's no a child. He's a mon, wi' a mon's strength in him. Gi'e a clear gangway there, ye sumphs!"

He raced below with his burden into the steaming engine room.

"Fling open ane o' them furnace doors," he commanded, "an' bring blankets. Ay' an' brandy, an' hot watter, we'll win oor ficht tae."

The kindly heat penetrated into that chilled frame by slow degrees.

"He'll dae noo," said the second engineer, regarding his work with the air of an expert. "He's no a youngster; he'll live right enough."

And Captain Sedley came back to the world.

CONSIDER THE LILIES—Continued from page 12

While he talked on in short, eager sentences, there came to Janet an extraordinary discovery which left her wide-eyed, and tightened her hold on the man's arm.

"It isn't I who have made everything more beautiful to you, Hollis. It's love. I have felt it too all the while, and didn't know what it was."

The naivete of her discovery seemed natural and adorable to him. When he kissed her, the drab years of the past receded further and further, and were to both of them as if they had never been.

Late that night Janet stood on the edge of her berth and peered out on the restless expanse of water. At last she turned away and crawled into bed with a happy sigh, letting her shimmering green and gold kimona slip unheeded to the floor, unaware of the part it had played as exciting force in the drama of to-night.

A few days later, Mr. Murdoch, senior partner in the firm of Murdoch, Smith, McKay and Lang, received two telegrams. The first was from his highly efficient stenographer and read :

"Please accept my resignation, as I am to be married to-day." The second was from the youngest member of the firm :

"Am extending my holidays two weeks. Aunt Lucy will write and explain. Hollis."

Whereupon Mr. Murdoch, who had learned arithmetic and some other things in his far-off youth, remembered how to put two and two together, and wired as follows :

"Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Lang : Accept my hearty congratulations and good wishes. Ira Murdoch."

THE GREASE SPOT—Continued from page 6

would be bright and sunshiny looking. But I won't be a bit disappointed if you send it back—it's from Black's. He said it would be all right. I just got it on approval because I thought you'd know better what to buy yourself after seeing the styles in the city. But I wanted you to know first thing that you were going to have your wish about the hall."

"But, dear—I don't think it needs papering; honestly I think it looks so pretty the way it is, 'twould be a shame to disturb it now. It was so good of you to get the paper but—if you don't mind, we'll take it back and keep the money for—for—see here, Wallie dear, I want you to take a visit, too. You haven't had a real change for years. We'll all save up and in September you take a visit to your sister Jessie. My visit has done so much for me—why, I believe everything will seem different now. And maybe it would do the same for you."

Mrs. Jamieson had just put aside her travelling clothes and was slipping a house-dress over her head when there came a voice.

"May I come in, mother?"

And there stood Vera with a big parcel under her arm.

"Here, mother, is a present for you."

"Mother" opened it and found—wall-paper, a nice cool-looking, green wall-paper.

"It's for the hall, mother. I got the green because I thought you'd like the hall to look cool and restful. But Mr. Barker said you could change it if you liked. I thought it would be nice to have it for you when you came home. I got it with my Christmas money."

"Oh, you dear!" and she threw her arms round her daughter's neck. "But it was just my little narrow vision that made me think the hall looked 'terrible'; now I think it looks charming and—" Then she told Vera pretty much the same as she had told her husband and Vera agreed with her plans.

"We'll get him off some way, see if we don't, mother," she said.

But Mrs. Jamieson had still another surprise. In the evening Melvin came to her bearing in triumph a big roll of something.

"Open it, mother—it's wall-paper for the hall! I bought it yesterday. I got red because I thought you'd like it to seem lively and cheerful and gay-like in coming into our house. But I won't mind if you change it for another colour. I sold my gun and got it."

And Mrs Jamieson actually cried over the self-sacrifice and thoughtfulness of her son. But she told him, too, just how she felt about the wall-paper now and what a different idea she seemed to have about lots of things in the home since her visit.

"All right, mother, I'll take the paper back and save the money for dad's trip. I just do want him to have a dandy old holiday," responded Melvin.

But after all this wasn't the last surprise about that hall-paper. The very last came from the youngest member of the family, eight year old Donald or "Don" as he was generally called. It was the next morning.

"Say, mother, I was awful lonesome when you were away and—I got you a present" said the little fellow, shyly fondling a parcel in his hand.

"Surely, the poor little soul hasn't somehow managed to get me wall-paper, too!" she thought in dismay.

But his was a small parcel. He unfolded it very carefully and said.

"Isn't it a beauty, ma! It's a whisk-holder to hang over the place in the hall where you think the grease spot is!"

A PRAYER

God of all beauty,
God of all pain,
Give me the dreams of my childhood again!
Let me forget all the torture and smart,
Greeting each morning with newness of heart;
Thrilling with gladness at each break of day,
Watching the sun top the hill overway.
God of all beauty,
God of all pain,
Give me the heart of my childhood again!

Reba Ray.

Jane is a gingham girl. She has any number of these becoming straight dresses—they're so inexpensive, and launder so well.

Junior has a small suit for his small self—pockets and all! It's such fun to combine materials into wash-suits for little boys—and such a saving!

Polly insisted on a serge dress all for herself. And now she is more than satisfied. The secret is that it's a made-over from Mother's old suit—so it really didn't cost a cent.

All In Clothes That Mother Made!

WOULDN'T it be a joy to you if you could see the children off to school in crisp, attractive little frocks and suits, knowing they were as well dressed as any they would meet that day? And wouldn't it be a wonderful satisfaction if the clothes they wore were made with your own hands at merely the cost of materials—or make-overs at no cost at all?

Thousands of mothers have learned easily and quickly at home, through the Woman's Institute's new simple plan, to make every little garment that the children need.

You learn how to plan and make a complete layette for the tiniest new baby, or dresses and rompers for the toddlers, or shirts and pants and suits for sturdy boys.

If you have a daughter, no matter whether she is a little girl just off to school, or in that period from twelve to sixteen when you find it so hard to dress her becomingly, or when she is first realizing the charm of delightfully becoming clothes, the Woman's Institute will teach you just how to dress her correctly, in the way that makes her most attractive.

You, too, can have smart, attractive clothes

And, of course, you not only learn how to make attractive children's clothes, but actually how to design and make smart clothes of every type for yourself or others—how to develop individuality in costume—how to copy and adapt styles you see in the shop windows, on the street or in the fashion magazines—how to add those expert little touches that mark the difference between ordinary clothes and those that are distinctively becoming.

Then if you desire, you can start sewing for others and have an independent income. Many Woman's Institute students are earning $20 to $40 right at home, or as visiting dressmakers, or in profitable little Dressmaking, Millinery, Lingerie and Children's Specialty Shops of their own.

Write for Free Booklet *"Making Beautiful Clothes"*

The Woman's Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 16-X, Scranton, Pa., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

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Name
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address

WINNIPEG'S RE-AWAKENING

Citizens Recover from Bad Attack of Nerves by Growing Realization of Power Possibilities of Winnipeg River—Many Popular Excursions being Organized to Power Sites—Total of 627,000 Horse Power Likely to be used in 25 Years—Historic Highway.

By A. Vernon Thomas

COMMUNITIES, like individuals, have their moments of destiny. Things as clear as the noonday sun remain popularly unperceived for decades and even centuries. Then unheralded comes along a day when everybody sees them. The people's fancy takes a turn. The moment of revelation arrives.

Something of the sort seems to have happened in Winnipeg. It has at last dawned upon her citizens that in the Winnipeg River, flowing past their very door as it were, they have an immense future. It is quite true that this mighty river has been on the map these many, these very many years. It is also true that the Winnipeg Electric Railway Co. brought into the city in 1906 the first power developed on this waterway. It is quite true that in 1911 the City of Winnipeg began to light Winnipeg homes by current generated on the river, and this at one-third of the rates previously paid for domestic lighting.

Much else is also true, but never before the present has Winnipeg realized the extent of the power now running to waste on the Winnipeg River. Never before has the city visualized what the development of this power must mean to Winnipeg during the next quarter of a century. Post-prandial orators have in the past rolled off their rounded periods as to Winnipeg's future, but never before has there seemed the same justification for believing about half of what they said.

Winnipeg today is casting her bread upon the waters of the Winnipeg River. Her citizens are visiting the river in greater numbers than ever before, and more than ever before are they taking an intelligent interest in its physical characteristics and in the problems of developing its many power-sites.

There is hardly a city on the continent whose finances are in sounder shape than those of Winnipeg at this moment. She is suffering, like the rest of the world, from economic depression, but her future along lines of normal and healthy development is abundantly assured. There are few cities in which the children are growing up under more wholesome conditions. Many of those who left the city during the past twelve months for the south have already returned proving once more the old adage that distant pastures look green.

Realization of the possibilities of the Winnipeg River has helped, and is helping, a lot of Winnipeggers to get over the blues. The citizens are not only hearing about this wonderful river, they are seeing it. Piecemeal the whole city is being taken out the seventy odd miles, to see power plants where the mighty river has been squeezed through a pipe with a wheel inside it to light their city, run their street cars, cook their meals and perform for them a dozen other services.

THE exodus to the Winnipeg River began last year when the Manitoba Power Co., a subsidiary of the Winnipeg Electric Railway Co., started to take trainloads of prominent Winnipeggers to the huge plant which it is building at Grand Falls, the largest power-site on the whole river, capable of generating 168,000 horse-power.

This year, the Winnipeg Hydro-Electric System, the city's municipal power department, is following the example of the Manitoba Power Co., and has already arranged two excursions of citizens to Pointe du Bois, where it has developed 75,000 horse power, and to Slave Falls, a reserve power-site two or three miles lower down the river, where a further 70,000 horse-power can be developed whenever the city needs it. The first excursion, which took place on May 18, included Premier John Bracken, Mayor S. J. Farmer and many other prominent Winnipeggers.

Premier John Bracken Shooting Lamprey Falls, Winnipeg River, in Canoe

Above Slave Falls, Winnipeg River.

Left to Right are: Hon. W. R. Clubb, Minister of Public Works; Alderman O'Hare, John Affleck, Alderman Barry, Premier Bracken and Alderman Leonard.

"I had heard a good deal about the Winnipeg River and its possibilities," said Premier Bracken on this his first trip to the great waterway, "but I never fully realized before what this river is likely to mean to Manitoba and particularly to Winnipeg in the near future. When I came to Manitoba from Saskatchewan I was greatly impressed with what I knew of the agricultural possibilities of the Red River valley. I am now equally impressed with the water-power possibilities of the Winnipeg River for eastern Manitoba."

Did Premier Bracken exaggerate? Well, consider the following fact: there is as much power now running to waste on the Winnipeg River as is used today by the whole city of Chicago, and Chicago's electrical energy is practically all steam-generated, that is to say generated much more expensively than would be the case if a stream like the Winnipeg River were within one hundred miles of Chicago.

What Premier Bracken said the other day on his visit to Pointe du Bois is amply borne out by the studies of the Dominion Water Power Branch, which, in recent years, has made a thorough investigation of the Winnipeg River. Its experts tell us that there are on the river nine sites possible of development, aggregating 627,000 horse-power.

The whole of this huge block of power, these experts state quite confidently, is likely to be required by the City of Winnipeg during the next twenty-five years. Does this seem doubtful? Well, here is another fact for consideration: since the Winnipeg Electric Railway Co. built its plant on the Pinnewa Channel of the Winnipeg River some fifteen years ago, the consumption of hydro-electric current in Winnipeg has grown from 33,964,000 kilowatt hours per annum to 303,513,000 kilowatt hours at the present time, a ninefold increase.

Of the nine possible power developments on the Winnipeg River three, already mentioned, have been harnessed or are in course of construction. There is the pioneer plant of the Winnipeg Electric Railway Co. on the Pinnewa Channel, with 18,450 horse-power. This plant is 58 miles from Winnipeg. It operates the Winnipeg street railway and also supplies current for light and power in competition with the city's own plant.

The latter, at Pointe du Bois, 76 miles from Winnipeg, was the second development on the river, the power from it being brought into Winnipeg in 1911. This plant has a capacity of 75,000 horse-power at the present time and can be enlarged, at relatively small expense, to generate 105,000 horse-power. Finally there is the new plant of the Manitoba Power Co. at Grand Falls, 64 miles from Winnipeg, which will have a horse-power development of 168,000. The first two units, of 56,000 horse-power, are nearing completion and will be ready for consumption when the transmission line is erected.

This leaves about 352,500 horse-power still to be developed on the Winnipeg River, within easy distance of Winnipeg. The largest of the remaining sites, that of Slave Falls, is under lease by the Dominion Government to the City of Winnipeg for development as soon as the needs of the citizens require this. Slave Falls takes its name from an old Indian legend to the effect that an Indian slave woman, no longer able to bear the cruelty of her lord and master, embarked in a canoe and floated gently over the falls to the happy hunting grounds.

The remaining five falls represent a power running to waste, which, if it had to be generated by steam, would need annually 2,500,000 tons of coal. Valued at $10 a ton this would represent an annual coal bill of $25,000,000. All five falls are under the control of the Dominion Government, which will lease them as and when a demand for their latent power arises. The day of holding public necessities of this kind as speculative investments is past. The three power sites already under development are held on annual lease from Ottawa.

WHEN the Manitoba Power Co. two or three years ago induced New York financiers to furnish several million dollars for the development of Grand Falls, everyone asked where the company expected to market such a huge block of power. The City of Winnipeg had then and has now a large quantity of power for sale. Where then could the company dispose of its enormous load? The question became a popular puzzle, a sort of million-dollar mystery.

Speculation was rife. The Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National yards at Winnipeg were to be electrified. That was one guess. Another guess was that the popular run of the C.P.R. to Winnipeg Beach was going to be electrified. Or electrification of the main line of the C.P.R. to Brandon would be undertaken. Or, if all these surmises were wrong, then assuredly the company had up its sleeve agreements with numerous industrial concerns for the starting of factories in Winnipeg, which it would supply with white fuel.

To date no solution of the mystery has been forthcoming. The answer of the riddle appears to be simply this: that the company and its New York backers have faith in the future of Winnipeg.

With the approaching completion of the first units of the company's big plant at Grand Falls there has arisen the keenest kind of competition between the latter, which, as already explained, is for all practical purposes the street railway, and the city's hydro. The situation has been aggravated by the recent application of the street railway for a ten-year extension of its franchise from 1927, when it expires. This was a very live issue at the civic election of November, 1922, when the friends of franchise extension were badly beaten and the present public ownership mayor elected. Two or three

Continued on page 27

Spillway from Forebay of City of Winnipeg's Hydro-Electric Power Plant at Pointe du Bois.

A Secret 3,000 Years Old

Centuries ago the ancient Egyptians discovered that the use of palm and olive oils as cleansers would keep their skin smooth and soft. Flagons of palm and olive oils equipped the sumptuous marble bath of Cleopatra.

The crude combination of these bygone days was the first Palmolive the world knew. It was the inspiration for the scientific, modern blend which is known the world over.

Palm and olive oils —nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Certainly---

Your own mild Palmolive *is the ideal soap for your baby*

The quality which makes Palmolive the beautifying cleanser which keeps your complexion fresh and smooth also makes it the perfect baby soap. The mildness which makes the profuse, creamy lather lotion-like in its effect keeps the tender skin of infancy soft and comfortable.

If you could find milder, purer soap to use for baby, you should adopt it as your own facial soap. But, search where you may, milder, purer soap cannot be found. If it could be made, we would make it.

But, until nature herself produces finer soap ingredients than palm and olive oils, this can't be done. Nothing better has been found in 3,000 years.

Your beautifier---Baby's comfort

Millions of women have learned that the secret of a fresh, blooming, flawless complexion is daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap. They know from experience that the lotion-like lather cleanses without a trace of irritation, removing the deposits of dirt, oil and perspiration which must be washed away.

They know that to neglect this daily cleansing results in clogging, and that such clogging means enlarged pores, blackheads, blotches and general skin disfigurement. And that, while harsh methods injure the delicate skin texture, Palmolive leaves it soothed and refreshed.

Thus women of mature years keep that schoolgirl complexion long after girlhood days have passed. Thus their own experience has taught them what soap to use for their babies and made Palmolive the most popular baby soap.

The price you want to pay

If we made Palmolive in small quantities for a limited number of users it would necessarily be a very expensive soap. Palm and olive oils are costly and come from overseas. And the Palmolive process is elaborate.

But, the world-wide demand of millions of users requires enormous output, which keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night. This quantity production reduces cost so that we are able to offer Palmolive for only 10c a cake.

Thus the luxury facial soap and the ideal baby soap can be economically enjoyed for general toilet use. The daily bath with Palmolive, which is baby's rightful comfort, may be enjoyed by all.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c

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Vegetables for Winter Use

THIS is the time of year when we should plan for a liberal supply of winter vegetables, in addition, to the rows of glass jars filled with the result of our canning endeavours.

A little care now, will insure many delicious meals throughout the winter. The easiest way to determine how best to preserve the different vegetables in their natural state, is to consider how they grow. They should be kept under natural conditions. For example, root vegetables should be buried in earth or sand to prevent drying out and loss of flavor. Such tender things as pumpkins and squash should be kept in a dry, not

Thanksgiving Vegetables

too cool place where there is free circulation of the air to which they are native.

The ideal storage place for underground vegetables, is a cold cellar in which there is no danger of freezing. Such roots as carrots, turnips, beets, salsify and parsnips, if packed in boxes, in alternate layers with dry earth or sand, will be just as plump and fresh next spring, as they are now. Salisfy and parsnips need a good hard frost to develop their finest flavor.

Potatoes are put in boxes or bins, where it is cool, dry and dark. Occasionally during the winter and spring they require to be picked over, as one or two soft, decayed potatoes would soon spoil a large quantity. Any sprouts which have grown, are removed at the same time.

Cabbages, we pile root upward, in boxes or a barrel.

Onions must be both cool and dry. They will sprout if too warm and rot if too moist. They are best kept on slatted racks, or in slat baskets. If there is no attic in which to keep them, the racks or baskets should be hung from the rafters of the cellar, where there is good circulation of air. In fact, all bins, boxes barrels, and baskets containing vegetables require to be surrounded by air spaces. Celery, neither trimmed nor washed, is packed, heads up, in long deep boxes filled with dry earth or sand. Pumpkins and squash must be thoroughly ripe in order to keep. They are placed in a dry, airy place, on shelves, without touching each other. They require a warmer temperature than root vegetables. From time to time they should be wiped dry with a cloth.

Tomatoes, if firm and unspotted, when placed in baskets or on racks in the cellar, will ripen gradually until January.

Using Salt As a Preservative

In European Countries, salting is a very popular way of preserving vegetables, as they do very little, if any canning.

Barrels, kegs, crocks, jars, may be used as containers. The top is covered with white cheese cloth or cotton, cut larger than the top of the vessel, and a weight of some kind, put on top, to keep the product down in the brine This may be a wooden block, a plate, saucer, or stone. Yellow or pitch pine should not be used, neither should sandstone, lime-stone, nor marble.

Dairy salt is much cheaper than table salt, and is quite as satisfactory. Rock salt is too apt to contain impurities. If sealers are used, the rubbers are greased to prevent the salt oozing out.

Dry Salting

String Beans: String, wash and weigh tender beans. Blanch in boiling water for five minutes, then dip in cold water for one minute. Pack in jars with alternate layers of salt, using a ½ pound of salt to one pound of beans. Pack down well. Have a layer of salt on top, weight beans down with a large cork dipped in parrafin; grease the rubbers and seal if using jars.

When ready to use, freshen the beans by soaking several hours in cold water, or overnight if necessary.

The same method of preserving may be used for corn, beat-tops, spinach, chard or green peas

Tomatoes, Green and Red

Stuffed Tomatoes, Southern Style

6 medium tomatoes
1½ cup cooked corn
6 slices of toast
¼ cup chopped peanuts
1 pint white sauce.

Wash the tomatoes, cut off the top, and scoop out the pulp. Drain, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Fill with the corn mixed with the chopped peanuts and moistened with white sauce. Place in muffin tins, season with salt and pepper, and cover the top with buttered crumbs. Bake 20 minutes.

Arrange the toast on a platter, cover with white sauce, and place a tomato on each slice. Peanut butter may be added to the white sauce.

Stuffed Tomatoes No. 2

Wipe, and remove the stem end from medium sized tomatoes. Scoop out the pulp, and invert to drain. Sprinkle inside with salt and pepper. Cook together 2 tb. butter and 2 ts. chopped onion. Add ½ cup finely chopped cold cooked chicken or veal, ½ cup stale bread crumbs, moisten with tomato pulp, add salt and pepper to taste. Cook together 5 minutes. Add one egg slightly beaten. Cook a minute and fill the tomato shells with the mixture. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake 20 minutes.

Stuffed Tomatoes No. 3

Wipe and scoop out the tomatoes as in number 1 and number 2. Mix together 1 cup cooked rice, 1 cup cooked minced ham, salt and pepper to taste. Moisten with tomato pulp. Pack in the tomato cases, cover with buttered crumbs and bake 20 minutes.

Stuffed Tomatoes No. 4

In the recipe above use cooked, finely cut macaroni instead of rice.

Stuffed Tomatoes No. 5

Use as the filling, shredded, cooked or canned fish, moistened with white sauce, and seasoned to taste.

Tomatoes Broiled

Select very firm tomatoes. Cut them in thick slices, dredge with flour, salt and pepper and broil over a very hot fire, or cook in a frying pan with enough butter to keep them from sticking.

Squash Pie

Devilled Tomatoes

Wipe, peel and cut the tomatoes in slices, dredge with flour, salt and pepper and saute in butter. Place on a hot platter and pour over it a sauce made by creaming 4 tb. butter, 2 ts. sugar, 1 t. mustard, ½ t. salt: add 1 beaten egg, the yolk of a hard-cooked egg, rubbed to a paste, and 2 tb. vinegar. Cook over hot water till thick.

Tomato Rarebit With Eggs

2 cup tomatoes
Celery salt
½ onion
Piece of bay leaf
Poached eggs
2 tb. flour
½ tb. butter
¼ cup grated cheese
Slices of toast

Cook the tomatoes and seasoning together for 10 minutes. Strain. Cream together the butter and flour. Add to the hot tomato, and cook till thick. Stir in the grated cheese. Pour over the required amount of pieces of toast. Place a poached egg on each and serve at once.

Fried Tomatoes

Use very firm tomatoes. Cut in thick slices. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Dredge with flour. Have fat hot in the frying pan. Put in the tomatoes, and when brown on one side, turn and brown the other. Remove to a hot platter. To the fat in the pan add 2 tb. flour, blend well and when sufficiently browned add 2 cups milk. Salt and pepper. Pour around the tomatoes on the platter.

Brining

Green Peppers: Remove stems and seeds from fresh green peppers, wash and pack in a jar with blossom end down. Cover with a brine made of 2 pounds of salt to 1 gallon of water. Weight and seal. Peppers may be kept in this way for eight or ten months, then freshened in cold water, stuffed and baked, or used in relishes and salads.

Cauliflower, red peppers, celery, hard pears and peaches may be kept in a brine of the same density.

A Vegetable Dinner

Mashed potatoes
1 Small Cauliflower cooked
Diced carrots, cooked
Eggs, Parsley.

Cook the cauliflower whole in boiling salted water. Place it, when ready to serve, on the center of a platter. At equal distances around it, make nests of the hot, seasoned mashed potato, one for each person. In the centre of each nest slip a poached egg. Between the nests arrange mounds of diced carrots. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Cauliflower, French Style

For this dish, select a cauliflower with firm green leaves. Cut off the stalk, and trim the leaves till they form a frame around the cauliflower. Soak, head down in cold salted water, to remove any possible insect life. Drain, sprinkle with salt and cook in a steamer till tender, which will take about an hour and a quarter. Place whole on a serving dish and pour over it a cheese sauce. The tender green stalks may be eaten as well as the flower.

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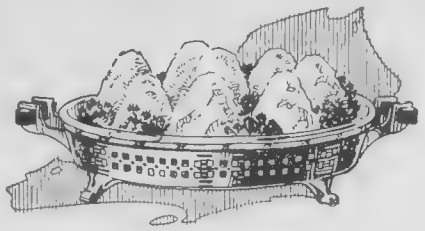

Dainty Dishes with Cream Cheese

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We'll gladly send you our new book of prize recipes if you write us.

Ingersoll Cream Cheese is mild, mellow, soft and creamy. It spreads like butter. It keeps well and stays fresh. Sold in a sanitary waxed carton — easily opened and easily closed.

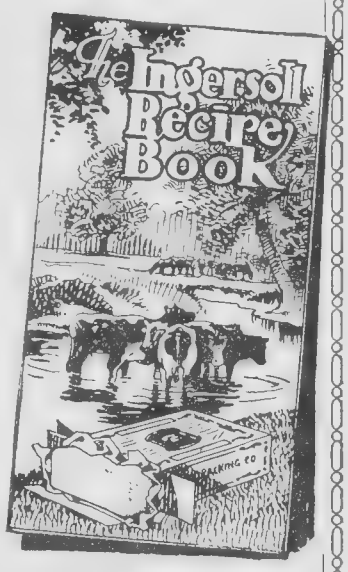
Made in the County of Oxford, Ontario, Home of Canada's Finest Cream, by The Ingersoll Packing Company, Limited, Ingersoll, Canada.

Potato Puff with Cheese

By Miss Ada Wells.
(From the Ingersoll Recipe Book)

2 cups hot mashed potato
4 tablespoons butter
¼ cup milk
1 egg well beaten [Cheese
½ cup Ingersoll Cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Beat all together until thoroughly mixed and very light. Form into small pyramids and drop onto a buttered tin or pyrex plate, and bake in a moderate oven until a golden brown.



Ingersoll Cream Cheese
"Spreads Like Butter"
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BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 19

Stuffed Cucumbers

2 large cucumbers
1 cup dried crumbs, or half crumbs and half cooked chopped meat.
2 t. chopped onion
1 t. chopped parsley
1 chopped green pepper
Salt, pepper
Tomato sauce to moisten
1 t. butter.

Pare the cucumbers, cut in halves, lengthwise, and scoop out the seeds. Sprinkle with salt, and steam for 20 minutes. Mix together the crumbs and meat, chopped onion, parsley and green pepper. Season, and moisten with stewed tomato. Pack into the cucumbers, cover with buttered crumbs and bake for thirty minutes.

Tomato Marmalade—Dutch Style

Slice without peeling:
½ pk. ripe tomatoes
2 lbs. sour apples
4 lemons, cut in ¼ in. cubes.
1 lb. chopped raisins.

Cook over a slow fire in an agate kettle. Add 1 oz. each when it begins to boil, of whole cloves, stick cinnamon, ginger-root tied in muslin. Cook slowly till near the jelly stage—remove spice, add 4 lbs. sugar and cook till firm.

Sauted Parsnips

Wash and boil the parsnips till tender. Scrape off the skin, cut in slices. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and brown in butter in the frying pan.

Creamed Celery

Remove the leaves and any rusty spots from the celery. Cut in small pieces and let stand in cold water till ready to cook. Drop into the boiling water and cook till tender. Salt when partly cooked: drain reserving the water for soup. Rinse with cold water. Re-heat in a rich cream sauce.

Scalloped Onions

Boil onions till tender. Cut in quarters. Place in a baking dish with alternate layers of cream sauce. Cover with buttered crumbs. Place in the oven till the crumbs are browned.

Stuffed Green Peppers

Use tender sweet peppers. Wash them and remove stem end, and seeds. Parboil 5 minutes. Make a stuffing of chopped cooked meats and bread crumbs or boiled rice, well seasoned, and moistened with white sauce or tomato sauce. Pack into the pepper shells. Cover the top with buttered crumbs and bake till tender (about ten minutes).

Baked Egg Plant

Make a highly seasoned dressing of stale bread crumbs; cut the egg plant in two, lengthwise; scoop out the inside, chopping it fine. Mix with the dressing and a little melted butter. Return to the shells. Place on a pan in the oven and bake 45 minutes.

Vegetable Marrow

Peel the marrow, and quarter it. Remove the seeds and cut across in half inch slices. Steam till tender. Make a rich white sauce and pour over it.

Stuffed Marrow

Pare the marrow and steam till almost tender. Cut in two the long way and remove the seeds. Place the two halves on a baking dish. Cook a small chopped onion in 2 tb. of butter. Add 4 tb. flour, then 1 cup of milk, rich soup stock or tomato juice. Cook till thick: add 1 cup of chopped cooked meat, and season well. Pack in the shells. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake till the crumbs are browned.

WILD SALADS

By Mrs. W. Garland Foster

Two large potatoes passed through kitchen sieve,
Unwonted softness to a salad give;
Of ardent mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;
But deem it not thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt;
Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And once with vinegar procured from town,
True flavor needs it and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of three hard-boiled eggs;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And scarce suspected animate the whole;
And, lastly, on the flavored compound toss
A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce.
Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
Serenely full, the epicure may say—
"Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day." —Ingolsby Legends

NATURE with prodigal hand provides an almost inexhaustible supply of vegetables the season round if one knows where to look. First comes our old friend dandelion, harbinger of spring, which besides being excellent for greens, supplies a splendid tonic wine after its blossoms are put through the proper process. Not so often, is it used for salads in this country. For this purpose it is better to use the young crisp leaves that have been blanched. To blanch, the plants may be shaded with boards during their growth or flower pots may be put upside down over a few plants as soon as they show above ground. It is said that the crown of leaves of the ox-eye daisy appearing at the same time may also be used for greens just as the dandelion is.

Next in season, come what are called on the Atlantic coast "Fiddle-heads," those queer, curled fronds that resemble the scroll of the violin, the first signs of growth in the ferns. The edible varieties are the common bracken—pteris aqilina—and the Osmunda—the Interrupted and the Cinnamon. The odor is characteristic and unmistakable if the clean, dark green heads rising above the fresh earth were not sufficient identification. These heads which are three to four inches in length, at the tenderest stage, are cleaned and washed and cooked in boiling water like other greens, and may be eaten hot or cold. If cold they may be used in a salad with French dressing, and have a peculiar meaty flavor.

About the time the people of New Brunswick are enjoying "fiddle heads," it is time in the state of Maine to be getting "shore greens" a much prized variety of plantain which grows on the Atlantic coast and the Lower St. Lawrence. Botanies vary so as to scientific names that it is difficult to determine the proper names, but Spotton gives Plantago maritima var. juncoides as that found on the St. Lawrence.

The shoots of the young hop are recommended as providing a vegetable not unlike asparagus; and the shoots of the common milkweed are said to be very similar. Some epicures favor the first shoots of the bladder campion or cowbell so that there is considerable choice in these asparagus like dishes.

All the mustards are safe to use as greens, although some are more palatable than others With the cabbage, turnip, radish and cress, cooks are familar, but the Hare's ear mustard, sometimes called Hare's ear cabbage, because it looks like a tiny cabbage when young, tumbling mustard, tansy mustard, wild mustards and charlock are quite as good for greens. Rape, which resembles wild mustard, and is often planted for feeding hens and pigs, makes delicious greens if cut early before it begins to coarsen.

The wild spinach (chenopodium album), commonly called pigweed or Lamb's quarter is thought by some to be superior in flavor to the garden spinach. The under part of the leaves is covered with a silver powder which makes them cool and attractive to look at. For some reason insects are apt to pass pigweed by, so that it is likely to be free from this pest.

In England the leaves of nettles are boiled for greens, the boiling destroying the stinging characteristics. Beer is also made from the leaves and stalks, while yarn and cloth are made of the fibre. In

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 20

fact in Europe generally, the nettle is a much prized plant. In Sweden nettles are cultivated as fodder for stock, and the seeds are relished by poultry and horses. The Siberian nettle makes fine lace and strong rope. The roots boiled with alum make a yellow dye, and the stalks and leaves give a lasting green dye. A species which grows in India produces tubers which are eaten raw or boiled. From another kind is made china cloth or ramie.

Another English plant of value as a vegetable is the marsh marigold, the mary buds of Shakespere, the leaves of which are boiled for greens while the flower buds are pickled. But the list of wild vegetables on this side the Atlantic is not yet exhausted There is the troublesome weed, dock, several varieties of which are edible, although the curled or sour dock (Ramex crispus) is said to be the best. Some New England cooks never consider dandelion greens properly cooked unless a few dock leaves are put into the pot.

Next come the sorrels, which flourish in sandy soils devoid of lime—the so-called sour soils. But though good husbandry may spoil the crop of sorrel for next year there are always possibilities for this year's crop, and next year it may be found along the fence corners. Both the common varieties of sorrel are excellent springtime vegetables as they contain oxalic acid which is so beneficial in rhubarb. Combined with cheese or fish or food not too highly flavored, sorrel makes a piquant salad. It may also be used as mint for a sauce to serve with lamb; or it may be minced with a dust of pepper and salt and half of its volume of sugar, and vinegar poured over the whole. Sorrel may also be cooked for greens. Vegetables that may be used for greens may usually be used as the foundation for cream soups. Sorrel soup is said to be particularly appetizing. Some sorrel enthusiasts even recommend tarts made of the leaves chopped and stewed with sugar.

A door yard weed that makes an attractive looking vegetable is the purslane or wild portulaca of which the leaf stalks may be served as greens with cheese dishes, or pickled, or eaten raw, as a salad.

Of others, Lamb's lettuce is said by some to make delicate salad and both it and wild lettuce of late summer are used as greens. But even without these, what a variety of vegetables so near at hand. And how excellent to be able to turn the tables on the noxious weeds, that at maturity are considered only a nuisance!

Southern Summer Squash, Baked

DISHWASHING

By Thurston Humphries

A SUITCASE slammed on the floor, a rush through the hall, and Elsie catching me around the waist, danced me round and round the kitchen until I was dizzy. "My dear," when I had recovered my breath and my balance, "I am delighted to see you. Come right up and remove some of the dust of travel, then come and do some explaining."

Within a short time a more serious Elsie descended the stairs and I felt that I was "in" for a tale of woe, which might be anything from a bank robbery to an elopement.

"Well?" and I waited—

"Molly, you know Tom has asked me to marry him!"

"No, I didn't know, but I don't blame him a bit, and I am delighted, and of course, you said you would—"

"Just a minute, Molly! Just a minute!"

"Why Elsie—for mercy sake, why do you look so glum? Aren't you just the happiest girl in the world? You most certainly love Tom, and that's really all that matters, furthermore to come down to earth' a minute, I should think you would be rejoicing that you will be getting away from that clattering old typewriter to something really interesting."

"There's the point, Molly. I really came to you for advice, for you do seem to be so happy in your home and with your work. You must have some wonderful secret about it all. Of course, I am very much in love with Tom but I do not want my 'heart to run away with my head.' He, as you know, gets a salary very little larger than I do, and I know what that means!—We shall have to live in ordinary apartments and I shall have to do my own work. The question is, 'Can I give up my splendid position, (Tom doesn't want his wife to continue office work) and go to housework all the time?' I think the dishwashing multiplied by three every day looms up biggest and blackest. I do loathe dishwashing—spoils your hands, clothes and disposition and—" Elsie paused, probably trying to think of something else disagreeable to add, with regard to this loathed occupation.

"Now Elsie," I replied, "you stop right here. You say you came to me for advice, and you are certainly going to get it. Before you worry your head about further household cares, I am going to tell you about one part of my housekeeping system, which saves me all the troubles you have just enumerated, as well as at least, one precious hour a day."

"System!" scoffed Elsie, "why housework looks like monotony raised to the three-hundred and sixty-fifth power, every year!"

"Yes—system! My dear girl, it requires brains to keep house properly. Every housekeeper is her own manager and her own flesh and blood pays for the system she uses, the more highly developed the system, the less energy required to follow it. Come with me to the kitchen and I will tell you one part of my 'secret' as you call it."

"I do dishes only once a day, and that is usually between eleven and twelve o'clock, depending, of course, upon the amount of cooking which has to be done first, so that all dishes can be washed at once. My first work in the morning, when breakfast is over, is to tidy the rooms, then I do whatever pastry cooking necessary, and lastly I turn to the dishwashing. In the meantime the dishes are piled as neatly as possible on to this little table (which is really the top of a little cupboard, standing on short legs, and used for the kitchen linens). I choose this hour for 'doing' them because I then have to keep an eye on the oven

Continued on page 22

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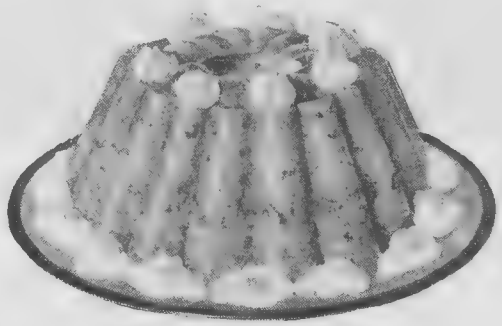

Spanish Orange Cream

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine Yolks of 3 eggs 2 cups of milk
¼ teaspoonful salt 1 cup orange juice ½ teaspoonful lemon extract
½ cup sugar Whites of 3 eggs

Soak the gelatine in milk ten minutes Place over hot water, and when gelatine is dissolved, add sugar Pour slowly on the yolks of the eggs slighnly beaten, return to double boiler and cook until thickened somewhat, stirring constantly. Remove from range, and add orange juice, salt and lemon extract, then add whites of eggs beaten until stiff Turn into one large or individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and place in ice box (This will separate and form a jelly on the bottom and custard on top.)

If desired, serve with whipped cream, or sliced oranges, peaches, bananas, pineapple, chopped figs or a berry sauce If preferred, omit the orange juice and use an additional cup of milk, flavoring the cream with vanilla or any desired flavoring.

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Better Cookery

Continued from page 21

and must be in the kitchen. I do not 'stack' them in the dish-pan because then I should not be able to wash them as I know to be the proper method—glass, silver, etc. I always wash a milk bottle before putting in the silver because some milk in the water saves me polishing silver so often. For luncheon as well as breakfast, I use the dishes of my breakfast set, and the former meal is served as simply as possible, eliminating unnecessary dishes. For dinner I put on all the 'frills' necessary to a first-class meal.

"You will ask if they are not much harder to wash, having stood so long. I do not find it so, for I use a deep dishpan, which keeps the water hot longer, and castile soap (I'm really very fond of my dishes), and I always put some into the pan while drying others, thus allowing the water to help me.

"When I have finished them I can then 'fix up my hands' and wear as elaborate dress as I choose, without fear of spotting it with dishwater, for my dabbling is finished for the day.

"Oh yes, I tried other plans before I arrived at this one! This took quite a bit of courage because I thought as many others do, that, in order to be a 'good' housekeeper there were certain rules never to be broken, dishwashing thrice daily heading the list."

"But Molly," said my friend, "this plan would not be satisfactory to everybody."

"Possibly not," I replied, "but, as I said, each housekeeper is her own manager, and in planning her work must find the system best suited to her own household, according to her house, equipment, size of her family, and the hours for meals, the last named depending on her husband's business. In my own case where we cannot have luncheon until one o'clock, sometimes later, and dinner at six-thirty or seven, my plan as I have just outlined to you is most satisfactory, and by following it I have a nice long afternoon free from 'pottering' with dishes and food, and an hour after dinner to 'visit' with my husband."

"Really," said Elsie, "this all sounds good to me and one bugbear is removed; but what's all this file of official looking documents?"

"That," I replied, "is another of my systems, my week's menus. If you like I shall tell you all about that tomorrow. One lesson a day, and that well learned! Here is Bob now, so we shall have lunch."

Autumn

A hoar-frost covered the land last night,
And the nuts are falling fast,
Far over the hills is the call of crows,
For the Autumn is here at last.
The yellow pumpkins are strewn afar
O'er fields of sober brown,
And splashed with the rainbow's richest hues
Is Autumn's brilliant gown.

The maples are crimson, green and gold
Wtih the sumac flaming red,
While the winding path that leads to the woods
Resounds with the schoolboy's tread.

There are beechnuts, walnuts, hickory too
In a tempting high array—
And its oh! for the joy of the shadowy woods
On a warm autumnal day!

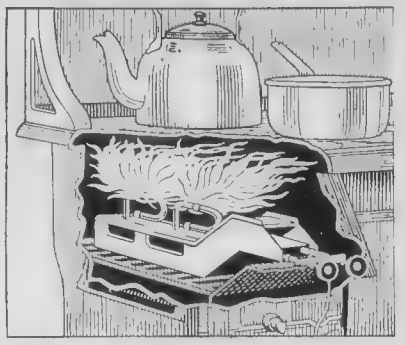
—Lereine Ballantyne.

Out of the Chrysalis

He breaks his prison doors and gains the light,
Winged for the world, a new-created thing,
Yet on the threshold trembles, faltering,
So fearful of the flight!
The safety of the little house behind!
The strange, wide aisles of air, the windy spaces!
The myriad flowers with their upturned faces
Whose beauty strikes him blind!

Will it be so at last, I muse, with me,
When sudden on my sheltered sight shall burst
Th' unwritten glory of that golden, first
Day of Eternity?
Nay, souls are different. God will let it be
That, as a fearless child when night is done
Robes for the day, this mortal shall put on
Its immortality!

—Nancy Byrd Turner



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Suggestions for Wash Day

SATINS—Sponge lengthwise of fabric with weak solution of borax. Use benzine if piece is greasy. For black satin, brush with a liquid made by boiling three pounds of potatoes to a pulp in two quarts of water and straining through a sieve, Never wring satin; dry by folding in cloths. and iron on wrong side.

PIQUES AND COLORED MUSLINS—Never soak. Put in cold water and wash up speedily. If very dirty, use lukewarm water. Use a thin, boiled soap with a pinch of alum. Apply soap and wash off quickly. Rinse in two clear waters, or one, if you have running water. Soap should not be allowed to remain on garment so that it is best to wash one piece at a time. After rinsing, dip pieces in salty water, wring dry and hang in shade.

CREPE—Rinse, not wash, in oxgall and water, follow with pure water to remove oxgall. Then rinse again in gum water. This stiffens and crisps it. Dry by clapping it with the hands. Rusty Italian crepe can be restored by dipping in scalding hot skimmed milk and water, to which has been added a pinch of glue. Clap it dry.

VEILS—Use a warm solution of oxgall and water for black veils, and rinse in cold water. Dissolve a little pure glue in plenty of boiling water and dip veil lightly, clapping out the excess liquid and drying on frame. White veils, use a solution of white soap, simmering half an hour. Then squeeze in warm water and soap until clean. Rinse out all soap, then rinse in cold water containing drop of liquid blue. Put veil through starch, using only a teaspoonful of starch. Dry straight.

until only partly dry, then iron the other side till perfectly dry.

A hot heavy iron is necessary, and irons must be changed often. This method will give you a firm glossy linen that will hold its shape and look well. If it is possible to store it with only one long fold, it will look better; if not, fold again and iron fold in. Never press crossfolds. Hang the cloth to dry, and fold it very lightly when ready to put away. All folds may be put on the right side of the cloth in the following manner: After ironing both sides, open it and bring selvages together in the one middle fold on the wrong side, iron the new folds, and lay sides together to air and put away.

Very old or thin linen may need the least bit of starch in it. One cupful of thin starch to half a pail of bluing water will be enough. The linen will be a little firm and glossy, but it must not show that it has been starched.

NAPKINS also must be very damp, and must be ironed until dry. Stretch into shape, and place on board right side up and hem in front of you. Iron both sides, then lay hems together square and true and make two lengthwise folds, then two crosswise folds, and iron all folds in. The test of a well-ironed napkin is smooth, glossy linen and square, true corners all even. Napkins may be ironed double, like a table cloth. If the napkin is small, it may be folded into thirds like a fan, first one way, then the other. Embroidered napkins must be ironed on the wrong side. over several thicknesses of flannel, to bring out the design, then the rest of the napkin must be ironed dry and glossy. The embroidery must appear on the out-

Baked Tomatoes Stuffed

SHAWLS—Should not be washed. Shake out dust, then sprinkle well with finely ground rice or potato starch only; fold into small square, with liberal sprinkling of powder to each fold. Leave for a day, then shake out powder, which will have absorbed all dirt and grease in the shawl.

BLANKETS—To a cup of cold water add two heaping tablespoonfuls of borax and a pint of soft soap, dissolving thoroughly. Put in blankets and leave over night. In the morning, rub and drain blankets, rinse through two or three waters, and hang in sun to dry, without wringing.

CARPETS AND RUGS—Beat out dust, then lay on floor and sweep thoroughly. Next, dip an ordinary scrubbing brush in benzoline, apply soap scantily, and scrub vigorously, taking a small portion of carpet or rug at a time and working thus until entire surface is scrubbed. Benzoline dries quickly. Hang the carpet or rug in open air to be rid of odor.

MATTING—Boil bran and wash with bran water; or wash with a solution of water and weak salt. Dry thoroughly with a cloth.

Hints on Ironing

Table cloths should be free from stains before washing and must be shaken and hung straight on the line, with the selvage folded over at least six inches to prevent whipping out at corners. Fold several times when taking from the line and never crush into the basket. If these suggestions are followed there will be no difficulty in ironing, but if the linen has dried crooked and is stiff, it must be straightened after it is dampened. When ready to iron, lay hems on table with the rest of the cloth at the back of the table to keep it damp. Iron one side the full length of the cloth side when folded. Fringe must be whipped and brushed straight, never starched.

CARVING CLOTHS, TRAY CLOTHS CENTRE PIECES AND DOILIES should have hems and corners true. They are never folded, but should be loosely rolled if too large to lie flat in a drawer.

TOWELS, if of damask, are ironed on both sides, then folded twice lengthwise. If of coarser weave. iron one side. then iron the other side as you fold it. Bath towels should never be ironed.

HANDKERCHIEFS are made very damp, ironed smooth and straight, with a hot iron, and folded as a napkin is folded. Embroidery should be ironed on the wrong side, appearing on the outside when handkerchief is folded.

SHEETS AND PILLOWCASES are sometimes made of linen, but more often of cotton. If trimmed they will require starching. The whole or the trimmed part of the pillowcase and one-quarter of a yard from the edge of the wide-hem end of the sheet, may be dipped into thin starch. The starched parts must be thoroughly dampened and ironed smooth and dry with a hot iron. Turn the pillowcase when ready to iron it. See that the corners are pulled out and that the cloth is straight. Iron trimming, then one side of the pillowcase, and, as you fold it, iron the other side. All folds are lengthwise. Shake the sheet as you do the tablecloth. If unstarched, this may be done before dampening. Fold once lengthwise, right side out, then crosswise; bring the hems together and sprinkle them, leaving the rest of the sheet dry. Fold the dampened parts together and roll up. Use a heavy iron for sheets—one weighing about 8 or 10 pounds is the best. Iron the dampened parts separately and the dry parts altogether. Fold lengthwise and hang to air.

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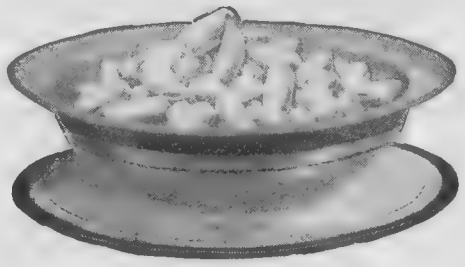

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By J. A. Aikin

Active Harvesting Operations

RELIABLE estimates agree that the crop of 1923 will amount to over 450,000,000 bushels of wheat for the three western provinces, the largest total for any one year on record. The grade while not so high in comparison with a year ago is proving better than was indicated by early returns in Manitoba. Unquestionably the revenue from this crop will greatly improve the general economic conditions of western Canada, in line with the statements of men of good judgment made last fall to the effect that not one but several good crops were needed to bring back secure conditions and deliver the farmers and settlers from the pressure which has been upon them for three years.

After making due allowance for seed, feed and local grist, it may be safe to estimate there will be 400 million bushels of wheat for market in the Prairie provinces. On the basis of 95 cent wheat, and alowing 35 cents per bushel for freight, inspection and weighing charges, commisssion, dockage and reduction in grades, the wheat crop will be worth approximately $240,000,000.

In addition to that there will be a revenue from the 400 million oats crop, not all of which will be required for local feed. That together with other grains, roots, and and incidental returns will bring the farmers a revenue substantially above that of a year ago, not withstanding the fears about the low buying power of Europe

There is one encouraging feature about the situation in relation to the growing importance of Canadian export trade in both wheat and flour. For the crop year ending with August 31st, 1923, Canadian wheat exports amounted to 229,680,000 bushels, and exports of wheat flour to upwards of 11 million barrels. According to T. K. Doherty, Canadian Commissioner in the International Institute of Agriculture, Canada will be expected to provide 300 million bushels of wheat out of estimated 668 million bushels required for world demand. Under those conditions, and with the improved situation and prospects in Europe, the market should be relieved from the uncertain and unsteady features which sometimes characterised it at this season of the year.

Claims of France and Germany

There are substantial signs and increasing basis for hope of settlement of the reparations issue in Europe. The German cabinet has intimated through the Belgian minister its readiness to give up the passive resistance policy in the Ruhr, and a further willingness to finance reparations to the extent of 30 billion gold marks. This along with plans for financial reform in German currency making for stability encourages the world to believe a better day is at hand.

France has, however, been at pains to show that payments for reconstruction already paid amount to 26 billion gold marks, and above to that France will require from Germany additional amounts to cover French indebtedness to the United States and Britain, plus anything the British may demand from Germany by way of indemnity. This would apart from any payments to Great Britain bring the total claims of France to approximately 50 billion marks, a huge sum but less in comparison than the original sums provided within the scope of the Versailles Treaty.

Russia Recovering Slowly But Surely

Assurances are given that Russia is slowly recovering from the welter of destruction and resulting choas in which that great land has been shadowed for five years. It has long since been proven that applied communism was not the cure-all claimed for Russia, and now it is being told how the government is at work seeking to restore the former economic system and make the country fit for peaceable industry to dwell in. From the first of the revolution it became clear the peasantry and free farmers were opposed firmly to the system which proposed to take away their property in land. As a matter of fact the spoliation of the former owners afforded the opportunity for many peasants to acquire holdings, which they have held to as their own. The system of taxation was never much beyond forcibly taking all that was in sight for the feeding of the idle army and horde of officials. Gradually order has been brought out of the condition, until now it is stated the taxes on the peasantry will not amount to more than seven per cent. this year on crop value, to be partly in kind and in money.

The country under the direction of Sokolnikof, the finance minister, is discarding the valueless rubles for a new ten-ruble note backed by gold to the extent of 25 per cent gold, or good foreign value and securities. There are special taxes on drink and on trade, all of which, it is claimed, will enable the Minister of Finance to pay 88 per cent of the current expenditures. Next year, it is stated, the Treasury will be in a position to pay all its bills in full.

Russia will not have much wheat for export, it is estimated, beyond perhaps 15 or 20 million bushels. This clears up the question as to the large volumes of wheat it was repeatedly stated would be put on the continental market by Russia. The transporation system is in condition for moving any large quantity of grain, but that along with other urgent and important matter will no doubt be looked after, seeing sanity has returned to the people of that stricken country.

Manitoba Provincial Finance

The flights into the heights of progressive legislation and in a time of inflated costs is set forth as an expensive experience in the statement of the provincial treasurer. Of the total outlay of $11,500,000 expended in 1922-23 it was shown that about $6,000,000 was of the uncontrollable type, having been earned in advance for interest on public debt, sinking fund, members indemnities, printing and legacies. It was only with the remaining $5,000,000 the government had any opportunity to cut down expenditures.

This well illustrates the financial situation in the case not only of Manitoba but of other provinces and municipalities which are in difficulties. They went too fast in the days when there obligations were taken on and now the only advisable policy is to be economical, waiting for later development of the country and its resources which will call for the public service and enable the government to carry the entailed costs.

Heavy Fire Losses In Canada

The hard fact is being borne home to Canadians that the annual loss from fire is far too heavy. For the year 1922 the total is estimated at $54,390,000, an annual capita loss of about $6.20 per head of population. The following table indicates the loss in recent years and indicates the rapid growth in the total.

Year	Loss	Per Head
1898	$ 7,678,300	$1.53
1908	18,922,100	2.91
1918	33,870,000	4.12
1922	54,390,000	6.20

The total loss from fires in Canada in the period covered by this table was $517,776,604, a sum considerably in excess of the total national debt of Canada prior to the war.

A Permanent Pay Cheque

One of a series of articles on insurance by one of the West's best known writers "Janey Canuck".

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IT is told of Porter Emerson Brown that he went into the office of Everybody's Magazine and said, "Did you hear about the man who died the other day and left all he had to an orphan asylum?"

"No, how much did he leave?"

"Twelve children," was the reply.

No matter how many or few children a father has, he never intends leaving them to an orphan asylum. He just postpones taking out a life insurance policy—that is all there is to it.

One of the best ways to provide for your children is by purchasing an annuity for them, or at the expiry of your endowment period to transfer the money due yourself to purchasing this.

There is a great advantage in this method in that your heirs cannot lose the money through bad investments, or by being swaggered out of it. Elbert Hubbard said one time that the beneficiary of the lump sum is usually "a shining mark for the mining shark."

But even if the beneficiaries escape the lure of the mining stock, like as not, some honest or dishonest relative—it makes no difference which—borrows the amount and fails to return either the interest or the principal. It is a way some relatives have.

Every man who leaves an assurance fund to his family is bound to have solicitous thoughts concerning this thing, and to cast about in his mind as to how he can protect the children against such a contingency.

By permitting the proceeds of his life insurance to be paid his children in yearly, quarterly, or monthly instalments, a man is actually *insuring his insurance.* In a word, the children continue to draw a pay cheque with no possibility of the cheque being stopped through slackness in business, strikes, illness, or other casualities which might have happened their father during his life time. However discriminating a man may be, he cannot expect a better or safer investment than this.

But presuming he is "hard to show," one other advantage may be mentioned, *the income never shrinks.* As far as we are aware, this is the only kind of an estate of which this can be truly claimed. Bonds, stocks, mortgages, real estate, and personal property are subject to accidents or to financial depression, but this income from the insurance policy pays what it promises.

Hark you friends! This plan is so very excellent it seems a kind of special arrangement by Providence and, indeed, I am entirely persuaded that it is.

Emily F. Murphy.

The Case of the Edwards Brothers

JAMES, the older brother, said "I'm thrifty—I'll save my money and invest it in sound stocks and bonds." Harold, two years younger, said "I'm not very good at saving—I'll invest in a twenty year endowment policy with the North American Life."

That was twenty years ago. Today both are married; James has two children and Harold has three. On May 15th Harold's endowment policy matured and he was paid $10,000 by the North American Life Company.

James had only $2,200 laid by—"Some of the stocks I invested in dropped, one company failed entirely and I was forced to sell at a loss. I wish I had shown the wisdom and foresight of my brother, but, as the old saying goes—'afterthoughts are dearly bought, let thy forethoughts rule thee.'"

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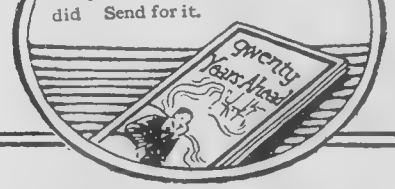

I would like to read *"Twenty Years Ahead."*

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation..... Age.....

DOLLARS AND CENTS

Continued from page 24

In addition to this large total there is the heavy annual loss from forest fires which entail great damage to country and retard settlement over wide areas. It would appear there is urgent need for a keep public sentiment against forest fires and carelessness which leads to fires.

Improved Traffic Record for C.N.R.

The traffic returns for the first half of 1923 show considerable increase in gross revenue for the Canadian National Railways as compared with 1922. For the first eight months the increase in gross is over $17,000,000, but for the six months it was nearly $15,000.000. The operating costs for the current year were $113,334,675, leaving an operating surplus or net revenue for the half year of $1,728. 086 to apply on fixed charges. The second half of the year with heavy grain movement should help to increase the net revenue and go further towards providing against a portion of the heavy deficit of recent years. A year ago there was an operating deficit of $2.444,931, so that the record made in 1923 is a betterment of $4,173, 17.

International Loan Company

The success which has attended the enterprise and policy of the International Loan Company in marketing their securities and investing their capital is one of the outstanding features in Western Canada finance. Starting in 1913 with a provincial charter and authorized capital of $500,000, and notwithstanding the distractions of early war years, this capital was subscribed mostly by the people of Manitoba and is being paid for on a savings plan. An increasing number of investors have been putting money into the International Loan largely for the reason that they find it convenient to deposit their savings where safety is so well assured. This plan has proved of great assistance to many who have so stated out of their own experience. Since its inception this company has sold on an average $1,333 per day of its own capital stock.

In 1917 authority was given to increase the capital to $2,000,000, and the steady growth of the company and the widening field of its operations led them to seek larger powers in a federal charter, passed by the Parliament of Canada in a special Act in 1920 which gave an authorized capital of $20,000,000. It is interesting to know that $4,000,000 has been subscribed, of which $500,000 has been paid up. The profit and loss account at the end of 1922 stood at $30,642, after having eight annual dividends and all operating and organization expenses.

The advantage of such a company, which will utilize local home capital and provide for investment in new enterprise and sound property holdings will continue to recommend itself to an increasing number, and with capable management the company should grow to be equal in strength to the large loan companies which have had to depend upon foreign capital.

PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

SEEKING STORIES FOR THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY—Continued from page 8

five or six animals went tump into the pool. Right beside the beaver house were the tracks of a doe and a fawn.

"The only moose-like thing I saw was when coming up the river I saw a dark mass in the water, quite evidently a cow moose feeding; its hindquarters far out from the bank, its head turned watching me and its ears raised. I crept very slowly and carefully along the bank from clump to clump of grass. Again I peeped. Yes! it was still there. It was so quiet that it puzzled me as these big animals are usually splashing and stamping about. I crept closer and raised my camera all ready for a shot and found I had been stalking a stump! But it looked like a moose. I imagined all day long that dark objects were moose. You know how it is when you are out with the Graflex!

"Coming back, a movement in the grass and bushes drew me over and there was a big porky, but so shadowed that I could not get a picture. I never snapped a thing all the day long. the big ones go in early and come out late. Another porky was on the bank of the river.

"I looked for the otter on my way back but did not see it. These slick long furbearers are only wandering about here. I did not see a single slide to show that they lived and worked anywhere near here.

"On my way home I ran into another bunch of young black ducks, five of them; they all crept ashore into the bushes. I went ashore after them and the mother went splashing across the river. The young did not hide, standing all in one bunch, then away they leaped. I caught one big chap and here it is in this bag!"

We are very careful, yet I have seen Laddie Sr. fighting for his life in a hole in the ice with his canoe pushed down under his feet. Yes, thank God, he got out and went through the Great Adventure fighting for you and I and is happily married and has one hopeful and a dear wife living in one of our largest cities. Alas! in a few years the age the prophet speaks of "Three-score years and ten" will be my tally. We have taken pictures of most of the animals and birds and fishes that appear in the game lists; some 2500 negatives travel with us while in civilization and copies rest in the bank. It is our intention that, after I cannot travel any more, I shall stay at home and write it all down in a book—if the good Lord spares me. Why have I been so discoursive! I guess the wind that is raging outside ma be blamed

WINNIPEG'S RE-AWAKENING—Continued from page 16

months ago the street railway withdrew its application for a franchise extension.

Various views are taken as to the relation between the street railway and the city's hydro. There are those who argue that it is impossible for them to exist side by side and that one must eventually absorb the other. Others with equal assurance maintain that the field is large enough to permit of expansion by both these power interests.

Be that as it may the present stage is one of intense rivalry, and both the street railway and the city's hydro have hung out their shingle as purveyors of electrical energy "on the most reasonable terms, etc."

If it finally becomes a question between private development or municipal or provincial enterprise I should be inclined to put my money on public ownership. It is true that private operation of public utilities has many friends in Winnipeg, and at the present time they are by no means asleep. It may even be said of the citizenship at large that it is not disposed to be unfair to any legitimate private interest.

The whirligig of time is again bringing the Winnipeg River into its own. For a century or more before the coming of the railroad the river was the great artery of commerce, notably of the fur trade, between eastern Canada and the Red River settlement. La Verendrye followed its course to its mouth, leaving behind him a French tradition still retained in a hundred different names. Sir John Franklin passed down this highway in 1825 enroute to the Arctic, and earlier than that had come Sir Alexander Mackenzie, whose writings contain a detailed description of the river.

Nearer our own time the Winnipeg River in 1870 saw the redcoats of the Red River Expedition under Lord Wolseley. This force consisted of 377 officers and men of the British regular army, exclusive of detachments of the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Army Service Corps and Hospital Corps, with 378 officers and men of the Canadian Militia. The force, 1,213 all told, left Fort Francis on August 8 and reached Fort Alexander on August 20.

The French and British explorers have gone and gone has that strange expedition which must have startled bird and beast in 1870. In their place have come the surveyor, the engineer, the water-power expert, the financier, and the horny-handed son of toil. The river is entering a new and mightier stage.

THE SPEED OF BIRDS

NO subject is more frequently discussed among shooting men than the pace at which game birds fly. These questions are asked over and over again every year; and perhaps an exact answer is impossible. But there are certain considerations and certain known figures which will help.

In the first place, you cannot say what the speed of any particular bird is so many miles per hour, any more than you can say that the speed of a man is so much per hour. Next, you cannot apply to a bird the exact mathematics of, say, gunnery ballistics. Birds very much dislike a wind exactly behind them, and should they get it they use it as a side wind, swinging and swerving across it, as you may see a covey of grouse coming forward when the wind is blowing directly towards the butt. The birds are continually changing place and changing direction. A pheasant, in the same way, if he is flying down wind, is generally curling too, as many men who have missed him in such circumstances have realised when he has passed them. Partridges also, how often do you see the covey fly without swerving? It is because the French partridge flies fairly straight that he is an easier driven bird than the common grey partridge, but even his flight is not mathematically straight.

Actual Tests

We cannot, in short, be mathematically exact in these matters. But we can lay down one or two general rules and compare many ascertained figures. We may begin with the general principle that "the larger the bird, the faster it flies." A grouse is faster than a partridge, a blackcock faster than a grouse, a swan flies faster than a duck. And there are various obvious ways of calculating the speed of birds. Partridges may fly side by side with a train going at 30 miles an hour, or you may watch birds of many kinds flying on a line parallel with the direction of a motor car.

Few birds look to be flying slower than a heron, yet it can beat a car by 50 yards in a distance of perhaps 200 yards. Swifts, in the same way, have been timed to fly at rates varying from 171.4 to 200 miles an hour.

Generally speaking, the speed of game birds is not less than 40 miles an hour in ordinary circumstances, which the stronger of them, when pressed, and going with the wind, can increase to a speed immensely greater.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him.—Pope.

Written in the Dust

By Maurice Inskipp

Author of "The Will of Allah," "The Winking Eye," "The Eyes of the Virgin"

A GATE clicked in the darkness that shrouded the horse paddock, and the banjo on the veranda ceased.

"Strike me pink! Here's that policeman again!" a voice growled.

A musical laugh came from a bundle of white in the shadows beyond the light thrown by the window.

"Wouldn't life be dull without our two regular visitors?"

"That's a hint, perhaps, that I'm too regular," said the growling voice. "If so, I'll be going," and the huge frame of a man raised itself, banjo in hand, from a wicker chair.

"Don't be silly, Jimmy. Why do you dislike Mister Dunn so much? I'm sure he's very good company."

"Better than I am, no doubt," the other grumbled.

A man clad in the khaki of the Queensland mounted police emerged from the darkness in front and mounted the veranda steps with a soft clinking of spurs.

"Good evening, folks. A bonzer night—if it wasn't for those darned skeeters. And how's our little Olive?"

"All right, thank you, Mister Dunn. There's a chair just inside the door. Bring it out."

"And where's your father, Olive?"

"Oh, he's down in the yard; but he'll be back in a few minutes. He's worried over this drought. The sheep are beginning to die like flies."

"That reminds me," said the man with the banjo, "I've got a job to do, so I'll be going," and, without waiting for a reply, he swung off into the night.

Skirting the yard, he halted to the hail of a voice.

"Going home so soon, Jim? Stay and give us another song or two."

"Dunn's turned up. You know, Mister Gibson, I can't stand a bar of that chap. I know I've no right to interfere between Olive and her friends, but I wouldn't like to see her marry that flash waster. You may think I've got a snout on him because he's cut me out, for I realize now that I'm only one of the also-rans. If it'd been a man I wouldn't have been sore. But that thing!"

"Look here, Jim," said the girl's father, "you don't know women, and Olive in particular, like I do. Any young girl's fancy's tickled by having two strings to her bow. So far as that's concerned, I haven't exactly fallen in love with Dunn, myself. But I can't insult the man—he's my guest. Amble back with me, and I'll have a talk to Olive when I can get her on the quiet."

"Not to-night, Mister Gibson. I'll look in again to-morrow evening."

Jim Turner and Gibson were neighbours in the arid back blocks of Queensland. They both homesteaded twenty-thousand acres. Gibson was a widower, and the apple of his eye was his daughter, Olive. For the past two years it had been a foregone conclusion in the sheep-farming community that Turner was to marry Olive, although as yet there was no formal engagement. "She's too young," said Gibson. "Plenty of time yet." And then there had come to the little town five miles distant, Dunn, the new police officer. Dunn had lunched with Gibson the first time he rode his rounds, and he had fallen head over heels in love with Olive's bright eyes. Handsome, travelled, debonair and full of aplomb, his tales opened a new world to the simple mind of the bush girl, and she asked him to pay them another visit. Dunn had needed no pressing. He had at once contracted the habit of riding our every night the five miles to the homestead.

A Mic-Mac Indian salmon fishing on the Clyde River

Turner grew gloomy and morose. The district soon learned how matters stood and he was subjected to much chaff.

ONE day, Turner, who had driven to the town in his buggy for supplies sat in the yard of the hotel cutting a plug of tobacco. Near him on a wood block sat Billy, the black tracker. Billy was attached to the police force on account of his wonderful powers of following tracks through the bush.

"So, Billy, you got that fellow who robbed old Henderson's store?"

"Me get that feller pretty blurry quick."

"Where did you find him?"

"Thirsty Downs station, in mulga, other side crick."

Turner was stuffing the cut plug into a pouch.

"You give tobacco, an' me tell inspector you very good boy."

Turner smiled and handed over a good fistful. An irate voice shouted from the other side of the yard.

"Here, you infernal, lazy, black swine!" and Dunn strode towards them, riding whip in hand, his face purple with anger.

The aboriginal rose and nipped behind Turner.

"You lazy swine!" roared Dunn. "Loafing here, and the gear not cleaned yet!"

"Gear all clean blurry good," whimpered the native.

"Don't you contradict me!" and, dodging round Turner, Dunn caught the boy by the back of the shirt and dragged him to the centre of the yard. Raising the whip, he applied it heavily to his posterior.

The sound of the blows and yells brought a crowd from the bar and veranda. Dunn continued to administer chastisement in a manner that drew adverse comment from the spectators. Turner rose to his feet.

"You are certainly giving him the mother of a hiding."

Dunn paused.

"He wants it. Trust me to lick him into shape," and he raised the whip again.

Turner darted forward and siezed the upraised whip.

"He's had enough."

The purple in Dunn's face deepened.

"You mind your own business."

With a quick turn of the wrist Turner snatched the whip and flung it to a corner of the yard. The native, twisting like an eel, shed the shirt and raced off blubbering. This raised a roar of laughter from the onlookers. Dunn dropped the shirt and faced Turner.

"You darned interfering love-sick loon!"

Turner wheeled, and was strolling nonchalantly across the yard when Dunn said something else. It was one word, hissed between the teeth, and plainly audible to the crowd lounging against the fence. Turner wheeled again, slowly upon his heel, and approached Dunn who watched him with a contemptuous face. Then, doubling a fist like a small ham, Turner smashed it full upon the sneering lips. The next instant the two men were locked in a clinch. The crowd parted them, then formed a ring.

Mick O'Leary, the bar-tender, stated that he had seen many fights staged in that same yard, but never a better. There were no rounds; it was a continuous slugging exhibition. The two men were evenly matched. Working round for an opening and with his breath coming in labored gasps, Dunn shuffled towards Turner whose eye was bleeding copiously; then, with a quick plunge, he circled his arm round Turner's neck and, raising his knee, jabbed it viciously to a point well below the belt. Turner dropped with a heavy groan.

The crowd stood silent and aghast at this outrage to the rules of prize-fighting; then an angry murmur swept round the ring. Dunn gazed at them for a moment.

"I would tell you people that I'm police inspector here. I won't stand for any interfering with my duty. I was assaulted by that man. I could run him in—but I won't. He's learned his lesson," and he walked away to an accompaniment of low growls and muttered comment.

THE following evening Turner leaned against a post of his veranda and listened out into the night. A scowl spread over his face as the cantering beat of a horse's hoofs came from the road. The hoofs stopped, and there was the metallic click of Gibson's horse paddock gate.

"So he's had the front to turn up again. I wonder what account of the affair he'll give Olive?"

Turner dropped into a deck chair. What peculiar creatures women were. He had never thought that Olive could be so fickle-hearted. No doubt he had only made a fool of himself. Best thing would be to forget about it. He lit his pipe and sat on in gloomy reverie.

Continued on page 35

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And then as you press the button, the story that the happy hours hold is yours for the years.

Autographic Kodaks *$6.50 up.*

At your dealer's

Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto

Let's Have a Hallowe'en Party

THE modern Hallowe'en celebration is the outcome of classic mythology, Druidic beliefs and early Christian superstitutions, a night of frolic and fun with a touch of the supernatural to give it flavor. Witches plot and cats prowl. Spirits mingle, too, it is said, with those on earth and tell chill secrets;—strange happenings occur.

A Hallowe'en party is the most interesting festivity of the whole year to young people. If there can be a few thrills and a genuine scream or two, so much the better, for the true spirit of Hallowe'en is an eerie one and awful.

At the old time party, the hostess had her hands full. Corn-stalks had to be gathered, pumpkins hollowed out, and cut with features, autumn leaves brought from the woods and cranberries and popcorn strung for hanging decorations. Today everything is made almost as easy for her to give a party as to go to one. She has but to enter a store, there to find decorations all ready to use; pumpkins printed on crepe paper; paper napkins and materials for making corn-stalks, autumn leaves or any other decorations.

The Table

The young hostess puts the finishing touches to a Hallowe'en party table. The Jack Horner Pie to hold the favors is made of ruffles of twisted petals in orange and red crepe paper. Black cat head cut-outs are mounted on wire and a row of pointed petals are pasted to the back of each. The wire is covered with black crepe paper, twisted on, and inserted in the ruffles of the Jack Horner it finishes the centrepiece. The large cat head with a paper cap perched on one side may be added if desired. Paper cups with cat head seals pasted on them are placed at each plate with a Hallowe'en paper napkin. The cat favors are noise makers to which the cat head cut-outs have been pasted. The legs and tail are made from mat stock and wired to make them stand. Pencil favors shown at the front edge of the table have pumpkin blossoms fastened to one end. From the light, fringed with decorated crepe paper, miniature festoons are draped to the sides of the table. Black owl cut-outs adorn the candle sticks. The table cloth is of paper, printed in a Hallowe'en design.

Hallowe'en is the one time in the year when game sand tricks which have been handed down from olden times are used over and over again.

Several new games may be introduced, but the traditional ways of determining the fate for the coming year as well as settling the great question as to one's future helpmate must be tried anew each year.

No Hallowe'en party is considered a success unless all have bobbed for apples, each girl walked downstairs backwards mirror in hand to catch a view of her future husband, walnut shell boats have been sailed in a tub of water, and apple parings flung over the left shoulder have formed a letter as they fall on the floor.

Eating Under Difficulties

Is a slight variation from bobbing for apples. Two apples are placed on papers on opposite sides of a chair. Two contestants, their hands tied behind them, kneel beside the chair and try to eat the entire apple.

The Three Fates

The players are seated in a circle on the floor. Three ghosts appear. One whispers to each other in turn the name of a future sweetheart, the second ghost whispers a meeting place, and the third ghost an event in the future. Each must then in turn reveal the future as told him by the ghosts. Thus Mary Smith tells that the name of the one who is to be her life partner is Frank Brown, that they will meet waiting for a trolley car, and that they will be separated by a quarrel about the location of their new home, but will be reunited after two years.

Empty Handed Game

Give out two or three less pumpkins (Cut-outs H 92) than there are people; then announce that the idea is to get rid of the pumpkins by passing it to someone who is empty-handed. No one can refuse it or pass it back to the one who gave it. When the bell rings, he who is without a pumpkin receives a star, and at the end of the games the one with the most stars is the prize-winner.

Character

This is a good game along the lines of fortune-telling, and is one which may be used while the guests are still seated at the table after the refreshments.

Slips of paper are passed. At the top is a space for the guest to write his name. Below in column form are written such characteristics as:

Sense of humor;
Disposition;
Aggressiveness;
Good mixer;
Desirability as husband or wife, etc.

Everyone must write opposite each to what per cent. he considers he possesses the characteristics named. These papers are collected and others passed, just the same as the first, but with a name already written at the top. Each must then fill in his estimate of his neighbor's qualities. The hostess then reads John Smith's opinion of himself, and then what someone else thinks. It is surprising how much real fun a group of people who know each other well will find this game

Blind Fate

Blindfolded players walk through a doorway in which are hung a few inches apart various objects such as a candy heart, a thimble, an irregularly shaped stone, a toy steam engine. As the blindfolded one approaches the door both hands must be extended and the objects touched will indicate the future: the candy heart, a new sweetheart; the rough stone, a hard road to travel, etc. It will be easy to supply the ten or twelve different objects needed. The same idea may be used, but instead of using different objects, fortunes may be written on H 96 pumpkins which hang from strings in the opening. Of course just one pumpkin should be touched.

Candles Four

Blowing out the candle tells, by the number of puffs it takes, how many years before marriage.

If the candle be of white,
It most surely spells delight.

A Suggested Hallowe'en Party Table. The Decorations are all of Crepe Paper

They who choose a candle red
Will forever be well fed.

Candle green marks jealousy,
So beware or sad you'll be.

Let me see—a candle yellow
Shows for mate a right good fellow.

The Mermaid's Fortune

Each guest is given ten to fifteen letters cut from newspapers. At a sign from the hostess one after another places his letters in a tub of water and with a long wand gives the water one vigorous stir.

When the water has become still the letters will foretell the future, either the initials of the future mate or some important event will be indicated. The hostess can use her imagination as far as she likes.

Each lot of letters is removed before the next fate is tried.

The Murderer's Dagger

All the players are seated in a circle. The first player hands a dagger-shaped paper knife to the person on his left saying, "Take that!" to which is asked, "What is it?" Answer, "A dagger." The second player then hands it to his left-hand neighbor with the same remarks. This is repeated around the circle. After it has reached the original player it continues around again, but this time the second player on receiving it says, "There is blood on it," to which the reply is "Sh!" The next time around is added the question, "Who did it?" and the answer is a very expressive shrug of the shoulders. The last time after the shrug, the second player asks, "How did he do it?" to which the first player with much realism makes the motion and a noise indicative of cutting his throat.

It is very necessary to the success of this game that the first two players know how to do it well.

Matching Partners

Give a gummed seal to each guest, also a little card directing where it must be stuck on; for instance, "On the cheek under the right eye," "On the left ear lobe," etc. Each guest must then accept as partner the one with a like decoration. Of course, the hostess must write two cards alike, one for the boy and one for the girl.

Place Cards

If place cards are used at the table, write a sentence using the initials of the name, making them "pat," if possible. For instance, S. Walter Campbell; card reads Sidesteps Women Craftily; Ethel A. Edgerton; card reads Efficient Also Economical.

A Harvest Party

Autumn leaves, cornstalks and fall fruits combined with the autumn colors make the most attractive of decorations, which are equally appropriate for a Hallow'en party or for the decorations for any party between then and Thanksgiving.

A poster advertising the entertainment may be made by cutting basket of fruit from No. 353 Decorated Crepe and mounting it on orange or tan cardboard.

The tickets, too, will be most attractive if the printing is arranged so that two or three Autumn Leaf Seals F 479 may be grouped in the corner.

Crepe paper pumpkin blossoms, harvest design crepe paper and streamers of bright autumn colors decorate the balconies, posts and chandeliers, while real cornstalks give an added bit of "atmosphere." Across the front of the stage march rows of turkeys, cats or owls, as the case may be. The favors may include matching caps in the shape of vegetables and fruits. Toy horns covered with crepe paper to imitate such vegetables, as the carrot is easy to make.

"The Red Ear Dance" may well be a feature of a Harvest Dance.

Small imitation ears of corn are made of crepe paper, all yellow except one which should be red. After the dance has started each couple is to select an ear from a basket which is passed around. Each ear is numbered and as the numbers are called that couple is eliminated. The number of the red ear, of course, must not be called.

The Ball of Fate

Over anything round for the core wrap strips of crepe paper about one and a half inches wide. Wind the paper a little way then fasten with paste. Slip a fortune written on a piece of paper under the winding strip and continue winding. Paste again, insert another another fortune, and so on until there are as many fortunes as guests. The ball is tossed from one to the other until each one has unwound a fortune. Instead of fortunes duplicate numbers may be used and the ball tossed first to a boy and then to a girl, those with matching numbers being partners for the next dance.

Jesse L. Lasky presents

Gloria Swanson IN "Bluebeard's 8th Wife"

A SAM WOOD Production

Adapted by Sada Cowan

From Charlton Andrews' adaptation of Alfred Savoir's play

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It is Paramount at its sophisticated best, full of happy fun and high spirits, and shot through with all the rainbow of love and art!

See "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" and you will see all the screen difference between the artist and the amateur, between silk and cotton, and find out why it's more than ever true that if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
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PARAMOUNT PICTURES

The flawless production of every type of screen story has created Paramount's great reputation, types as unlike each other as "The Covered Wagon," "Grumpy," "Only 38," "The Ne'er Do Well," "Hollywood," "Children of Jazz," "Lawful Larceny," "The Cheat," and "The Silent Partner."

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

It's a Paramount Picture

BABY WAKEFIELD.

He has taken Virol from the time he was 3 months old. He is now just three, and "never ails anything" His parents think his splendid condition is due to Virol.

Don't dose your Child—feed it

Children who are rightly fed rarely need physic. Vrol is a food specially prepared for growing children. Dosing often weakens; Virol feeds and builds.

Virol is a combination of the foods which Nature has designed for growth—egg, bone-marrow, malt extract, organic iron and phosphates rich in vitamins—and the most delicate can assimilate it. That is why doctors all over the world employ Virol.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, LTD., 2725, Park Avenue, Montreal.

Eczema Covered Arms of This Healthy Child

Mrs. Alex. Marshall, Sprucedale, Ont., writes:—

Baby Marshall.

"When my little son was three months old he broke out in sores on his chest and arms. We did all we could to heal those terrible sores, but nothing did him much good. Finally I ventured on a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and kept on using it. At last we were rewarded by the steady healing of the sores, and finally he was completely relieved of them. He is now three years old, and has had no return of the trouble since."

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT

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the pleasant taste of Mrs. Winslow's Syrup. More, it makes them happy by quickly relieving colicky conditions, stimulating digestion and regulating natural bowel movements.

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MOTHER'S PAGE

Youthful Impressions

HOW indelible, how unforgettable are the impressions made upon the sensitive plates of a child's mind. Look, read the inscriptions over the doorway to the eager, questioning minds of your little ones, "Register here!"

What are you registering there? For instance, what kind of impressions will they receive from your conversation and remarks about your neighbors? Are you giving them parent first-aid in love for their neighbors? Is it neighbor virtues, or is it neighbor failings that are emphasized in their hearing? Does love run through all the household conversation as the thread of red is said to run through all the cordage of the English navy? Will only love for neighbors grow from your word seed sowing in your home?

What about their impressions of God; are their impressions of His goodness and love so deep and lasting that thankfulness to Him will never cease to well up and overflow in word and life? It is easy—so easy—for a little child to realize that God is love if that love is only reflected in parent life. Nature is ever calling to the parent; "Reveal God through me." There is the refreshing dew, the cooling shade, the songs of the birds, the wonderful variety of fruit and plant and flower, sun and showers, seed time and harvest—are they not all filled with God?

No mind poison for our little ones; the poison of harsh judgment, of faultfinding tone, of coarse language. Shall not our lips be free from that which will of necessity be rank poison to the immature mind? As well offer our little ones toadstools instead of mushrooms as to offer mind poison instead of healthful food.

The personality of a parent is ever speaking to a child; it is saying, over and over again; "Look at me." Here is child-memory; it may be but an evil page, or again we may help it to be as fair as the garden of the Lord. It is up to us who are parents to make an Eden of the first memories, to make sweet and noble and fair the first impressions by being noble and fair and upright ourselves. That which we are is registered upon the minds of our children, not that which we are not. What do we represent, what do we stand for, in the minds and in the lives of our children?

Did you ever hear a mother say things that had far better have been left unsaid, and then say, in response to a questioning look from her caller; "Oh, the children are not listening!" Listening? Children are the best listeners in the universe!

Oh, the things they hear, and the things they write
On pages of memory fair;
If we knew them all would we not of thought
And of words have better care?

What Every Woman Wants

A PRETTY story is told of Queen Alexandra when she was a little girl. Some of her little playmates were telling their ambitions, one wanted to be beautiful, another rich and another famous. Then one turned to the little Danish princess and said: "What would you like to be Alex?" The little girl replied: "I should like to have everyone love me." And her wish has been realized, for no Queen Consort has been so dearly loved by the people of England as the Queen Mother.

And surely her childish ambition is that of every woman. Every woman wants to be loved; some may say they don't and some think they don't, but deep down in the heart of every woman is the desire for love.

It is easy to win love. The one thing necessary is to give love. The mother's love is given to her child even before it comes into the world and the baby instinctively loves its mother before reason and duty have been developed. No one loves a selfish person. Crabbed and soured natures are incapable of loving and are, therefore, incapable of inspiring affection, but even these natures can change their dispositions and win love if they make up their minds to do so.

Who is the most popular member of the office staff? It is the man or woman who is always ready to help others, to give loyal service to his or her employers, who greets extra work with a smile and takes a real interest in the work.

And in the home it is easier to win and retain affection, for love placed the wife and mother on her throne as Queen of the Home. Husbands are not as bad as they are painted by disappointed spinsters; they all love their wives though some of them have a funny way of showing it, or should I say of not showing it? A man may neglect his wife, expect too much of her, not give her all the help he can but in the inmost recesses of his heart he loves her and will stand by her in sickness, privation and sorrow.

It is a pity that men don't show their affection more in daily life. A woman's world is made up of little things, an appreciative word means so much to them, but on the other hand, are we women always as sympathetic as we might be? Do we always try to understand those with whom we live or work? Do we always speak the sympathetic word when it is needed most, or give the kiss when it would be most prized?

"It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone;
That gives you the bitter heartache,
At the setting of the sun."

If we don't give love, we shan't get it.

"My mother is a dear," a girl said to me once, "but you know I can't tell her anything. She wouldn't understand."

Perhaps the girl was mistaken; perhaps the Mother would have understood, but evidently she hadn't given her daughter that impression.

But what of the childless woman and the old maid or, as old maids are now obsolete, the bachelor girl?

"No one loves you when you are old," a woman complained to me once.

Why not? Beauty and youth are transient things; sympathy and love grow with the maturing years. The single woman has opportunities for showing sympathy that are denied to the busy wife and mother. Her circle of service is often bounded by the four walls of her home but the childless woman and the single woman can be everyone's mother, for, as Christabel Pankhurst, the suffragette leader put it: "Every woman is a mother at heart."

More homes are broken up by lack of sympathy than by any other cause. It isn't the man with the sympathetic wife who leaves his home but the man whose wife nags and complains. It isn't the loving mother whose sons and daughters forget her when she is old. There is always a niche for the sympathetic woman.

Who is the most popular woman in the district? It is not the most beautiful, the cleverest or the richest. It is the woman whose hand of welcome is extended to the new-comer, whose advice and help are freely given in the day of sickness or sorrow.

We haven't any use for the woman no one likes. It is always her own fault. She is the first to repeat the unkind gossip, never willing to help in church, school or community, always suspicious of her neighbors and disagreeable to live with.

Give love and you will get it. People all have one lovable quality; look for it. Even looking for it will exercise your loving muscles, and when you've found it,

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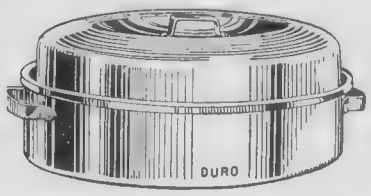
"The Dependable Line"

Cannot Chip—Cannot Rust
99% Pure Aluminum



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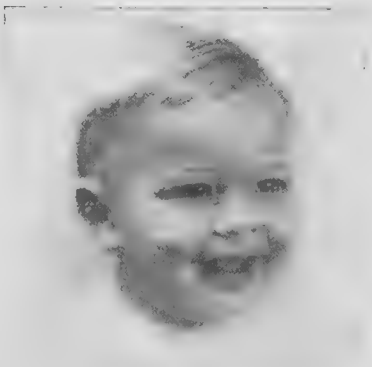

Thomas Russell, First Prize Baby Class E, Canadian National Exhibition, 1922. A Telfer Arrowroot Boy.

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A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U.S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

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MOTHER'S SECTION—Continued from page 30

as you most assuredly will, you will like them and they will like you.

Women in the country have more opportunities for loving their neighbors than women in the cities. Be first with the welcoming hand when a new bride comes to the district. She will remember you longer than later won friends.

Many of us would do well to live up to the motto of the boy scouts: "One kind action a day." Some women think they are doing enough if they cook three meals a day for their husband; I know a woman who thinks she is injured if she has to cook her husband's breakfast, and the funny part is she complains he doesn't love her.

You can't get things for nothing in this world. You can't achieve wealth or fame unless you work hard and you won't be loved if you don't get busy and love someone. And its very easy to find somebody to love. There are more nice people in the world than nasty ones. Count up those you know and see.

Love is every woman's birthright. Don't sell it for a mess of pottage.

HOME DOCTOR

The Amateur in the Sick-room

EVERYONE cannot go through the long and arduous training by which professional nurses are made, yet everyone sould take the trouble to learn enough to be helpful in a sick room.

Take first the bed-making. It is a treat to see a really good nurse make a bed for a sick person, but it is not a professional secret, after all, and anyone can learn to do it. It is not even necessary to wait for some one to fall sick, for two members of a family can practice on each other until they become perfect. It is possible to change a sheet under a sick person so clumsily as to upset him for hours; it is also possible to do it so deftly that he is hardly aware time they are used, and that the hands of everyone who assists must not only be clean, but chemically clean, by being washed in some antiseptic solution.

Making Things Safe

Sometimes we come face to face with the need of knowing exactly how to protect ourselves, or our surroundings, or some person in whom we are interested, from the danger of disease-producing germs. How shall we do it and be sure that we have done it thoroughly enough to be effective?

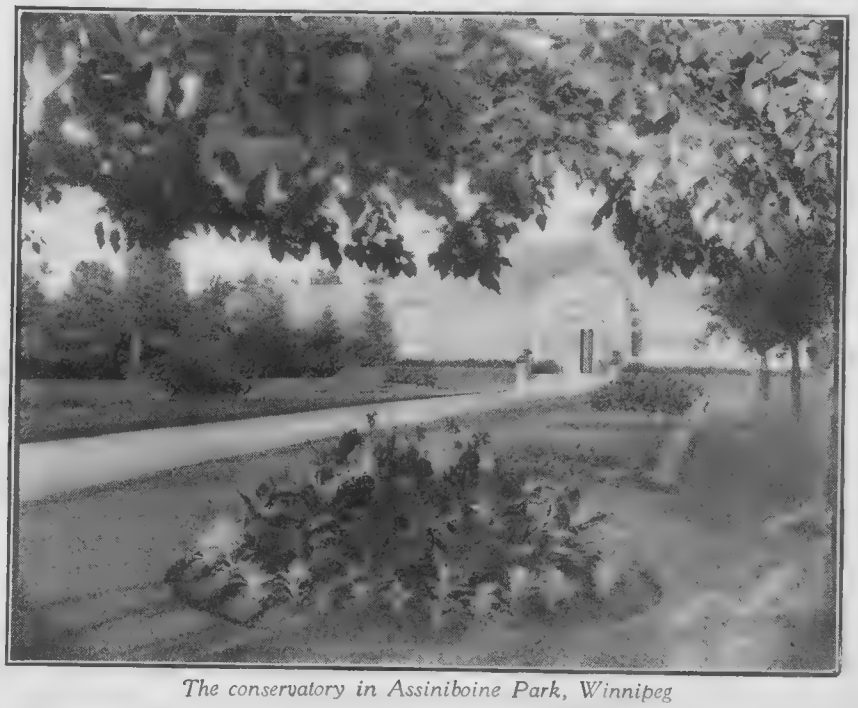
Sterilizing means making an object or a surface sterile or free from bacteria of all kinds, or the spores which bacteria sometimes produce. When we make anything sterile, it is surgically clean. That is why the surgeon is so particular to wash and scrub his hands, and clean his finger nails; and to dress in freshly laundered garments from top to toe; to dip his hands in a disinfecting solution; and to use instruments and dressings and bandages which have been properly prepared by suitable treatments, in chemical solutions or sterilizing ovens.

A knowledge of germs and the application of this knowledge has done away with a large percentage of the deaths from operations, and as the ordinary home is not equipped for this sort of care, hospitals have sprung up on every hand, where we may expect to be taken care of in a thoroughly scientific manner.

When a room, or clothing, or bedding, or instruments have been disinfected, we mean that they have been cleaned and made germ free by some suitable process. There are several ways of sterilizing or disinfecting. Some methods are suitable for some purposes, and others for other purposes.

There are three processes usually recognized. First, heat; second, chemical agents; and third, filtration. Heat is used in several different ways. Our

Continued on page 34



The conservatory in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg

of the process. Only practice can make perfect in this as in other arts; but you can master the general rules easily enough, especially if you learn them by observation rather than from a book.

The care of the sick room itself is a matter of common sense rather than technical knowledge. A person who would sweep there should be swept out herself with the other rubbish. All dusting, and especially the cleaning of the floor, should be done with a damp cloth, and there should be nothing in the room to accumulate dust except the absolutely necessary things. You can keep up an open fire without making a lot of noise and dust, although not everyone knows it. Wearing a pair of old gloves, build the fire piece by piece, and you need not disturb the lightest sleeper.

Unintelligent placing of hot-water bottles sometimes causes the patient a good deal of suffering. Unless the bottles are protected by a woolen covering, very ill or unconscious patients can be severely burned by them. In putting a wounded or injured patient to bed, always remove the clothing from the injured limbs first, and move the injured limb as little as possible. Remember to keep external medicines and internal medicines separated. In surgical cases, remember that all instruments must be boiled every

Always ask for GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE —for hair

WOULD you have hair in abundance—bright, fresh-looking, silky, and luxurious?

Wherever you go, you hear men and women who have had dandruff—hair falling out—or getting bald, saying—

"The only thing I have ever found that does any good is 'Glover's'. It stops dandruff and helps my hair grow."

Most hair troubles are due to dandruff—a parasite, kin to mange. And Glover's *Imperial* Mange Medicine kills dandruff and, by gently stimulating, and invigorating, the hair roots, helps your hair grow—rich, thick, glossy, and abundant.

"Glover's" is made from pure vegetable and mineral ingredients, scientifically combined, and its action is always healthful and beneficial.

Get "Glover's", and Glover's *Imperial* Kennel Soap (to soften the scalp) today and *use both exactly as directed.*

Then—see what an improvement there is in your hair.

In order to get the genuine "Glover's"—sold in all good drug stores—look for the name "Glover's *Imperial* Mange Medicine", and insist upon having this only.

Made by the H. Clay Glover Company, Inc., 127-129 West 24th Street, New York City.

FREE How to care for your hair and keep it healthy, in a little booklet, mailed FREE. Just a postcard request, with your name and address, mailed today, brings this by early return.

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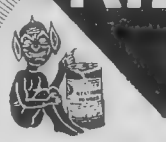

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—HERRICK

ENO is just a sparkling pleasant health drink that in a perfectly natural manner stimulates sluggish organs, clears away injurious residues, and invigorates and fortifies the entire system. Throughout the world for half a century Eno has been acknowledged the standard restorative for digestive ailments. *Take just a dash of Eno in a glass of water every morning on rising.*

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Send them to us and we will make them up in a switch for you for $3.00.
We carry a full line of Hair Goods.

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Parisian Hairdressing & Beauty Parlors
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With the Women's Institutes in Manitoba

THE STYLE SHOW

ONE of the most enjoyable and appreciated demonstration lectures given during the Manitoba Women's Institute Annual Convention held at the Agricultural College, June 26-28, was a Style Show. Miss Groff was assisted by Miss Robson, Miss Black, Miss Little, Miss Bernice Duncan and Mrs. Yeomans, who in turn acted as models in presenting the different types of figures and showing common mistakes in the selection of clothing. These were followed by more appropriate lines and colors for each type in a pleasing combination of articles giving the harmony so desired in the feminine world of clothes.

By way of introduction to the individual types and their clothing, it was stated that every woman had a desire to look her best but that the means toward this end were often misplaced energy, time and money. The well dressed person need not necessarily have expensive clothes nor a large number of them. The solution of the whole problem should begin with a careful choice. One should make special effort to have conditions right for a satisfactory choice. Do not go shopping when tired or hurried. Go in the morning when everybody is rested and not so busy. Study the effects before a long mirror. Wear the other articles you expect to combine with the new one if possible. One may buy one's apparel ready to wear in the shops entirely or in part. If one enjoys designing and has a working knowledge of sewing and needlework, very pleasing creations can be made these days, because of the accent of simplicity and the easy construction of the average article of clothing. When choosing an article, one should consider whether it will harmonize with the present wardrobe and it should be wearable for a combination of occasions. Above all, it should be appropriate to the person who is to wear it. It is best to have a few well selected garments of good quality of materials and workmanship. Colors which are light tend to increase the size of a person while dark colors and shades have the opposite effect.

The problem of the short stout person was presented by the model appearing upon the stage decked out in a white georgette blouse and a short tight plaid skirt, a too small black hat, tan stockings and black and white low shoes. These articles had nothing in common with each other, all lines of proportion were hopelessly at variance. A gray, woolen cape with large black checks, a wide rose and white border giving way to a deep fringe added to the pitched battle of conflicting lines, colors and materials. The audience recognized the all too common "get up" and rather expected the model to break forth in a dialect song but had to be content with restless search for peace and harmony in a conglomeration of lines and colors rather like cubist art to the uninitiated. As the model left the stage, a sigh of hopeless relief was audibly expressed and interest was keen when she returned dressed more to her own taste and feeling more at ease. She had seemingly changed to a taller person in a dark blue crepe dress of long panel lines. She wore a medium sized slightly drooping, tan hat with a tall crown and a simple fold of black velvet about it. Dark stockings and oxfords attenuated the long lines of the figure. A belted coat with loose long folds completed the costume. One noted the appropriate lines and fewer colors all harmonizing and accenting a common centre of interest. The poise and ease of the model bespoke the personality of the wearer and showed that the correctness of clothes has a psychological effect upon us when we say that they are comfortable.

The tall thin person and her problem was well presented by the next model who was painfully thin in a clinging crepe dress which had long lines of tucks accented in its construction. Short sleeves made the long, thin arms very conspicuous. A hat with a small, upward-turned brim exaggerated the already too tall figure. A belted coat of clinging long lines made us wish the wearer might have the immediate help of a food specialist. However this thin-as-a-match person was able to walk away and return to us looking several pounds heavier because of a change in costume. This consisted of a soft brown silk, trimmed with tan, which fell in deep graceful folds and panels. The whole construction was loose and draped into a wide girdle which was topped off by a conventional flower bouquet. A wide, drooping hat outlined a not too thin face and a loose unbelted coat with large collar and wide cuffs, completed a costume which showed how important cross lines are to the thin figure.

We were next introduced to the high school girl who in her taste for the extreme and her effort to express variety often goes off on a tangent. She came sailing into our midst in the all too common "outfit" of a thin georgette blouse with the usual ribbon straps and crocheted yoke beneath, a plaid skirt, drop stitch sweater, a small red feather hat and open work stockings with conspicuous clocks ending in dangerously high heeled pumps. Much jewelry bedecked this young person and considerable time and thought was needed to keep all parts of her apparel together; there was nothing about the costume to suggest the serious business of study. A very simple one-piece navy blue, braid trimmed flannel dress, a sport hat, a practical ulster with spacious pockets and a buckled belt made a transformation most pleasing to a thrifty, serious minded, mother audience.

A summer day at Grand Beach, Lake Winnipeg.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

Continuee from page 32

The next model introduced us to the teen-age girl who grows so fast. Dressed in a most unchildish color of purple homespun made very scant, short and trimmed with black braid, she looked all legs and arms. A transparent tan mohair braid hat made her face small and took away the sweet childish expression which should be the charm of this age. For this young growing girl the costume suggested was a dress of the middy blouse and kilted skirt type. This should be made large and thus remain comfortable, giving the greatest of freedom and having great possibilities as to order and neatness. A change to a light blue wash dress of the suggested type worn with a medium size black straw hat with wide ribbon streamers made a strong, athletic looking little miss who would be at home in her own child world interests.

Problems of color were not forgotten. This was demonstrated by one who was about the average figure and fortunate in not having line problems over which to worry.

Her first costume was a very bright green organdy dress, which because of its intensity, seemed to take every bit of the natural color out of the face. The hair also appeared faded and seemed an undescribable drab. The effect as a whole was to suggest a condition of poor health but when this same lady appeared in a soft navy blue silk of not too shiny a texture, we were placed at ease, for the hair, the face and the eyes were given their proper back ground.

Many were the expressions of appreciation among the Women's Institute members for this most practical demonstration. None of the garments were extreme or beyond the purchasing power of those who were privileged to see them.

New Institutes

The ladies of Amaranth have organized an Institute with Mrs. J. E. Ek as secretary.

Another Institute has been recently formed at Harding with seventeen charter members. Mrs. A. G. English is the corresponding and recording secretary.

The members of the Ranchvale Institute at Glen Elmo held their first meeting last month, and will in future hold regular meetings every third Thursday in the month. The president is Mrs. J. Belcher, Vice-president, Mrs. W. Parmelee and Mrs. R. S. Wilson is Secretary-treasurer.

Model Meeting

A very interesting afternoon was spent at Ellenville Institute when the members put on a "model meeting." This was done solely for their own benefit and pleasure; the lively discussion which followed showed that the scheme was a decided success.

Social Service

Inwood Institute has made a donation to a family unfortunate in losing house and home by fire. Besides this, help is being given to a lady in the community until she succeeds in getting her money from the Mother's Allowance.

Financial

By means of a dance, by selling balloons on Fair day, and by serving refreshments at the annual picnic, Shortdale has added a tidy sum to their growing bank account.

In December the Warren Institute will hold a bazaar. There should be a large and varied collection of articles for sale, as each member will contribute one article a month from now till the bazaar is over.

Every Saturday afternoon a pantry sale will be conducted under the auspices of the Roblin Institute. The members will be divided into groups of ten each; each division in turn to be responsible for the sale. Two members of the group will set the prices, and take charge of the sale, which will begin promptly at three.

A motion picture show will be put on at Decker under the auspices of the Institute of that town, the members of which will serve ice cream and cake after the entertainment. The proceeds will be used in helping to pay the debt incurred by painting and decorating the interior of the hall.

Social

The last regular meeting of the Winnipeg Institute took the form of a luncheon in the City Park. The specially invited guests on this occasion were the members of the Charleswood Institute.

Nothing better than **LUX**

The makers of the famous "Kayser" silk stockings endorse LUX.

Lux with its instant, rich suds, is ideal for the quick thorough washing silk hosiery requires. The thin, satin-like flakes, made by our own exclusive process, dissolve completely in an instant, leaving no particle of solid soap to cling to delicate fibres.

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Lux is sold only in sealed packets—dust-proof!

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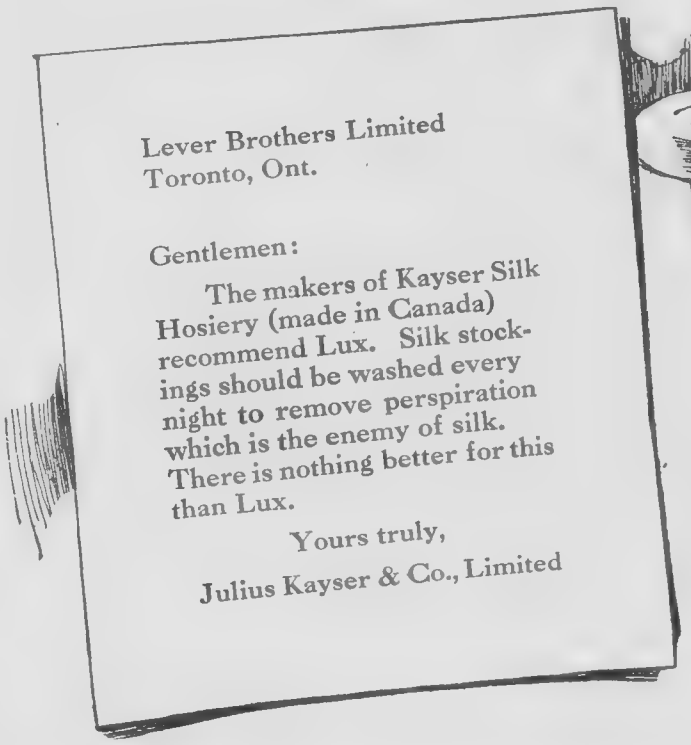

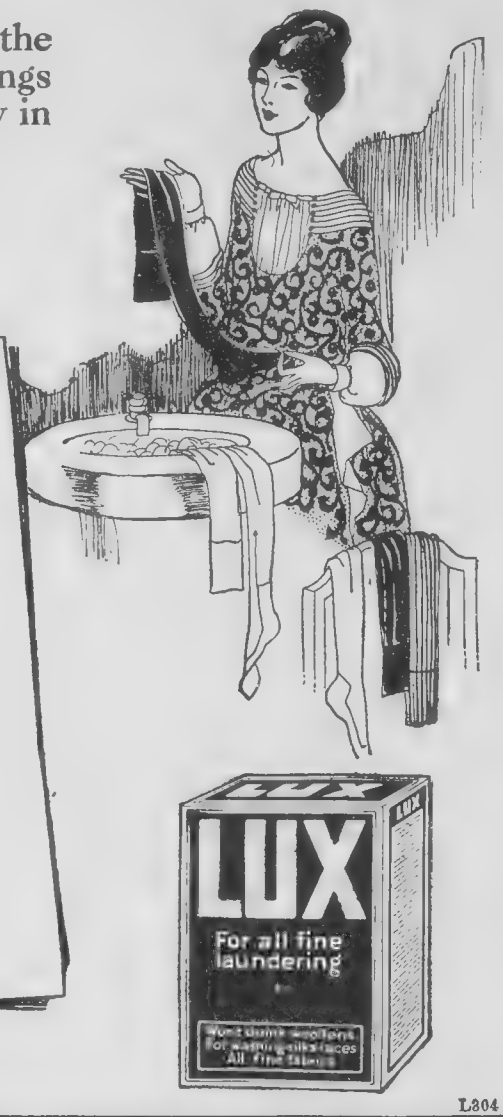

L304

The ladies of Lenore were pleased to accept the invitation extended by Kenton that both societies join forces for the August meeting.

Isabella Institute reports a fine attendance this month, when the ladies of the sister society at Decker were the guests. All business was dispensed with, every one enjoying a purely social afternoon.

Warren will also be hostess to two neighboring Institutes some time this month.

All Debts Paid

Deloraine, Foxwarren and Solsgirth are three Institutes whose members have worked long and faithfully in connection with their rest rooms. This summer each society has the satisfaction of knowing that all expenses in connection with their rest rooms are paid, and after seeing that the mortgages are burned with all due ceremony, will feel free to turn their thought and energies to other phases of Institute work.

Health Clinics

Fourteen boys and girls took advantage of the Health clinic, arranged by the Medora Institute. The individual charge was small, as the doctor, as well as others concerned in planning the clinic, were charitably inclined and more interested in the health of the community than in the sordid matter of dollars and cents.

Another health clinic was held under the auspices of the Deloraine Institute on the Agricultural Fair day, when no less than seventy-eight children were examined by Dr. Ellen Douglass. About one third of the number were found to be one hundred per cent. perfect. In some cases the mother was advised as to the best way to remedy small defects and when medical attention was necessary the cases were referred to the local physician. The examination at the conference was absolutely free, in all cases.

Efficient Work

A committee composed of Mesdames Allshire, Heisterman and Smith, was appointed from the Hamiota Institute to superintend the sewing class for the girls held under the direction of Miss McElmurry, clothing specialist of the Extension Service. The committee made all early arrangments such as securing a room for the class, and looking after the advertising. The entire committee was present at both sessions every day, and assisted the girls with their hand sewing or use of sewing machines. This left the instructor free to give her attention to the more difficult problems of the other girls.

A girls sewing class was recently held at Waskada, with Miss McQueen in charge. As there is not a school fair at Waskada where the sewing might be exhibited, the Institute will have an especial exhibition where the sewing can be judged and prizes awarded to the different classes.

Entertainment

Rather a novel idea for the social hour was employed at the August meeting of Deloraine Women's Institute. A jumble of the letters in the names of kitchen furniture had to be straightened out by the guests, who were coupled off in pairs for the contest. This proved a most efficient way of mixing up the gathering and introducing the much to be desired sociableness.

A committee has been appointed at Morris to meet incoming trains when new teachers arrive, and to visit all new comers to town. Miniota has planned a reception for the teachers in September.

Basswood is interested in amateur theatricals and is already planning to put on a play some time in the early winter.

Oh, That My Little, Golden Hour

By Eleanor Hammack Northcross

Oh, that my little. golden hour of youth
Should find me now!
The ears of my young soul, attuned for strains
Of ecstasy and triumph and the lilt
Of mating songs and half-dreamed lullabies,
Hear women weeping, orphaned children wail,
The hard-wrung moans of tortured men who die
Or those, more piteous, who live on when hope is done.

A world of hate, red shambles, agony—
And Youth comes by.
O Youth, each day a lyric note should be,
Making the whole a splendid melody
To sweeten all life's after cadences!
Pass, Youth. I never knew you, nor can know.

THE HOME DOCTOR—Continued from page 31

Amazing Complexion Improvement by the Use of Clasmic Clay!!

Have You Tried It?

THE use of Clay by professional beauty specialists and by women who pride themselves on flawless complexions, has become an irresistible vogue. Most women in all walks of life now use Boncilla—the original Clasmic Clay—as their first aid to complexion beauty.

What is this Clasmic Clay?

Boncilla Beautifier—as the original Clasmic Clay is named—is specially imported blue-grey clay of remarkable purity and smoothness, compounded with rare East India Balsams. You gently smear it over the face with the finger tips. As it dries, the wonderful rejuvenating work is taking place—you feel a gentle, persistent drawing—meanwhile its liquid balsams are being absorbed by the pores, bathing them with a refreshing, invigorating stimulus, cleansing them of every impurity—revivifying sluggish circulation and building up sagging facial muscles.

Boncilla will give you a skin of loveliness and charm

Its results are immediate—apparent from the very first application—for whereas soaps and the usual cosmetics only touch the surface, Boncilla goes down to the source of complexion troubles.

Leading Beauty Specialists the world over use and endorse Boncilla as the most restful facial treatment ever produced and suitable to the most delicate skin.

Your Youthful Complexion Restored for a 3c Postage Stamp

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BEAUTIFIER

The Clasmic Clay

If you have not experienced the amazing complexion improvement afforded by Boncilla—we will be pleased to send you a Tube to-day. This generous trial tube contains enough Boncilla Clasmic Clay for two or three facial packs—more than enough to show you what remarkable complexion beauty Boncilla can accomplish for you. This introductory tube is not for sale, but we will send it to you direct on receipt of the coupon below.

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590 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Please send FREE Trial Tube of Boncilla to:

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bandages and dressings are sterilized in a hot oven which is manufactured to maintain a high temperature for a period of time. As a rule, 300 degrees F. is maintained for one hour.

On the other hand, the dishes used by a patient suffering from a contagious disease, instruments, knives, and articles which will not be injured by hot water, are boiled vigorously for half an hour or longer. Even this method cannot always be depended upon, for while the germs or bacteria may be killed, the spores or product of the bacteria are very stubborn.

In this case, when absolute certainty is necessary, the articles are put aside for twenty-four hours. By this time the spores will begin to develop because of the heat to which they have been subjected. The articles will then be boiled again, and put aside for another twenty-four hours, and the process repeated on the third day. This is called "intermittant" sterilization.

When we see people wash dishes with greasy dish rags which are almost decayed from long use, in luke-warm, greasy water, with a limited amount of soap, possibly made from fat that was none of the freshest, and those same dishes wiped on wiping towels which are evidently badly soiled, or which retain an odor of dish water—we can but marvel that so many people live to tell the tale as do.

When it is necessary to pasteurize milk, heat must be applied in the form of a water bath. Here we have a single prolonged exposure. The purpose of the pasteurization is to kill the harmful bacteria by holding the milk at the required temperature for a given period. When all of the germs are killed of all kinds, the milk is sterilized and its nourishing qualities are injured. However, milk must be pasteurized when it is fresh, for if any spores have developed, the pasteurization is of little avail.

We frequently see dairies advertising pasteurized milk, and it is necessary that they shall be equipped with the proper apparatus with which to do this correctly.

Steam is another method of killing stubborn, long-lifed germs. Bedding, garments, and other articles which cannot be perfectly sterilized by boiling water or dry heat, can, if their character permits, be thoroughly sterilized by live steam.

The direct blaze of a very hot flame is another means of sterilization. To hold a needle or a knife blade in a hot flame, of a special lamp for this purpose, is called "flaming" the article. The laboratory worker "flames" platinum wires when putting bacteria from one substance to another.

Chemical agencies are used in many cases for sterilizing. The clothing of a patient suffering from a contagious disease; the handkerchiefs of people having colds, grip or flu; the rooms, the woodwork, and walls of which, and furniture must be disinfected, are usually taken care of, by means of a disinfecting solution or a disinfecting gas.

From one's local Board of Health detailed information may be obtained on what to do in various emergencies, and how to do it; or the Board of Health will superintend the work to be sure it is done in an expert manner. Bulletins are available from one's State Board of Health Department, giving exact directions for disinfecting clothing, handkerchiefs, and rooms.

A solution of chlorinated lime is usually sufficient for handkerchiefs and washable bedding, and many of the lime packages have the directions on the label. There are other substances, however, which cannot be sterilized by any of these processes, because the substances themselves would be injured.

In this case, as when antitoxins or liquids must be sterilized, they are forced through filters which will not permit the bacteria to pass through to the other side. The filters used for filtering blood serums, toxins, and antitoxins are usually unglazed procelain affairs.

People sometimes ask whether the commercial filter so often sold, to be screwed to the kitchen faucet, has any value. This is a broad question, and generally speaking these filters are not of as much value as those using them would like to believe.

If the filter materials inside of charcoal, or sand, or the filters of prepared cotton are constantly changed, and the whole filter sterilized and cleaned, they undoubtedly do purify the water to a certain degree; but such filters cannot be depended upon to remove harmful disease germs. In fact, dangerous germs pass through readily.

If there is any doubt of the purity of the water, it should be boiled, or distilled. These are two practical methods which can be used at home, but care must be taken that the sterilized water is not contaminated by later handling.

Root Abscesses and Gumboils

In these days of skillful dentistry there are few people who are foolish enough to continue suffering pain from decaying teeth. We have learned that we can save money, time and health if we have the cavities filled. When a tooth has so far broken down that the inner pulp is exposed, there is no question about having it attended to, for the pain is so intense that the bravest cannot long endure it; and if the tooth is too far gone to be filled, it must come out.

But we may be greatly in need of dental treatment and yet not be conscious that there is anything wrong with our teeth. Sometimes severe earache or neuralgia and congestion of the eyes are the result of trouble that is going on at the root of a tooth, the nerves from which branch up toward the ear or the eye. For the same reason it is possible to lay the blame on a tooth that may be perfectly healthy, but is suffering because it has the same nerve supply as its neighbor, which is really causing all the trouble.

Whenever there is pain in an apparently healthy ear, or neuralgia and swelling round the eyes that cannot otherwise be accounted for or that does not yield to treatment, it is wise to ask the dentist to find out whether a tooth is creating the disturbance.

An alveolar abscess is an abscess that forms in the jaw in consequence of a diseased tooth. When it forms only in the gum it is called a gumboil, and there it generally comes to a head, breaks and heals, after the manner of boils. But if it occurs farther down, at the root of the tooth, it can cause serious trouble. Unable to discharge outwardly, it may burrow down into the bone and find an opening through cheek, or it may work its way upward to the ear or even the brain. When the pain in the jaw is clearly owing to an abscess that is forming, you can hurry it along by hot applications and poultices inside the mouth; but do not apply them outside, for that may cause the abscess to break through the cheek, which would leave an ugly scar.

As soon as the abscess is ripe it should be opened by a physician. But whatever the temporary treatment of the abscess may be, this is certainly true: a tooth that is afflicted with a succession of abscesses ought to come out. Teeth with septic roots cause much more trouble than we realize. Neuralgias and headaches that no drugs will cure, and stomach troubles that defy all medicines, will often yield as by magic to a little treatment by a good dentist.

It Isn't Done

It shows a lack of refinement of feeling sauce.

When in the vicinity of a pig-sty do not discuss the digestive merits of apple to pick mint in front of a lamb.

Watch an oyster retire into its shell when Tabasco sauce is mentioned.

Never tell a turkey that Christmas is coming and flourish a menu card in his face.

It would be a little bit of kindness to say in front of the cow that you enjoyed the glass of milk you had for breakfast, but keep quiet about the cup of Oxo you had for lunch.

Vera V. Robertson.

Painful chest congestions

The moment you feel that painful tightening that betokens a chest cold—go for the bottle of Sloan's. Apply gently you don't have to rub it in.

Immediately you feel a gentle glowing warmth. The contraction relaxes—the congestion breaks up—the pain ceases—soon the cold is gone. Get a bottle from your druggist today—35 cents. *It will not stain.*

Sloan's Liniment *kills pain!*

Borden's

EAGLE BRAND

Condensed Milk

Is *not* a "prepared" food at all. It is *milk*—pure Country milk combined with pure sugar. The natural food for baby when mother's milk fails, supplying complete nourishment and being easily digested.

Send for free Baby Books

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Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. each. Sold everywhere. Can. Depot: Lymans, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.

WRITTEN IN THE DUST—*Continued from page 27.*

"Hello! Are you there, Turner?" a voice shouted.

"Hello! Mister Gibson."

Gibson mounted the veranda steps and drew a second chair to the side of Turner's.

"Dunn says you assaulted him in the hotel yard yesterday forenoon. Says he was giving the tracker a well-deserved hiding, and you used that as an excuse. Says that you were wild with jealousy over his attentions to Olive. I'm afraid you've spoiled your pie, my boy. Olive's as mad as a wild-cat, and says she can choose her own friends. What possessed you to do it?"

"The infernal liar!" said Turner, springing to his feet. "He was beating that boy worse than a working bullock," and he recounted his own version of the affair.

"So that was the way of it?" remarked Gibson slowly. "Look here, Turner, this Dunn must be a nasty beggar. But we'll have to use tact. You must remember he's got a certain authority here. I'll explain to Olive how things stand, and get her to choke him off coming. But you have nothing more to do with him—just ignore the beggar."

"Ignore the beggar!" Turner's jaw protruded belligerently. "If he tells any more of his lies about me, I'll have another go at him, if I swing for it."

"Forget it, old man—forget it," and Gibson strolled off home.

The following morning Turner was in Gibson's yard, helping cut out of the latter's flock a number of sheep that had suffered most from the ravages of the drought. Above the mulga a cloud of red dust travelled towards them accompanied by the beat of hoofs.

"A party coming down the road," Gibson remarked.

A troop of horsemen swept round the edge of the scrub into the clearing before the house. Dismounting at the horse paddock, they turned the horses loose and then came slowly towards the yard. There was Bryant, the hotelkeeper, Henderson, the storekeeper and four others. They walked slowly, talking earnestly as they came.

"Good-day," said Bryant.

"Good-day."

"Did Dunn happen to be visitin' here last night?"

"Yes," replied Gibson. "Why?"

"His horse galloped into the town riderless, nearabouts ten thirty."

"Is that so? Thrown probably."

"Well," said Bryant, "that may be or it may not be—leastways, we ain't decided that point yet. But we set out to search this mornin', an' we just found him in a bit of mulga scrub side of the road not half a mile from here."

"Is that so? Not hurt badly, I hope."

"Well," said Bryant, taking off his hat to mop his forehead with a red bandana, "I never seen no one deader."

"Dead!" gasped Gibson and Turner in unison. Then, "Strewth!" ejaculated Turner.

"His head struck something?" queried Gibson.

"Other way round," said Bryant. "Something must've struck his head—a hatchet, I reckon, by the size an' look of the gash."

"But—but," stuttered Gibson, "how could that be?"

"That," said Bryant slowly, mopping his head again with the red bandanna, "I reckon is up to the police. There ain't no shadder of a doubt but what he's been murdered."

The succeeding silence could be felt. All eyes rested upon Turner, lingered for a moment and turned nervously away again.

"Well, good-day, folks," said Bryant, and the little party walked slowly back to the horse paddock.

In a few moments the cloud of dust above the mulga was retreating towards the town. Gibson looked at Turner.

"Heaven help us, Jim! You didn't—say you didn't—."

"No," Turner replied, but his face was white and drawn—"I did not!"

That afternoon Turner cantered leisurely into town. He pondered deeply as he rode. This was a mysterious affair, this murder of Dunn, if the man really had been murdered. But his main object was to test the general opinion regarding himself. He rode down the straggling main street, nodding to acquaintances. Dismounting at the hotel, he tied his horse to a ring and stepped into the bar. The noisy talk subsided quickly as he entered, and for a moment he found himself scrutinized by all eyes. Mick O'Leary beckoned him covertly to a quiet end of the bar, upon which he placed a bottle and a glass.

"Mister Turner," he said softly, bending towards him, "they all think you done it. The police've bin wired. They're comin' up by the midnight mail. Take my tip, an' go while the goin's good. There's not a man'll turn dog on you. Strike to-night for the bush, an' ride like hell. You got eight hours, anyway."

"I've got nothing to leave for, Micky. I know nothing of the manner of Dunn's death."

O'Leary looked at him doubtfully.

"You know best," he said, and turned away.

The short Australian twilight was quickly deepening into dark as Turner rode home. He knew that Mick O'Leary had expressed the consensus of opinion.

Gibson was awaiting him. His face was worried.

"Jim, I wish to Heaven you had not had that brawl with Dunn. I believe Olive thinks you've done it. She fainted right off when I told her. I haven't given her any details—where he was found or that. I hope there's no trouble brewing for you, my boy."

"I can face it," Turner replied. "I'm as innocent as you are."

But Gibson walked home with a troubled face.

THE following morning, about 10 o'clock, a company came around the scrub into the clearing before Turner's house. They travelled slowly, some riding and some walking, all eyes intent upon a figure in front who proceeded at an easy gait and scrutinized the ground. Turner recognized Billy, the black tracker. At the homestead gate, they stopped. Then Billy opened the gate and advanced towards the house. Turner was thunderstruck. What did this mean? He knew the unerring accuracy of the native trackers. Had the murderer passed through his own grounds?

The party paused in front of the veranda.

"Are you Mister Turner?" one of the two khaki-clad figures asked.

"I am."

"Would you kindly step down and make an impression of your foot in this soft dust?"

Turner acted as requested.

Billy surveyed the new impression, then looked for a second at Turner. Then he turned to the inspector.

"Same," he said.

"Mister Turner," said the officer, "I arrest you for the murder of inspector Dunn."

"I murder Dunn?" ejaculated Turner.

"It is written in the dust," said the officer. "The tracker picked up the tracks at the spot where the body lay. These boys are never mistaken. I will ask you to make whatever arrangements you wish and saddle a horse."

"I am absolutely innocent."

"Your trial will prove that."

IT was just dark, when a little cortege rode slowly round the bend towards town. The two policemen rode one each side of Turner. Turner sat his horse as one in a trance. It was all so incomprehensible. He had no knowledge even of the location of the clump of scrub in which the body had been found. The horses propped suddenly, then wheeled in fright. Turner peered round to discover the cause of their terror. A white figure stood beside a bush at the side of the road. The figure slowly advanced. Then the unexpected happened. Billy, the tracker, with a yell of anguish, dropped from his horse and flung himself face downwards upon the road.

"Oh, Gawd! Oh, Gawd!" he screamed "You beat me with whip—that's why me done it. Mercy, inspector Dunn! Mercy!"

"Jimmy!" said a voice.

"Is that you, Olive?"

"Jimmy, I had to see you again. I knew you would pass this way, and I hid in those bushes. Jimmy, dear"—she was sobbing, clinging to him heedless of the onlookers—"truth will prevail. It's all a ghastly mistake."

Turner heard her words as in a dream. He was gazing at the native blubbering his confession to the inspector.

"Did you know, missy, that the body was found in that clump of bushes?" asked the officer.

"No-o," faltered the girl. "Wha-a-t's happened? What is the tracker saying?"

"He thought you were inspector Dunn's ghost, and the fright has forced him to confess that he did the killing."

"Then," said the half-believing girl, "Jimmy—Jimmy—."

They stood until the retreating hoof beats had died in the distance.

"Jimmy," said the girl, "God drew me to those bushes."

Turner circled her shoulders with his arm, and they walked slowly home.

Photo by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Your Floors Can Rival Your Piano in Beauty

FLOORS, to rival your piano in loveliness and lustre, to stretch through hall, living and dining rooms, up the stairway and into your bedrooms as one clean, fresh, smiling surface, can be your pride and satisfaction.

LIQUID VENEER MOP POLISH

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Just a bit on the famous Liquid Veneer Mop (or any mop) polishes, cleans and feeds the finish so as to ensure longer and more brilliant lustre. **30c., 60c., $1.25** at grocery, drug, hardware or any house furnishings store.

Made in Canada

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY,
85 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Bridgeburg, Ont.
Buffalo, N.Y. London, Eng.

The Great Quality Finish

A Harvest Field at Sunset

I look towards the sunset west,
Across the ripening fields of grain,
Which Mother Nature's hand has blessed
With summer sun and frequent rain
How much we owe that bounteous hand
For this, our wondrous prairie land!

The wild flowers nod their dainty heads,
Beside the ripening ears of corn;
And there, the alien mustard treads,
That laughs our struggling grain to scorn.
Free children of our prairie land,
Would you despoil our fruitful land?

The day is dying fast; too soon
The summer sun has sunk to rest;
But yonder is the harvest moon
To light the field and still the nest.
Gone is the mistress of our land,
To hail the morn in sunriseland.

And, while the realm of nature sleeps,
I hear the sounds I love so well,
Low bleatings of the drowsy sheep;
Soft tinklings of the pasture bell.
And, in my heart, is struck a chord
In unison with Nature's Lord!

—Alice Gray.

The Belated Ships

Will we ever see our ships come up—
Sail-crowded, o'er the rim
Of the sparkling blue salt-water cup,
With confines dark and dim?
Will we ever hear the clash—
Of the rusted anchor's splash—
To grip the mud of the mooring ground—
With canvas furling trim?

Will they enter port at early morn—
Sun-kissed with gold and rose,
On the willing tide so lightly borne—
While soft the fair wind blows?
We have waited. Oh! so long—
For the cheery homing song,
Our nerves are stretched to the breaking point,
The anguish—no one knows.

Will they ghost-like come, when darkness broods—
Upon the restless deep?
When the longed-for sail, the eye eludes—
And we pale vigils keep;
When the bolstered courage dies—
And the soul in terror cries—
Will the hulls glide past the headlands bold—
And safe to harbor creep?

Will they stagger in, thro waves that roar
Hoarse, calling for their prey?
While the howling gale, drives right on shore—
In smother of white spray;
With their streaming decks a-slope,
With their frayed and flying rope—
But, winning in, to the tossing buoys—
No more to sail away.

(Frances)

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

Socrates.

Some Income Tax Facts

STUDY of such facts and figures as have been issued from Ottawa in regard to the income tax collection for 1922 yields some conclusions of interest. The immense majority of the payers of income tax, that is to say, 270,887 persons, report incomes of $1,000 to $6,000. Incomes between $6,000 and $10,000 are reported by 11,840 persons. The number of those who have incomes between $10,000 and $20,000 is 5,404, and those whose incomes range between $20,000 and $30,000 number 1,290. Next we come to the class whose incomes are between $30,000 and $50,000 a year; the number of individuals in that class is 667. And those residents in Canada whose annual incomes are larger than $50,000 number 496. These 496 pay a total of $12,699,831 into the Dominion treasury in income taxation; and the 270,887 persons whose incomes range between $1,000 and $6,000 pay a total of $9,579,559 in income taxation. The Toronto district leads in the number of persons with incomes between $10,000 and $20,000 a year; but in the number of persons with larger incomes than that, Montreal is ahead. Of the individuals with incomes of more than $50,000 a year, the Montreal district has 183, and the Toronto district has 120. Thus, it would appear, Montreal is the money capital of Canada, the headquarters of plutocracy in the Dominion. The city of Quebec has 32 individuals with an annual income each of more than $50,000; Ottawa has 28, Winnipeg 31, Hamilton 30, Vancouver 21, London 14 and Kingston 14; the 29 others are scattered over the country. The foregoing facts and figures will whet the keen curiosity of most of us for more detailed information. But in no country is detailed information about income taxation made public. We can figure it out for ourselves, of course, that every one of the 496 persons in Canada who in his income tax statement sets forth his annual income as being $50,000, or a sum larger than $50,000, is a millionaire. Beyond that we can only guess. No doubt every one of the 496 millionaires, or multi-millionaires, would say that we have altogether too much curiosity, anyway. And, no doubt, any one of us, if a turn of fortune tomorrow were to increase the number of Canadian millionaires by that one, would say the same thing.

Parents and Children

"I DON'T want my children to have to go through what I did." Many a father and mother in this country has said these words. And often it has happened as the result of the determination expressed in these words that the children, lacking the discipline which necessity imposed on their parents, have failed to develop their highest possibilities. Most, indeed practically all, the pioneers of this country had a hard struggle for the moderate satisfactions of life. With many of them the struggle began in childhood. In many cases their determination to shield their children from the hardships and privations they had to go through themselves was based on the feeling that those hardships and privations had blighted their own lives and prevented their youth from reaching its fulfilment. But sometimes they unconsciously choose for their children what they would have chosen for themselves—the satisfaction of ease and comfort, rather than the satisfaction of rigorous discipline and the power achieved through such discipline. Unless the spirit of some high purpose leads them, most men and women, if they are given the choice between weakness of character with ease and comfort, on the one hand, and strength of character won through gruelling discipline, on the other, will choose the easy way. Self-discipline inspired by a high purpose is the road to the greatest achievements. It is undeniable that with the increase of material well-being the old compulsions to discipline largely disappear. And so there is a danger that children whose parents are determined to save them from privations and hardships are, in some cases, deprived of the training which is of the utmost value in life. Discipline is the only soil in which character and power can grow. The training thus acquired and the self-mastery and self-control thus established, which can be established in no other way, are the most important and valuable constituents of right education, leading to the fullest development of the individual and the achievement in the fullest measure of his, or her, possibilities.

The Norsefolk in the West

FROM Kildonan parish in Sutherlandshire came the Selkirk settlers more than a hundred years ago, and established new homes for their families on the banks of the Red River, and so made a beginning of the colonization of Western Canada, which before their coming was a region of fur trading. It is an interesting historical fact that the name of Sutherlandshire proclaims its Norse origin. The Norse invaders who established themselves first in the Orkneys and Shetlands and made inroads on the mainland of Scotland, naturally gave to the area which for centuries has been known as Sutherlandshire a name meaning that it was the land to the South—a meaning appropriate only on the lips of its northern invaders. From those Norse invaders came an admixture of Scandinavian blood in the people of Sutherlandshire. In the people of the Orkneys and the Shetlands the Norse strain is more strongly marked. Long before the coming of the Selkirk settlers the Hudson's Bay Company had been filling its service with Orkneymen, Stromness in the Orkneys was the port from which the Company's ships always sailed. John Norquay, the first premier of Manitoba, who was born in the West (and thus far the only Premier of any of the Western Provinces born in the West) was the son of an Orkneyman in the service of the Company. From Iceland, beginning in 1874, came to this country another great accession of valuable settlers from the north of Europe. At Gimli, Hnausa and Icelandic River on Lake Winnipeg, and between Baldur and Glenboro the first Icelandic settlers made their homes, and from the first they proved themselves highly desirable. The part taken by Icelanders in the development and progress of Western Canada is an outstanding chapter in Canadian history. It is interesting to note that a few weeks ago at Wynyard, in Saskatchewan, a thousand and more people of Icelandic origin held their fifteenth annual celebration of Islendigadagurinn. From Foam Lake, from Leslie, from Elfros, from Kandahar and from many other points they came. A beautiful part of the celebration was a pageant, in which the historic costumes of the Norsefolk of the fjords and valleys of Iceland were revived. Arni Sigurdson as a Viking, Bogi Johnson as a shepherd boy, Mrs. Carl Frederickson as the farmer's wife, Miss Annie Gudjonson as the farmer's daughter, Mrs. Arni Sigurdson as the milkmaid, and many others took part in the pageant, which it is pleasant to think of as a thing of beauty appealing to the imagination.

The Philosopher

Home and School

THIS is the time in which our systems and methods of public education, and most of all, the expenditures of public money on education, are being discussed and criticized. Public education is bound up with democracy, but without in the least attempting to underrate or decry the supreme necessity of education, it is to be said that some of the world's greatest scoundrels have been men filled with "education"—not right and true education, needless to say. Only by careful thought is it possible to make education as right and true as possible. Spending money on school buildings and equipment does not necessarily ensure the saving of society. The things of greatest importance and value for human welfare are not to be bought; and the statement of this truth does not mean that the teacher is not worthy of his hire. No person renders more valuable public service, or is paid less in proportion to the fundamental value of the service given. But mighty as the contribution of the school is, it must not be expected to take over the functions of the homes and the churches. It is not, and cannot be, equipped for such universal service. Complete supervision and development of the children by the school is not to be expected, and is not possible. There is mental and moral discipline necessary that can be provided only in the home. It is essential that the home be a place of education no less than the school.

The Individual Citizen

IT cannot be repeated too often that if democracy is to be successful in achieving anything approaching the full measure of its possibilities, the electors must be taught to realize their individual responsibility. They must school themselves to act conscientiously on the belief that the franchise not only confers a privilege, but imposes a duty. The political history of our country in recent years has caused every thoughtful man and woman in Canada to give serious consideration to a fact which the developments in both Dominion and Provincial politics has brought into outstanding importance. That fact is that whether we have the party system or the group system, the imperfections which disclose themselves in the working of the system are, at bottom, imperfections of human nature. It is easy to point to the defects of any political system. It is easy to bring an unanswerable indictment against the party system; but when the indictment is made, the upholders of the party system proclaim that they can just as easily bring an indictment against the workings of the group system. What is needed is that there shall be among all the voters a sustained, active and intelligent interest in public affairs, a strong sense of public duty, the spirit of service and true practical patriotism. There must be the capacity for developing wise, foreseeing, statesmanlike leadership. All that is easy to say. But it is not easy to set forth practicable ways and means of hastening the coming of the new era when these things shall be. Each individual can do his own individual duty as a citizen, in so far as he is not hampered by the imperfections of the existing system. If every individual Canadian fulfilled his responsibilities of Canadian citizenship, the imperfections in existing systems would soon disappear.

The New Occupant of the White House

THE story is going the rounds of the newspapers in the United States that when President Coolidge was a little boy he asked his father for a cent to buy horehound candy. (The story, it should be explained in advance, is being printed in Republican newspapers, as being told by the new President himself). His father, after listening gravely to the request, said that it looked to him as if a Democratic President would be elected that fall, and it behooved every man to exercise special thrift. Maybe that story will go down in history with the story of how George Washington, when he was a small boy, was given a hatchet as a birthday gift, and chopped down a cherry tree with it, and when asked by his father if he had done so, said he could not tell a lie. Mark Twain once said that the difference between himself and George Washington was that George couldn't tell a lie, but that he could, but wouldn't. In regard to the story said to be told by President Coolidge, it may be remarked that inasmuch as horehound possesses medicinal properties, the elder Coolidge, showed questionable judgment in esteeming one cent as worth more than the health of a possible president. And speaking of President Coolidge's health, the newspapers of the United States, without distinction of politics, are saying that President Harding's death must be taken as a warning that the strain of a President's responsibilities demands that every safeguard must be thrown about a President's health. It is well known that a President's bodily safety is always guarded by armed secret service men. After a hard day's work soon after he had entered upon his Presidential duties, Mr. Coolidge called up on the telephone a friend who lives outside Washington and asked if he might go and sit for a while on his friend's porch and be alone. The friend saw to it that there were no visitors, and presently the President arrived in an automobile, followed by two other cars carrying secret service men, who spread around the grounds. Next came some cars with newspaper photographers, who were turned back. Mr. Coolidge was alone for a while. He was thirsty, and seeing through a window a colored cook, whom he knew beckoning her, he asked for a glass of water. When she came out on the porch with it, two secret service men, who had not seen the President ask for the water, jumped out from the shrubbery to protect him. He did not stay much longer, but returned to Washington. The incident is illuminating. The burdens of high office are many.

The Downfall of Nineveh

A CLAY tablet about six inches in length, inscribed with a text in minute cuneiform writing, was brought to the British Museum last year from the excavations on the site of the ancient city of Nineveh. It has now been deciphered. Its seventy-five lines contain a concise record of the chief events between the tenth and the seventeeth years of the reign of King Nabopolassar, the founder of the new Babylonian Kingdom, that is to say, from the year 625 before Christ to the year 609. The destruction of Nineveh was begun in the year 612 B. C. Two years earlier than that date, as is known now from the record set forth on this tablet, Cyaxares the Mede began his operations against Nineveh, but did not make much progress in his campaign until 612 before Christ, when three nations, the Medes, the Babylonians and the Scythians, joined their forces in attacking Nineveh, and destroyed that city after a siege of three years. "Woe to the bloody city!" exclaimed the Phophet Nahum. "Nineveh is laid waste, and who will bemoan her?" An episode of the siege which this tablet brings to light is that a resolute band of defenders, seeing that the city was lost, broke through the lines of the besiegers and marched westward to the city of Harran, on the river Balikh, a tributary of the Euphrates, where a new King, named Ashuruballit, ascended the throne and reigned for two years until he was driven out by the conquerors of Nineveh. Of the Assyrian Emperor Sardanapalus, of whom the Greeks had a legend that he proclaimed in his epitaph that he had burdened himself with no other cares beyond the satisfaction of his love of pleasure, this tablet (which gives his name as Ashurbanipal) declares that he made the name of Assyria a name to the surrounding nations (which were soon to overcome that Empire), and that he encouraged the arts and amassed a large library of clay tablets. A considerable part of that library is now in the British Museum. It is known now that the Assyrian Empire went to pieces not because of the increase of effeminacy, but because of the drain of foreign wars upon its strength.

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adjustable combinations

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adjustable sleepers

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It goes in the wash-tub week after week and month after month; and fits as easily and comfortably after long wear as when fresh from the store.

The wide range of styles, weight and textures—the perfect fit and health protection—certainly commend Stanfield's Ladies' Underwear to those who want to be warm and comfortable this winter.

For more than a quarter of a century, STANFIELD'S UNDERWEAR has been the Canadian standard of quality and value.

It is neither high priced nor low priced, but *fairly priced* for the comfort, health protection and extra wear it gives.

Made in Combinations and Two-piece Suits, in full length, knee and elbow length, and sleeveless, all weights and textures, for ladies and men.

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I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people since have learned.

There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all.

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Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect, in any light. Faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

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Now I have something new to offer and almost as important, in the shape of a new preparatory powder which puts your hair in perfect condition for restoration. This powder is a recent discovery of my laboratories and its action is that of tonic and antiseptic. A package now comes with each full sized bottle and a trial sized package is included in my special patented free trial outfit. I urge you to send for this patented outfit today and prove how easily, surely and beneficially you can restore your own gray hair to its natural color.

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Send today for the special patented Free Trial outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer, and full instructions for making the convincing test on a single lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. Print name and address plainly. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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Hair Color Restorer
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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black.... dark brown.... medium brown.... auburn (dark red).... light brown.... light auburn (light red).... blonde....

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Pioneers of Progress

THE recent conference of University women of Canada promises constructive interest in educational work among women. It is most encouraging to know that these women will work for the welfare of the education of our girls.

The spread of education among women and girls is the most important factor in developing fine results in the lives and activities of women generally. Minds must be trained to lift girls and women out of narrow grooves.

Narrow minded women do more to destroy faith in human nature than any other influence. A narrow minded woman throws a green shade of envy and selfishness about her everywhere.

The really educated mind sees deepest into the hearts of others and discovers the beauty and strength of character that are not visible to the narrow vision of the ignorant.

Personality and poise count more than classic features these days — even in beauty contests.

The development of woman's higher education has been a long hard task of pioneer drudgery among a few sincere women who realized that we must have our girls and women so trained that they will love their work, will find joy in doing it, and who, because of their interest and ambition will give us the very finest products of their heads and hearts, and therefore, of their hands. Education of mind educates the heart —trains us to meet difficulties. "Activity means growth and development. Inactivity means decay and death."

A Woman Jeweler

A few years ago I heard Mrs. Claude Nash give an address to teachers, in which she made the statement that women could make a success in watch repairing in the jewelry stores. She wondered why young women did not take up this line of work. I think I mentioned this at the time because I have confidence in the judgment of Mrs. Nash. She is a keen student of the business girl—is fair and sympathetic to both the employer and employee. I have heard her speak twice and both times have been deeply impressed. Though her addresses were several years apart they were weighted with constructive suggestions for present day problems.

Today I read of a woman's work in the art of making jewelry and I thought of the suggestion of Mrs. Nash at the Teachers' Convention.

Miss Gertrude Peet of Cambridge, Massachusetts, describes her work in making jewelry as an occupation especially adapted for women. It requires delicacy of feeling with carefulness of execution. Miss Peet not only makes jewelry but she is instructor in jewelry at Camp Marbury, Vermont. At this camp she teaches the girls the pleasure of making beautiful objects in silver and gold.

Miss Peet became interested in making jewelry four years ago. Before that she had been doing arts and crafts things with brass and copper. She wanted to do finer things and took private lessons in jewelry design at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Definite individuality stamps her work. She was awarded a prize for the best work in gold at the Chicago exhibition last year. The Arts and Crafts Society of Portland, Maine, awarded her the Libby-Lovejoy medal for the best craft work in the society.

Miss Peet designs and makes rings and brooches, bracelets, earrings, chains, pendants, cuff links and stick-pins, but she is especially interested in brooches. Her favorite stone is the sapphire and it was a sapphire brooch that won her the Chicago prize.

She sets some of her sapphire pieces with small diamonds, yellow pearls, amethysts and Mexican opals.

Miss Peet does special work in designing pieces according to the individual. "Craft jewelry is a new field for the talented sensitive woman," says the one who interviewed Miss Peet, "but do not try it unless you have unlimited patience, considerable manual dexterity, an eye for color combinations, artistic feeling and taste, and unlimited ideas for original design."

A Distinguished Farm Girl

A fifteen year old girl, Peggy Keith of Virginia, has recently become champion at the exposition at Springfield, Massachusetts. Accompanied by her father and mother she cared for her live stock on the grounds.

The story of this distinguished farm girl really began when she was three years old. Her mother gave her a Shetland pony, and this pony, Cornia, has been her life long pet. Cornia occupied a post of honor in the centre of her animal display at the exhibition. Peggy is a success in breaking ponies. At eight years of age this little girl enrolled in club work in raising potatoes. Then she was active in canning the next year, as she won several blue ribbons in her work at the fair. The following year she raised corn and poultry. Her next endeavor in agricultural development was her interest in raising calves, three of which were in this display, as were also ten of her string of Shetland ponies. These ponies she bought from her own earnings. Peggy also has blooded collies. These with eight little collie puppies were an interesting feature of her animal display.

From the sale of her baby beeves and some of her ponies she bought four animals that are a foundation for her pure bred herd of Guernsey cattle. Peggy's animals were brought from Virginia to the exposition in Massachusetts in a special express car attached to through passenger trains.

A case filled with medals, ribbons and trophies that Peggy has won at horse shows, pony shows, hunt meets, fairs, and club affairs completed the interesting display of her work on the farm.

She has had work at the Agricultural College in her state and is trained to judge cattle, hogs, dairy cattle and sheep. During her training period she visited many of the best live stock farms in Virginia.

Since 1921 she has helped her father in his selection of beef cattle for feeding. She and her mother have a dairy herd of seventy-five cows and Peggy is the one who helps her mother in selecting productive cows for their herd every year.

There is not a happier girl in Virginia than Peggy. She loves her work among her animals and nothing could tempt her to leave the farm. Why am I telling her story? I want stories of Canadian girls. Write and tell us what you have done in your club work in canning, home economics and stock competition. Perhaps some of our girls have stories just as successful as this about Peggy Keith.

Another lovely spot on Canada's prairies. Near Brandon, Man. *See page 42.*

Tonic from Basil King's Conquest of Fear

With the life principle is the conquest principle. To resist, to survive, to win through, is the end to which the life principle sets itself with such singleness of aim as to unfold a wealth of potentiality astounding to us in looking backward. We would not grow if we did not struggle.

To be in harmony with the life principle and the conquest principle is to be in harmony with power; and to be in harmony with power is to be strong as a matter of course.

Go at it boldly, and you'll find unexpected forces closing round you and coming to your aid.

One cannot dwell much on the power of the life principle without coming sooner or later to the thought of God. God is with us to be utilized. His power, His love, His thought, His presence must be at our disposal, like other great forces, such as sunshine, wind and rain. We can use them in proportion to our ability. It is not a question of His giving, but of our capacity to take.

We hang clouds about us so heavy that God has difficulty to shine through.

Fear tends to produce the thing it is afraid of. Freedom from struggle would profit us not at all. On the contrary, it would render us nerveless, flabby, flaccid and inert. Struggle we may define as the act of wrestling with trial, so as to come out of it victoriously. Do not al-

THE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM

Continued from page 38.

low contrasts of your position with one higher to scorch the eyes of the soul.

The purpose of existence is growth. New perceptions, new comprehensions, new insights gained, new victories, even little victories, now constitute, I think, our treasures laid up in that heaven where neither moth nor wear-and-tear destroys, and where thieves do not break in and steal. Where this treasure is, there, naturally, our hearts will be also.

The more I can feel about me the atmosphere of omnipotence the less I am aware of fear. It being an axiom in teaching to give the pupil only what he can receive, this is the utmost that our Lord attempts. On the part of anyone working hard and trying on the whole to do right, the fear of being left without means amounts in effect to denial of God.

In eliminating money fears from my life I redirected my thought. I bring to my job in the way of industry, good intention and cheerfulness and new doors open to me where I saw only blank walls. There is force generated by working consciously for the work itself with a desire for excellence.

The closed mind is the deadwood of all occupations.

The conquest of fear is largely a question of vitality, abundant life, healthy, active and radiant in thought, word and action. Anything that drugs the mind or body creates fear.

A Girls' Camp

During the summer I was very much interested in a group of Girl Guides under the leadership of Miss Shelagh Kirby.

They camped for two weeks near me and a finer training for girls I have not seen. They roughed it in weather stormy and clear. They learned to serve in many ways—both mental and social.

This particular group of girls could well look up to their leader for her sleeve was covered with badges won through honest effort. She had worked her way to leadership. These badges interested me. On completion of each year's service, Guides may wear a six-point white metal badge on the left pocket.

Service stars are worn in a horizontal row on the flap of the left hand breast pocket. These were worn by Miss Kirby. She also wore an All-round Cord. This is worn round the right arm under the shoulder strap. This cord must have earned the following badges: First class aid, sick nurse or probationer, handy woman, swimmer, athlete or gymnast, naturalist, child nurse, laundress, domestic service, and five others chosen by herself.

Miss Kirby had won several more badges than were necessary for the cord, such as the interpreter's badge, the musician's, the ambulance and life saving. Her ambition and enthusiasm will lead her on to a place among the very highest in Guide work. Her qualities of personality in leadership inspire the finest kind of discipline among girls.

This group of girls did excellent nature work while there. I was surprised at the number of plant specimens they were taking to the naturalist.

The Girl Guide book of 479 pages describing the work necessary to attain the badges convinces me that a Girl Guide has the finest kind of opportunity to develop into an all round woman and attain that place where she may experience the most joy and happiness in life.

Under the six rules of health which are necessary for the second class badge I read this: 1—Fresh air. 2—Cleanliness of person, surroundings and mind. 3—Exercise. 4—Food. 5—Clothing. 6—Sleep, cleanliness of mind. Be careful not to read books which suggest wrong thoughts, for wrong thoughts dirty the mind. It you want to guard your thoughts, guard your eyes, so do not look at ugly, dirty things, especially pictures or plays. Nobody can be healthy without a clean, healthy mind.

A Guide must not take a reward for being helpful or courteous. She must try her best to do a good turn to somebody every day.

I know of no other organization for young girls so worthy as the Girl Guides. When every community in Western Canada has an organization of Girl Guides, I have no fear for future Canadian womanhood. The sense of honor developed in girlhood, the practical accomplishment in all lines of womanly work, the pure patriotism of clean womanhood through high minded spiritual ideals of the Girl Guide programme all must lead to the very best type of womanly citizenship.

A British Woman's Gift

A British woman, Hertha Ayrton, the only woman member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, recently died at Lancing, Sussex. She invented and constructed a line divider and assisted in the completion of a series of experiments on the electrical are for her husband, Professor Ayrton, during his absence in America. She has written much on electricity and invented in 1915 and presented to the War Office an anti-gas fan, of which more than 100,000 were used at the front.

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Giving REAL SILK for Christmas has become an annual event among our millions of customers; so much so that last year we could not make enough of this beautiful hosiery to go around—thousands were disappointed.

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The Real Silk Service Representative in your neighborhood is *now calling* on his customers and making Christmas Reservations. He will call at *your* home with actual samples of the hosiery in 40 beautiful shades and help you make your selections.

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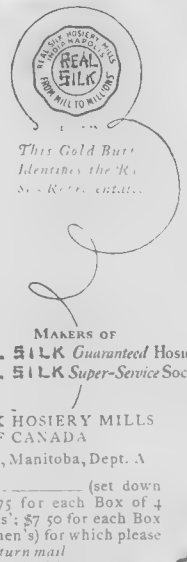

This Gold Bur... Identifies the R... Silk Knit... outfit...

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REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS OF CANADA
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Enclosed is ..... (set down amount; $7 75 for each Box of 4 pairs of ladies'; $7 50 for each Box of 5 pairs of men's) for which please send me by *return mail* box(s) of Real Silk Guaranteed Hosiery, assorted according to the colors I have written on this coupon.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

COLORS .....
(Write colors you want plainly; 4 colors assorted to the box if desired)

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS
211 Curry Building : Winnipeg, Manitoba

Moods of Girls

TIRED—sad—weak—troubled—afraid. If we are not tired we are rested. If we are not discouraged, we are ambitious. If we are not sad we are happy. If we are not weak we are strong. If we are not troubled we are clear-minded. If we are not afraid we are brave. The ideal we keep before us is the measure of our soul. We cannot aspire to big things and be small. We cannot enjoy the sunshine of girlhood if we wear the dark glasses of falsehood—insincerity.

One time the artist, Challoner, took a party of women through the art gallery in this city, and pointed out the characteristics of great paintings. "Great strokes indicate master ideals," he stated—large conceptions—they leave out the spears of grass."

We asked the reason.

"Because one who spends too much time on little details has small mental capacity," he replied.

"Our lives are songs—God writes the words,
And we set the music at leisure.
And the song is sad, or the song is glad,
As we choose to fashion the measure."

The Lure of the Sunwapta Trail

Where the river Gods are calling
'Way beyond the Sunwapta's trove
Where the shadows silent falling
Turn the skies from blue to mauve;
Where majestic turret towers
Softly whisper to the clouds
There I'll make my evening bowers
'Neath the pine trees guardian shrouds.

Then a silence only broken
By an echo which enthralls;
And I hear the rumbling token
'Tis the leaping Panther's Falls:
Soothed—my aching eyelids quiver
Sleep o'ercomes my weary form
Lulled, by music of the river
Lose my soul till break of morn.

Fresh'ning zephyrs scorn my sleeping
And I see the mist drift steal
Lace-like, silent is its creeping
Vanished portals then reveal—
Fairy-like Mt. Beacon's Tower
Who a cloak of multi-shade
Dons, and lures me from my bower,
Calls me 'cross the dewy glade.

—Harold F. Cruickshank.

Suggestive of the trip down the Sunwapta River and District in the Canadian Rockies.

The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Letters Received

A CORRESPONDENT at Yorkton, Sask., who writes for advice concerning books on business letter writing, has been written to personally.

Another correspondent from the same point, is kind enough to write because "I appreciate the thought and sentiment contained in your page. I received only a common school education but, as you suggest, I did not stop studying."

It is always a pleasure to read and answer letters from subscribers.

Speech

THERE are three things that ought to be considered before some things are spoken—the manner, the place, and the time.—Southey.

Discretion in speech in more than eloquence.—Lord Bacon.

There is a time for saying nothing; there is occasionally a time for saying something; there never is a time for saying everything.—Hugh of St. Victor.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good-humor, the fourth, wit.—Sir W. Temple.

A Vocabulary Builder

"LET us aim at meaning what we say, and saying what we mean," wrote Cardinal Newman. It is well recognized by thinking people that an adequate and properly controlled vocabulary is an asset in more ways than one, yet in spite of the time spent on English in our schools, many young men go into the world poorly equipped in the matter of speech. Many are conscious of their needs but having left school are somewhat at a loss to know the best plan for the improvement of their vocabulary.

It is a pleasure, therefore, to record the appearance of a new book from the press of the Century Company of New York, entitled "The Century Vocabulary Builder," by Garland Greever, and Joseph M. Bachelor. Although the book contains 320 pages, it is pocket size and is therefore very convenient for frequent reference during spare moments.

In the introduction, it is stated that:

"A man's utterance reveals what he is. It is the measure of his inward attainment."

"He who commands words commands events—commands men."

There is a very complete index, and the table of contents lists discussions on the following:

Reasons for increasing your vocabulary; the mastery of words in combination; what words to learn first; the analysis of your own vocabulary; the definition of words; how to look up a word in the dictionary; prying into a word's past.

The explanations are clear and interesting and are strengthened by the addition of many lists of words and of sentences and some fascinating exercises are provided as tests of progress. If desired, a Vocabulary Builder Notebook may be secured wherein the student may make a study of ten new words a week.

An interesting and valuable feature is a list of books that the authors recommend as specially useful for increasing the vocabulary, in addition to being interesting in themselves. The following paragraph precedes the list:

"One of the best ways to know words is through seeing them used by the masters. For this reason, as well as for many others, you should read extensively in good literature. The following lists of prose works may prove useful for your guidance. They are not intended to be exclusive, not intended to designate "the hundred best books." Rather do they name some good books of fairly varied types. These are not all of equal merit even in their use of words. Some use words with nice discrimination, some with splendid vividness and force. For each author, only one or two books are named, but in many instances you will wish to read further in the author, perhaps indeed his entire works." A portion of the list follows:

Biography:
Life of Samuel Johnson.
Life of Goldsmith.
Life of Mark Twain.

Essays:
Burke on Conciliation.
Essays of Emerson.
Essays of Macaulay.

Fiction:
Barrie: Sentimental Tommie.
Blackmore: Lorna Doone.
Bunyan: Pilgrim's Progress.
Eliot: Adam Bede.
Kipling: Plain Tales from the Hills.
Scott: Ivanhoe.
Stevenson: Treasure Island.
Thackeray: Vanity Fair.
Dickens: David Copperfield.
Hardy: The Return of the Native.

The Executive

THE young man who works for a corporation may, perhaps through his own limitations, work in a routine position but if through ability and opportunity he is able to secure promotion, he will need to study and develop some of the qualities that executives are known to have. A broad view is necessary, says W. P. Warren. A knowledge of the whole plan enables one to handle a part more intelligently.

Many workers are content to know merely their own part of the work, and never give a thought to really knowing what is going on in other departments of the same business. This necessarily limits their range of view and makes them in some degree less valuable. It is this very attitude that often keeps men doing one thing all their lives.

The right spirit is shown by the man who wants to know all he can about all parts of the business as well as all about his own work. To have some conception of the business as a whole enables a man to work in harmony with the purposes of his employer, and to carry out the spirit as well as the letter of his instructions. This must eventually tell in the quality of the man's work, and so affect his standing and progress.

That some men rise in a few years from the lowest to the highest position is always a matter of interest and encouragement to others. It is difficult to set on paper the causes that make for promotion and for executive growth, but in a recent issue of the American School Board Journal the following statement is supplied concerning the qualities of the executive and it is possible that young men may find in it some suggestions for the development of qualities that count in the work of today:

Qualities of the Executive—

1. The work of the executive is to plan, organize, delegate and supervise.
2. The executive is responsible for seeing that the details of the work for which he is responsible are delegated to some one.
3. The executive should be presented with full details only when these are necessary to help him in forming decisions.
4. The executive keeps permanent records of his own important decisions.
5. The executive will have the duties of his subordinates clearly set forth in writing.
6. The executive will see that each individual is allowed to function as far as possible in the field where he is qualified and interested.
7. The executive will give full credit to others for results achieved by them.
8. The executive will see to it that no man is indispensable to that organization.
9. Decisions of the central office should be reached only after discussion among those involved.
10. The executive will allow under-studies sufficient chance to exercise responsibility and make decisions to be sure that they will do it wisely.
11. The executive will lead not drive.
12. The executive will challenge and stimulate ability by giving it a chance.
13. The executive will foster ability by giving it recognition when it is displayed.
14. Among the characteristics of the efficient, successful, executive are:
    (a) Character.
    (b) Courage.
    (c) Sound judgment.
    (d) A sense of humor.
    (e) A creative sober imagination.
    (f) Ability to understand men.
    (g) Open mindedness.
    (h) Alertness.
    (i) Ability to cooperate.
    (j) Organizing ability.
    (k) Tact.
    (l) Courtesy.
    (m) Knowledge.

Tested Virtues

"TURNING back, as it were, through my forty-three years of business experience, seeking to ascertain what particular factor or factors contributing to whatever success I may have obtained, remembering that I started with practically no capital, and it was necessary to establish a reputation in order to secure credit, I conclude that I must have impressed at least some others with the fact that I possessed at least the following characteristics:

Honesty Industry Economy

A keen sense of the necessity of fulfilling my obligations, financial or otherwise.

Honesty would not have been sufficient without industry. Honesty and industry might not have counted for much without economy. Honesty, industry and economy might not have been sufficient, except accompanied by a deep sense of meeting obligations and engagements promptly.

Under these conditions, even with very ordinary ability, success is all but assured."—From Touchstones of Success.

Quotations That Suggest

ABILITY. "I can't" can do nothing; "I'll try" can do many things; "I will" can do most things.

Brevity: If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—Southey.

Companions: Let each see well to his company, for such as we keep in this world, we are likely to have in the next.

Defects: People treat their weaknesses and defects as children do their lessons—they skip those parts that are troublesome to read.—Leighton.

Exaggeration. Don't accustom yourself to use big words for little matters.—Dr. Johnson.

Friendship: When two friends part they should lock up one another's secrets and interchange the keys.—Feltham.

Good nature: A shrewd observer once said that, in walking the streets of a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people live by the ashes thrown on the ice, before the doors.—Franklin.

Improvement: People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

Judging: Had we not faults of our own, we should take less pleasure in observing those of others.—Rochefoucald.

Kindness: He who has conferred a kindness should be silent; he who has received one should speak of it.—Seneca.

Life: Life is the preface to eternity; unfortunately it is a preface that we cannot skip, and the dedication is too often made to the wrong person.—New Republic.

Money: Possess your money. Don't let your money possess you.

Novelty: Novelty is the foundation of the love of knowledge.—Sidney Smith.

Obstacles: The block of granite which is an obstacle in the path of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong.—Carlyle.

Perfection: Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.

Quarrelling: When one will not quarrel, two cannot.

Reluctance: I have never regretted what I did willingly, but often what I have done reluctantly.—Rahel.

Self-esteem: As many faults come from our not esteeming ourselves enough, as from esteeming ourselves too much.—Montesquieu.

Time: It is better to lose anything than to lose time; we can recover lost money, but time is irrecoverable.—St. Chrysostom.

Use of powers: By neglecting to use your faculties you will in time lose the very power of using them.—Seed.

Vocation: We are led on, like little children, by a way that we know not.—George Eliot.

Work: Who will not the mill, will not the meal.—Latin Proverb.

Young Men: The best rules to form a young man are, to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinions, and value others that deserve it.—Sir W. Temple.

Zeal: When zeal runs without discretion's warrant, it commonly makes more haste than good speed.—Bishop Henshaw.

Why Mistakes are Made

IT HAS been said that success does not consist in never making a mistake but in not making the same mistake twice. Waldo P. Warren writes that mistakes do not "happen"—they are the results of causes. A vast measure of time, money, and opportunity is lost in making mistakes and trying to rectify them.

To correct mistakes is good work, but to prevent them is a far higher achievement. The "ounce of prevention" may be applied by carefully considering some of the chief causes of errors in business. They are:

Carelessness, inattention and superficial interest.
Laziness—not being willing to take the trouble.
Accepting appearances as facts without investigation.
Proceeding without discussion or advice.
Impulsive decisions not well thought out
Lack of foresight and preparation.
Wrong theories and biased advice.
False economy and desire for gain
Lack of tact and thoughtfulness.
Forgetting and neglect of duty.
Depending on those not properly instructed.
Failure to take due precautions.
Failure to safeguard weak points.
Overconfidence and exaggerated hopes.

The remainder may be charitably classified as the result of human frailty.

MUSIC AND THE HOME

MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION REPORTED TIBET HAD QUITE JOLLY LITTLE TUNES

But made a Deuce of a Row With Trumpets and Things

Visitor to Tibet Last Year Gives Interesting Details of the Tibetan Tunes and Orchestras

A FRIEND, who has been enjoying a few months' stay in England, has forwarded the writer some interesting data on music in that interesting country of Tibet. This letter was suggested by the showing for the first time of a film in London depiciting the work of the Mount Everest Expedition This expedition reported many interesting observations, but of music they said, "the Tibetans had quite jolly little tunes, but made a deuce of a row with trumpets and things."

The information sent is based on an account of the music of Tibet contributed to the Musical Times by Mr. T. Howard Somervell, who visited that far off and little known land in 1922. Referring to the musical instruments used in Tibet, Mr. Somervell said: "These are not very many in number, but comprise wood-wind, brass, percussion, and strings.

Use Drums of All Sizes

"THE principal item in the Tibetan orchestra is the percussion. There are drums of all sizes, from the small one made of the top of a human skull to drums several feet in diameter. In addition there are cymbals and gongs of various sorts. The Tibetans employ two wind instruments—a long straight trumpet, some 10-feet in length, and a kind of cor anlais, played with a double-reed and provided with seven holes, which are equidistant, and comprise an octave, therefore sounding in the scale of wholetones. The foregoing instruments are employed in the temples, and with them the lamas accompany the devil dances which are so important a feature in their worship.

"Mendicants and private individuals use two stringed instruments. The Tibetan violin, the more elaborate of the two, has four strings, tuned a fifth apart, Nos. 1 and 3 sounding A, Nos. 2 and 4 sounding the D below. The bow has two hanks of yak-hair, threaded between strings 1 and 2, and between 3 and 4 respectively. Thus, when pressed against No. 1 string, it sounds No. 3 also, and when pressed in the opposite direction it plays on Nos. 2 and 4.

"The fingering is done on all the strings at once, which necessitates their being close together at the nut, the pressing of the bow alone determining which pair of strings shall sound. In addition to this violin there is a one-stringed banjo-like instrument on which tunes are sometimes played, but which is more often twanged to one of the characteristic rhythms mentioned below."

Remind One of Scotch Tunes

LATER on Mr. Somervell said of the tunes of these people: "The Tibetan music that we heard divides itself into three sections. First, the airs sung by the people and played by mendicant fiddlers (these are in the pentatonic scale); second, the chanting of the lamas; and, third, the more orchestral music of the temples. The folk-tunes are simple, usually repeated many times, and almost always in the pentatonic scale. They suggest the negro 'Spirituals.' The mendicant fiddlers play delightful little tunes suggestive of the Scottish Highlands, in the pentatonic scale or more rarely in the scale of whole tones."

Again Mr. Somervell said, "The Tibetan orchestra, which plays more organized music at the larger temples during religious festivals, was intensely interesting to listen to, although a trifle monotonous after a few hours.

Three Parts to Their Orchestra Music

"THE music of the Tibetan orchestra consists generally of the following component parts: (1) Rhythm, kept up in the drums and cymbals, and never ceasing, even when the other parts are silent; (2) the drone-bass, played on two of the long trumpets, and consisting almost invariably of two notes, a minor seventh apart; (3) the air often monotonously repeated hundreds of times, played on the Tibetan equivalent of the cor anglais."

PUTTING IN FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY ON YOUR FAVORITE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT AT LEAST

THE girls and women of our country can well afford to take the advice of Helen Tyler Cope, who urges the members of her sex who are studying the piano, or about to study the piano, never to entirely give up practice, though the duties of married life some time overtakes them.

"After spending twelve years and considerable means," she says, "on piano study I married—just at the time I might have begun to turn my talent into a profitable career.

"Most girls do!

"Soon the duties of a home, with other newly acquired interests, so absorbed my time that I began to neglect my music and stopped regular practice hours.

"Most young matrons do!

"When the duties of motherhood came, like every good woman in modest circumstances, I found my time so completely occupied that I gave up my music almost entirely.

"Most mothers do!

"Such a mistaken sacrifice this is; for in a few short years gone are the babyhood days, you again have more time for yourself; but, alas! your technique is almost gone and you find you must make the poor old excuse. "I'm so out of practice," when friends ask you to play.

"Young women of talent, do not make this foolish mistake. You can find time if you determine to do it! I know this from my own experience, for at the present time I am busier, doing more, accomplishing more along lines worth while, than ever before, and also getting in 'fifteen minutes a day—at least' of good, systematic work at the piano!

"When I suddenly and remorsefully realized the fact that I had failed to take care of the talent the Lord gave me, thereby showing ingratitude to my parents for educating me—I resolved to make amends. In doing so I am getting more real joy out of my music than ever before. In working up the favorite old pieces I loved so, I get that deepened, really true interpretation of the masterpieces, which comes to those who have loved, known all the heart throbs of sorrow and joy which only time brings. As to my personal practice time, I chose (after several unsuccessful attempts at various hours), my first 'fifteen minutes—at least,' immediately after breakfast. If I even started my busy day's routine, often I never could get back to the piano! I determined to let things wait that long, and the habit once established, like all others, it clings. I have improved my faltering fingers much in a short time, and can play creditably a few selections which I once did so well; for the same old Liszt, Chopin, etc., are ever new and beautiful, since they last, when the modern, so-called popular stuff is old!

"Get back to your scales, five-fingers, arpeggios and some specially difficult passages early in the day if possible, then spend more evenings at home with your solo practices! Do not think forty years old, but forty years young—few have ever done anything in the artistic world much younger—certainly most of the "great" are in their prime then!

"Remembering that technique is not all; and, if you despair sometimes over your stumbling fingers, try to make up in your heart and soul's expressive playing what your fingers lack.

Although, of course, this is written from the piano standpoint, the same is true of any musical instrument which one happens to be studying.

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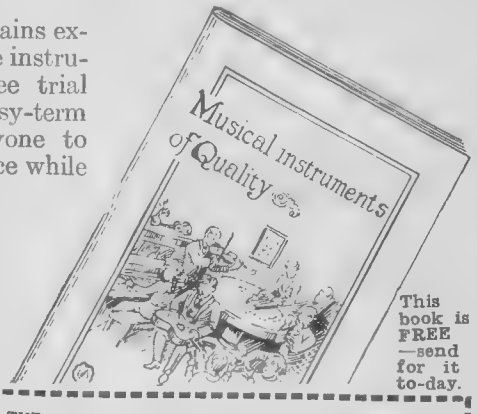

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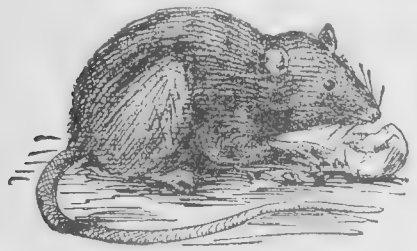

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Making the Bald Prairie Blossom

Over 70,000,000 Trees Distributed to Western Farmers for Planting of Shelter Belts—Fruits Flourish and Gardens Prosper.

THE old idea of the prairies, long stretches of bleak, arid country without even a tree to change the monotony of the landscape, has become out of date and the tourist or business man crossing the prairies today finds that clumps of trees are the rule rather than the exception. The resulting effect is good for the farmer, good for the land and more than good for the traveller who, crossing the prairies today, finds a succession of "plantings" to relieve the landscape and knows that behind the windbreaks of poplar or willow are nestled the houses of the farmers.

The change in appearance was not brought about overnight; in fact, it only came after years of hard work by the tree-planting enthusiasts who took the work in hand and urged the farmers to try and benefit themselves by planting trees on their property, either in the form of windbreaks or for the purposes of producing wood, fuel or fence posts.

The absence of trees on the prairies has always been considered a great drawback and an uphill fight to overcome this has been waged for years. The early settlers, coming from well-wooded countries, in many cases brought trees from Ontario or other places and tried to grow these. For one reason or another, failures were frequent, and the idea soon prevailed that trees could not be grown on the prairies. Gradually, however, individual farmers persisted with such native varieties as maples, and though regarded as faddists by their neighbors, were able to demonstate that by proper soil preparation and culture, trees could be grown successfully.

It was, however, not until 1901 that any real co-operative effort at tree planting was made. Today, 22 years later, shelter belts are flourishing everywhere, farmers are growing fruits which previously they never dreamed of growing, and as a result the whole country is better off. In 1901 the federal government, realizing the need of trees and also realizing that few of the new settlers were financially able to purchase the necessary nursery stock, worked out a system of free distribution of seedlings, cuttings and tree seed in sufficiently large individual lots to encourage the settlers to establish a really practical system of shelter belts.

The most important regulation drawn up was one concerning the preparation of the soil for tree planting. The government officials in charge decided that trees should be supplied only for planting on well-prepared summerfallow, as this would provide a reasonable amount of moisture to start the young trees and at the same time ensure the eradication of the native couch grass and sweet grass, the worst enemies of the prairie plantation. Another regulation was that trees should not be planted within 30 yards of any permanent buildings and provision also was made for fencing the plantations and to ensure reasonable cultivation until the trees should become established.

This distribution was available only to farmers living on the open prairie. Where trees or free seeds could be easily obtained from bush in the neighborhood of other farms, it was felt that the farmer could there look after himself.

Even with this system of free distribution and assistance, farmers were at first slow to take advantage of the trees offered them. Forty-seven farmers in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories applied in 1901 and were supplied with 58,000 seedlings. In subsequent years the applications increased. In 1901, 466,000 seedlings were sent out; in 1903, 917,950 and in 1904, a total of 1,800,000. Every plantation which succeeded acted as a stimulus in encouraging more farmers in that district to apply for trees, and in 1916 the demand had grown so rapidly that over 10,200 applicants were in the inspection lists and in 1917 some 7,664,000 seedlings and cuttings were distributed from the Indian Head and Sutherland nursery stations.

These Little Pigs Don't need to Go to Market. On Frank Ehler's Farm, Wingard, Sask.

From 1901 to 1923 inclusive the total distribution of seedlings and cuttings amounted to 70,039,000. This number went from the government stations alone. In addition, millions of trees were sold to farmers by commercial nurseries, and other millions were grown from seeds or transplanted to windbreaks by farmers living near bush areas.

Wherever proper care has been given, and the land in the first instance was properly prepared, the tree plantations have flourished. It is estimated that as a result of government distribution alone, 40,000 shelter-belts have been established in the three prairie provinces, and this number is increasing year by year. Hundreds of farmers, in their letters, place valuations of from $500 to $5,000 on their tree belts with the majority estimating their value at around $1,000. Taking even the conservative estimate of $300 as a valuation, the 40,000 shelter-belts would have an aggregate value of $12,000,000, while it has cost some $800,000 to operate the tree-planting division since its inception.

At the Indian Head Nursery Station experiments with various types of trees are being constantly made and new species are being tested to ascertain their suitability for prairie planting. While fruit production on the prairies is not looked for on a commercial basis, it has been demonstrated that with proper care any farmer can grow ample for home consumption. This is made possible by the development of shelter-belts, inside which the small fruits and vegetables flourish. At Indian Head several varieties of Russian apples of large size are successfully fruiting, plums of fair quality are produced in any normal season, while raspberries, currants, gooseberries and strawberries are grown without difficulty. And the difference between having one's own fruit for the canning season and having to buy it can readily be appreciated by any housewife.

The western prairies can be beautified and they are being beautified by the planting of trees. Inside the shelter-belts which enclose many farm houses one finds today magnificent gardens of flowers with the kitchen garden producing fruits and vegetables for the farmer's table. There is a commercial value to all this, but perhaps even beyond the dollars and cents value there is the advantage of making the prairies more liveable for the settler and his family and more pleasing to the eye of the man or woman tourist who, in the early days of settlement, dreaded the long monotonous ride over flat or rolling prairie with scarcely a tree in sight across the entire landscape.

The Park at the C.N.R. Station, North Battleford, Sask.

PRAIRIE horticulture, it is claimed, is older than the earliest settlements of white people on the plains of Western Canada. The Sioux Indians grew corn and squash before the white man arrived, and many westerners claim that the large thickets of wild plums found on reservations along the Rainy River and elsewhere, have developed from seed carried there from Minnesota and Wisconsin by the red men. The natives eagerly sought garden seeds from early traders, according to W. R. Leslie, B. S. A., Superintendent Dominion Ex-

Continued on Page 43

Making the Bald Prairie Blossom

Continued from Page 42

perimental Station at Morden, Man., and several decades ago, good gardens were to be found on the Moose Woods and other reserves.

The horticultural efforts of the early settlers were naturally very limited. Some had no gardens whatever, while others grew potatoes and rhubarb, and depended on the storekeeper for canned goods. A few secured roots of the wild black currant and domesticated them in the garden. The majority, however, followed the custom of the Indians and depended upon the coulees, ravines and river flats for their supply of fresh fruits. Indians did a good trade in gathering and selling wild raspberries, strawberries, plums and other fruits, just as they do today.

A generation ago a number of settlers were attempting to grow tree fruits. Thirty years ago a few apple trees bore fruit. The Indian agent on Rainy Lake, near Fort Frances, almost on the eastern edge of the prairies, had a Duchess of Oldenburg tree which bore a number of bountiful crops of good fruit. A. P. Stevenson, founder of Pine Grove Nursery at Morden, Man., was growing crab apples and beginning to harvest standard apples. In 1921 the apple crop of A. P. Stevenson and Sons, pioneers in the fruit-growing venture, reached a total of 300 barrels. This was made up chiefly of 15 varieties of standard apples. Dr. R. Moore, of Fort Frances, Ont., has been growing orchard crops for 20 years and has many varieties of plums and apples thriving. Thomas Frankland did much valuable work with plums at Stonewall, and D. W. Buchanan, in his nursery at St. Charles, Man., developed a number of varieties of improved native plums.

Down at Indian Head Forestry Station, Norman H. Ross has grown fair crops of such apples as Blushed, Calville, Hibernal, Wealthy and Charmalog, and bountiful crops of such high quality plums as Tokato and Mammoth.

In Northern Manitoba, at Valley River, W. J. Boughen is growing many kinds of small fruits, plums and crab-apples.

By their experimental work in the growing of apples, plums, and other fruits, the branch farms of the Dominion Experimental Farm system are carrying out a splendid and valuable work. The result is helping the Western farmer and thus benefiting all of Canada.—A. N. L.

Managed

By N. Steeves

"I'LL manage him, Phyllis, don't you worry about that!" and Aunt Julia swept the kitchen vigorously as she added assuringly, "I know Abram Brand!"

"But, Aunt Julia, Harold says there is no changing him once he has made up his mind. He has forbidden Harold to marry me, so that is all there is about it. Please don't argue with the old savage."

"I assure you, Phyllis, I will not argue, leave that to me!"

"I know, Aunt Julia, that you would do anything in your power to help matters, but it is of no use, nothing can alter him. If Harold disobeys him he will disinherit him, and you know what that means. Harold penniless! I just couldn't allow that to happen, never!"

"You won't need to," her aunt replied as she gave the doormat a vigorous shake.

"Well, everything is off, I have broken the engagement, and will apply for a school at once. I wish now that I hadn't resigned at Niles Corners. It is a good thing that I haven't bought anything for my trousseau that I cannot easily make use of," sighed Phyllis.

"Hush, dear, didn't I tell you to leave it to me."

"But, Aunt Julia, you don't know all the things he said. I just couldn't tell you everything, or you would never speak to him again, never!"

"Humph, I don't speak to him anyway, haven't for two years," she replied, rinsing her hands at the kitchen sink, "but for once he will hear me again."

"Oh, auntie," pleaded Phyllis, "please don't, it will only make matters worse. Don't have anything to do with him. Oh, the dreadful things he said about us! Said we were of no account, just upstarts after his money, and as many other horrible things besides, equally insulting. Of course Harold didn't tell me all that, but Sarah Jenkins did; you know her mother works there now. And she overheard the whole thing, so it is straight enough. He said it."

"He did, did he," her aunt replied coolly, as she drew a cape over her shoulders and brushed back her rumpled gray hair with her hands.

"Phyllis, child," she said in her kindest voice, "I'll be back soon, you just peel the potatoes, I'll be back in time to get the dinner on. Cheer up, dear, I understand the heart of Abram Brand!"

Phyllis knew that to remonstrate further was useless, besides her aunt was already far down the garden path.

"What on earth is she going to do?" she asked as she watched the old lady hurrying up the hill in the direction of Brand's farmhouse. "Goodness me! I wish I hadn't told her a thing about it. Things are bad enough already without more trouble added. Oh, to think of her going to intercede for me, it is just too horrible that!" and the hot tears blinded her.

When Phyllis came down to dinner an hour later, her eyes were red and swollen, but her aunt took no notice of it apparently. The men had come in from the fields as dinner was ready to serve, and Phyllis busied herself in the kitchen until they went out again.

"Come and eat your dinner, child," called her aunt when they had gone, and Phyllis sat down, but ate nothing, neither did she ask concerning the affair of the morning. And her aunt did not refer to it in anyway. Phyllis wished very much to know all, but she resented her aunt's interference too keenly to allow herself to make any inquiries as to the result; besides, she knew well how futile it must have been.

That afternoon Phyllis was lying in the hammock reading, or rather trying to read, for her thoughts were on the distant field where Harold was likely at work. Miles of orchard hugged the winding river which glittered like a burnished mirror; no cool breath was wafted from it to temper the sweltering air. The leaves were dull with dust of many rainless weeks, everyone of them hanging motionless. Within the roomy old-fashioned farmhouse, Aunt Julia's ancient clock seemed to echo the dismal song of heat the crickets made. The wide verandah, sheltered by thick vines, seemed the coolest spot in all the valley. Nevertheless, Phyllis was not in the mood to think long of anything but the calamity that had so suddenly ended her happiness. Far away she saw a car speeding along the white road, and as it came nearer she saw it was Abram Brand's. Phyllis quickly turned her back to the road.

"The old savage!" she muttered, "I'll not speak to him even if Aunt does."

"Hello there!" called a familiar voice as the car stopped at the gate.

"Oh, Harold! I thought it was your father, he never allows you to drive the car."

"No, he doesn't usually, but say, Phyllis, my father is sick, or something has come over him. It is all a puzzle to me. Listen! He didn't speak to me at breakfast, did not even look up when I spoke to him; then about an hour before dinner he called me in from the field and said he had an important matter he wanted to speak about. Guess what it was, Phyllis? Said he had changed his mind about my marrying you, and not only that, but listen. He said the sooner the better, as he wished to take a trip to the East for a holiday and that we could manage the business all right without him. He even advised me not to wait for the consent of your parents; evidently he doesn't know they have consented. Say, now, what do you think of that?"

"I think," said Phyllis radiantly "that he is an old dear!"

Aunt Julia told her that evening, when Phyllis had gone happily to her to announce the good news, the whole story of her visit to Abram Brand's that morning. She had found him sitting on the verandah smoking. He pretended not to see her, but she knew he did for his dog barked from the moment she clicked the gate and kept barking at her all the way up the path. To her "good morning!" the old man said nothing, he just knocked the ashes from his pipe and leaning forward patted his dog as if in gratitude for protecting him against an enemy. After awhile he snapped out,

"Do you want anything?"

"Yes, Abram Brand," Aunt Julia told him, "I want you to understand that your son must mind his own affairs from now on. He has had the impudence to call several times to see my niece, and she has been silly enough to encourage him not knowing his low birth. She is of too good a family to stoop to the likes of him, and I want it stopped."

When she had ceased speaking, the old man's eyes were bulging out in speechless wrath. He brought his huge cane down with a thundering crash, his dog barked and growled viciously and she didn't know just what might happen next.

"Julia MacDonald!" he shrieked at length, smashing an innocent rose-bush with his cane, "look here, you viper! you lying monster! My son is as good as anyone in this country, he'll go with anyone he wishes, what business is it of yours!"

"My niece is in my care while her parents are in California and they would be horrified to know the kind of company she is keeping. It is my business to see that it is stopped, and at once. I have stated my reasons," she concluded.

"Your reasons be hanged! Go home about your business!" he shouted after her.

Aunt Julia said she came home with a light heart, for, she added with a merry laugh to Phyllis, "I knew the leaven was working; he's the stubbornest man the Lord ever put breath in. Be thankful that his son isn't like him!"

"Oh," said Phyllis, "I am thankful most for you just now!" and she gave her a fervent hug.

How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day

By Hugh Fraser

A FEW years ago a book was written by a brilliant English essayist with the suggestive title: "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day." The writer showed in a very convincing way what a tremendous amount of work could be accomplished by those who knew how to take care of the spare moments.

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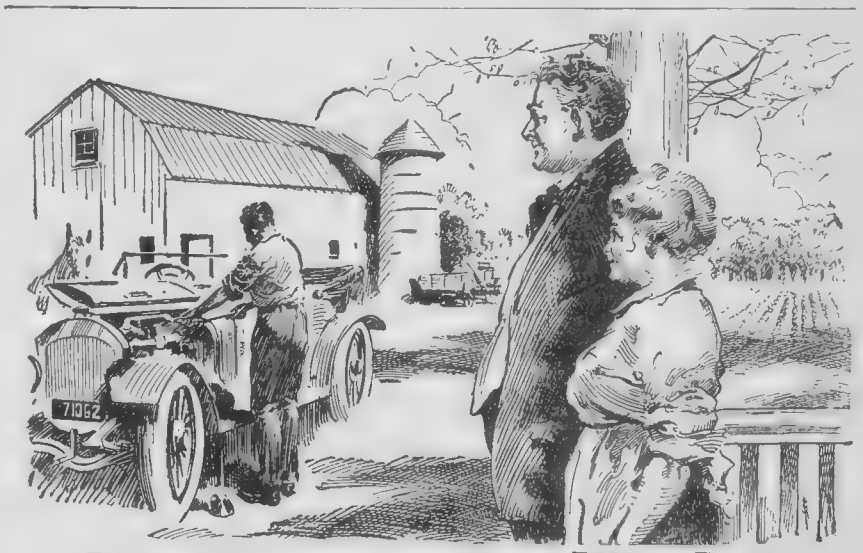
Just think what some men have accomplished in their spare time. John Wesley

Continued on Page 46



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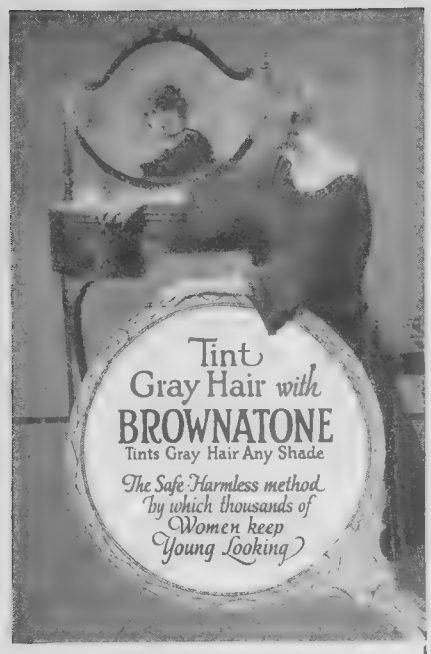

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Charwoman or Typist?

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

MRS. Thurston glanced up from the letter she had just been reading. "Your father will never be fit to work the farm again," she said to her ten-year-old daughter, Doris.

"What does the Doctor say," asked Doris.

"He says," went on the Mother, "that if your Father stops heavy work and takes life easily, he may still live for years. Otherwise, Doctor Brown will not be responsible for the consequences."

"I don't see how we'll manage," said Doris. Hard times had made her very grown-up in her talk, even though she still played with dolls!

"Your father will have to stay in the hospital quite a while yet," replied Mrs. Thurston. "You and I are no use on a farm. We'll rent it and move to town, where I can find work I can do. We'll speak to Mr. Irving about it this evening when he comes to do the chores. He always did want our farm and I think he'll jump at the chance to rent it."

It was as Mrs. Thurston had predicted, so two weeks later saw her in town ready to try her hand at any work she could do.

"The rent of the farm will pay part of our rent here," she said to Doris. "For the rest we must rustle."

"I wish I could help," sighed Doris.

"So do I," agreed Mrs. Thurston. "Still you'll have to go to school during the day. After that you'll be too tired to do anything."

"Now we're in town, I might sell my embroidery or make dolls' clothes," suggested Doris.

"You might," replied Mrs. Thurston. "But I don't want you to feel compelled to do so at your age. You're too young."

"You're so delicate, Mother," ventured Doris.

In truth, Mrs. Thurston was delicate. She did not look like a woman fit to cope with life's hardships. She had been a teacher once, and in those days she had been waited on and never done a day's housework. After her marriage, she had worked around the house a little. Her husband had always milked the cows, tended to the garden and done the chores. People had wondered why Mrs. Thurston married a farmer. She, herself had wondered too, only when one is very much in love one does not think so much of the man's occupation as of the man himself; besides Jim Thurston had said:—"I'll do all the hard work," and he had kept his word. He had never asked his wife to do what he could do himself, and when he was ill, a neighbor had come round and given a helping hand.

When Mrs. Thurston went to the Employment Bureau and said she was a farmer's wife, the Agent, naturally, expected she would be fit for hard work, and he offered her a position to clean out a Typewriting Office in the city. Strange to say, she accepted it. The pay was higher than was generally given for such work.

"You'll never do it," said Doris, in her grown-up way.

"I'll have to try," said Mrs. Thurston. "It's an impossibility to find congenial work without influence."

So Mrs. Thurston went to the Central Typewriting Office belonging to two brothers, Charlie and John Ashdown, and she made the place as clean as she could. Her delicate hands could hardly squeeze a mop! Her frail body revolted against its unused drudgery. Mrs. Thurston, however, had a will of iron and her love for her child was so overmastering that it helped her to do seeming impossibilities.

"You don't look strong enough for the work," John Ashdown had observed when he engaged her.

"I can do it all the same," Mrs. Thurston had replied.

Another woman would have remarked imperfections in the work. The boards were streaked as if Mrs. Thurston could not polish them alright. The surface shone up in patches! It was not done evenly, still the general appearance of the office was one of tidiness, and no man could find any fault with it! Waste paper was collected and put away, the floor was swept and clean—after a fashion,—the tables and chairs were dusted. In all this work, Mrs. Thurston found a compensation. She cleaned the typewriters as they had never been cleaned before. They were not locked up; for who would think that a "charwoman" would want to look at typewriters?

ONE day, Charlie Ashdown, the elder of the two brothers, came to the office earlier than usual. He found Mrs. Thurston cleaning the inside of a typewriter! She was only supposed to dust the covers!

"You needn't clean the machinery," observed Charlie Ashdown. "You may break the works. You don't understand it."

Mrs. Thurston smiled a superior smile. "I understand it," she said. However, she closed the machine. When she was gone, Charlie Ashdown opened the typewriter, "to see what mischief that charwoman had done."

"Strange," he muttered to himself. "It's alright," He walked round the Office and examined every typewriter. There were six in all. They were in perfect condition. He knew the girl typists, when they rushed home at closing time, could not have cleaned them. They were kept too busy up to the last minute, at general copying, to do this.

"My charwoman's a puzzle," he muttered. From that day, he took the habit of dropping in at unexpected times—whilst the office was being cleaned. He kept behind his own desk, seeming to take no interest in anything else. But he did so, in reality. Those typewriters were expensive. He did not want anyone tampering around with them.

Mrs. Thurston did the floor in her inefficient manner, dusted all round, then glancing in the direction of her employer, she walked up to a machine and opened it. In a hesitating manner, she looked it over, then taking a small brush, she cleaned it. Afterwards, she oiled it. She handled the machine as if she loved it, as if she had been used to typewriters all her life.

Mr. Ashdown came out of his inner office, from behind his glass door. In his hand, he held a slip of paper. "Will you please take this down to the 'Evening Star' Office for me," he said. "And see it is inserted three times. Here is the money to pay for it."

Mrs. Thurston put on her faded hat and worn-out coat, and left the office. Arrived at the "Evening Star," the clerk handed her back the slip of paper. "I can't make out the writing very well," he said. "Would you mind putting it clearer?"

Mrs. Thurston glanced at the paper, read it carefully, then putting it in her pocket, she replied:—"I'll be back again with it," and she walked home.

When Doris returned from school, she found her Mother sitting before a typewriter.

"Why, Mother," she laughed. "It seems like old times, to see that machine again. Are you writing a story?"

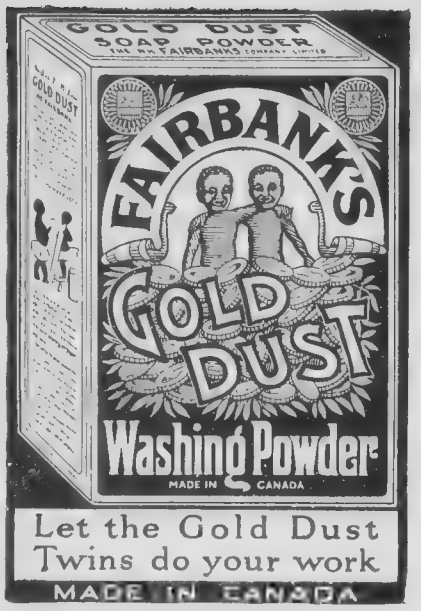
In leisure moments, Mrs. Thurston had often written a child's story, and it had given her her pin money on the farm.

"I'm answering an advertisement," she replied. "Read this," she handed her daughter a slip of paper.

"Wanted educated woman to do special copying at home. Write at once. Central Typewriting Office."

"Mother," cried Doris, excitedly. "That's where you work. Was the advertisement in the paper?"

"No," replied Mrs. Thurston. "I was asked to insert it. Instead, I'm answering it myself. I'll have to find some way to return the money Mr. Ashdown gave me for it. If I get the work, I'll undercharge until it comes



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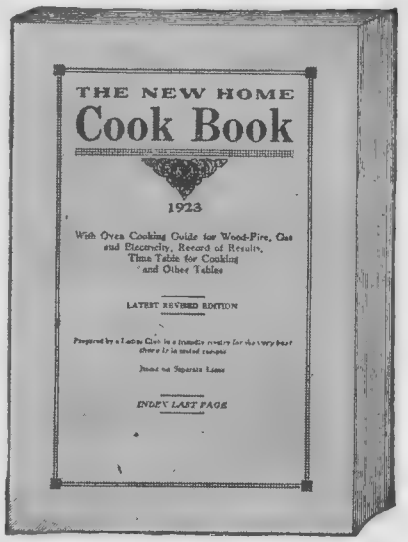

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Charwoman or Typist?

Continued from Page 44

right. If I don't get it, I'll have to find some other way."

"Do you think Mr. Ashdown will come here," asked Doris. "Wouldn't it be a joke, if he did?"

"It would be no joke," answered her Mother. "He wouldn't give his kind of work to a charwoman!"

"Don't call yourself that, Mother darling," said Doris. "I'll soon be old enough to help you. Then you'll be able to give up that work. Doesn't it tire you dreadfully?"

"It does," admitted Mrs. Thurston. "But we've got to live. The hospital bills mount up all the time. I hoped your father would be out before now."

"Have you told him how you work," asked Doris.

Mrs. Thurston laughed. "I told him I worked in an office," she replied.

"Well, that's true, anyway," agreed Doris, and she smiled. "How will you get this typewriting, if Mr. Ashdown sees you?" she asked.

"I know his ways, said Mrs. Thurston. "He does everything by mail. He'll never come here."

Nor did he. In answer to Mrs. Thurston's beautifully typed letter and sample of her work a huge parcel arrived the following morning. Soon the "Charwoman" found every spare minute of her day taken up. She sent out weekly bills, which were promptly paid. The money enabled her to furnish two rooms, into one of which, her husband was later moved. He looked very different from the strong, capable farmer he had once been. Mrs. Thurston set her lips resolutely as she realized the luxuries that must henceforward be necessities, at least to him.

"You work too hard," he grumbled once. "I don't see why you work downtown, and at home as well. You should throw up one of the jobs."

"I'll see about it," said his wife, and in the afternoon, she talked matters over with her daughter, while they were shopping together.

"I don't know what I'd do without you, Doris," she said. "You understand everything. I almost forget you're a child. I don't mean to worry you about everything."

"It's all right, Mother," said Doris. "We're chums, you know."

This was the simple truth. Capable as Mrs. Thurston proved herself in her "Copying" and ability to make one dollar do the work of ten, she always loved to talk things over first with her daughter. Once Doris knew of her plans, the child's love and sympathy acted as a spur when otherwise Mrs. Thurston might have broken down. For this child, she felt able to endure any hardship.

"Everywhere, people are hanging on to their jobs," remarked Mrs. Thurston. "If my home work should come abruptly to an end, where would we be? Don't you notice how your Father seems to need things he never wanted before?"

"I have noticed it," answered Doris. "But he thinks you make more money than you do, just because you are so good at managing. All the same, Mother, you can't make yourself ill. You're so pale. I wonder father hasn't noticed it."

"I never was anything else," remarked Mrs. Thurston, whose spirit was always willing even if the flesh were weak. "This book I am typing for Mr. Ashdown will soon be finished. He may give me another. Still, he may not."

"If he does, you'll promise me not to work at the office, won't you?"

"If he does," agreed the Mother. "In the meantime, I'll see if I can keep it up."

The next morning, however, after reaching the office, Mrs. Thurston had one of her dizzy spells. Mr. Ashdown was there. He was suddenly aroused by a heavy fall. Looking about him, he found his charwoman in a faint on the office floor.

"A nice state of affairs," he muttered as he tried to bring her to a state of consciousness. "I wish I knew where she lived. "I'd take her there in a taxi."

He looked around helplessly. He was not used to women and their ways. He could manage his typists in their work, pretty well; but when it came to a woman fainting, he felt perfectly helpless.

Mrs. Thurston opened her eyes at length.

"Where do you live?" he asked her; but she was again in the land of oblivion.

Then, he saw an envelope, sticking out of her pocket. "Perhaps this may enlighten me," he muttered as he drew it forth. He read the address, then gasped. The letter was addressed in his own handwriting. He knew it to contain the money he paid weekly, to the very efficient typist who was copying his new book for him. He looked at the name again. It was the same as that of the charwoman. But who would connect the two? He made up his mind quickly. Placing the letter in his own pocket for safety, he called a taxi and with the help of the driver, he lifted Mrs. Thurston inside. Soon he was driving his "Charwoman"—or was it his "Typist?"—to her cheap lodging.

Arrived there, he gave up all responsibility, for it was Saturday, and Doris was at home. She took the matter in hand at once, to the astonishment of both her father and Mr. Ashdown. In a few minutes, she had her mother on the way to recovery. Then, turning to her father, she said abrupty:— "You stay with Mother. I have something to say to Mr. Ashdown." She led the latter into another room and told him to be seated. He glanced about him. In a corner, he saw a typewriter, placed so that it would catch the best light.

He took out the letter he put in his pocket and handed it to Doris.

"It is Mother's all right," she answered to his query. "And—Mr. Ashdown —would you mind telling me—are you going to have another book typed after this?"

"Why?" asked the man, astonished.

"Because, you see, it's like this. Mother isn't strong—you can see she isn't. If she knew there was more typewriting to come, she could throw up her other job."

A light dawned on the man. "Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that your Mother and the other Mrs. Thurston are one and the same person?"

Doris nodded her head and smiled. She was enjoying the situation. "It's as good as a play," she thought.

"But why—why?" enquired Mr. Ashdown. "A woman with your Mother's excellent education need not have taken work as a—a—"

"A charwoman," supplemented Doris, demurely. "You see," she went on. "Father was sick, I was too young to be allowed to work and—"

"I should think you were," burst out the man.

"Then Mother had to take the first thing that offered itself. But you haven't forgotten my question, Mr. Ashdown; have you?"

"Your question," queried Mr. Ashdown. "Why, bless the child; if I hadn't another book to have typed, do you think I'd keep Mrs. Thurston on as my charwoman.?"

"She was afraid you wouldn't, if you found out," declared Doris. "In that case, she'd lose both her positions. She'll be very much upset, poor Mother"

"There are other ways of earning a living," said Mr. Ashdown.

"They're hard to get," said Doris. "Oh, Mr. Ashdown," she pleaded. "Don't let Mother lose both her jobs at once."

"What do you take me for, child," questioned Mr. Ashdown, amused at the seriousness of the young pleader. "If you think you can understand me, I'll make your Mother an offer, through you, right now."

"I'll understand all right, Mr. Ashdown." said Doris. "I'm very grown-up for my age."

"So it seems," declared the man, drily. "Well, this is it. I need a really competent, well-educated lady to overlook the typists I have in my office. their mistakes. I could dismiss them and get a new lot, but I don't know that I'd gain by it. Now, a lady could manage these girls, and make them send out better MSS. It would save me a lot of extra work."

Doris glanced at him comprehendingly. "I see," she cried, excitedly. "I see what you mean. You want my mother to be the lady in charge?"

"That's just it," smiled Mr. Ashdown. He named a good salary. "Tell your mother," he went on. "If she's well enough to come round on Monday, at ten o'clock, the position is open to her. If I ever write another book, the job of typing it is hers too, if she wants it."

"Oh thank you so much, Mr. Ashdown," cried Doris, jumping up in her excitement. "Can I go and tell her at once?"

"There's no hurry, young lady," observed Mr. Ashdown, rising in his turn. "I still wish to make two remarks."

"What are they," asked Doris, impatiently, standing first on one foot and then on the other in her eagerness to get to the other room.

Mr. Ashdown placed a detaining hand on Doris's shoulder.

"First, I want to say, that when a certain young lady of my acquaintance leaves school, she may apply to me for a position, before looking elsewhere. And, secondly, I wish you to tell your mother to be sure not to get to my office at eight o'clock. I'm taking that job away from her. I am going to engage another 'Charwoman,' at once."

"She won't mind now," smiled Doris, "and thank you so much for the other offer." She let Mr. Ashdown out of the hall door, then, with a great shout of joy, she ran up the stairs, walking gently, however, as she approached her Sometimes, I spend hours correcting Mother's room.

"I've got you a glorious position," she cried, as she opened the door and saw her Mother had quite recovered. "No more mopping floors, or scrubbing or ."

"What do you mean?" asked her Father.

Then Doris had to explain: but now that the worst was over, her Mother did not blame her for letting the cat out of the bag.

"Mother did work in an office, anyway," said Doris, simply.

"Humph," snapped Mr. Thurston.

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Reticence

A story illustrating the reticence of the Scotch regarding their private affairs was once told by Ian Maclaren. A train was at a railroad station when a porter put his head into a car and called out: "Anyone in this car for Doun? Change for Doun Anyone for Doun?" No one moved; and in a few minutes the train was speeding along, not to stop again for nearly an hour. Then an old Scotch woman turned to a lady sitting near her, and said: "I'm for Doun, but I'd no tell that man so."

One day a new pupil in a music settlement school came home and asked:

"Mother, how many carrots are there in a bushel? Teacher wants to know."

"What?" answered the mother. "What has that to do with music?"

"I don't know," replied the child,

The next day the mother went to the music school to inquire what kind of music her child was being taught.

The teacher laughed and said: "Well, that is hardly correct, madam. What we asked your child was how many beats there were in a measure."

The Thousand Islands Before and After

By Elizabeth Bailey Price

ONE hot, dusty, spring day in the annual round-up of old books, during house-cleaning time, I came upon the old school geography. It had fallen open on the page that depicted a steamer shooting rapids—on closer examination the Lachine Rapids, on the St. Lawrence River. Further investigation soon engrossed me in what was described as one of the finest inland water trips in the world — down the Thousand Islands. Then and there I decided that my contemplated eastern trip would include these enthralling scenes.

Absorbed by this idea, I sallied forth to interrogate friends for information, both from the eastern and western viewpoint. One elicits little of educational value from the flippant westerner. The best that I could glean of a really informative nature was from the man who said he had a friend who sent his wife on a holiday to the Thousand Islands and told her to stay a day at each island. Others frankly disbelieved that there were any such numbers of islands, and proclaimed the name merely as eastern exaggeration. Some cast their minds back over the years to school days, and the masterpieces of the old Ontario Third and Fourth Readers—the common literary background of both east and west — and mused reminiscently:

"Never a ripple upon the river,"
Which some facetiuos soul completed
"As his corpse to the ramparts they hurried,"
But the reminiscent one went on scornfully—
"No voice cheers the rapids
That—angrily—angrily
Shivers our bark in its maddening spray.'"

The conversation then turned to "shooting rapids," whereupon the small boy of the household, gathering up the fragments of it, hastened to tell the neighbors that mother was going east to shoot rabbits.

Except for the pamphlet from the Canada Steamship Lines, which assured its readers that this trip was the "most varied in scenery, the richest in historic associations of any on the continent," I sallied forth in complete ignorance of the transcendant beauties before me.

Realization came fast upon the heels of anticipation when I found myself in Toronto.

With the insistent admonition of the orchestra, "To see-ee Mamma every night, or you can't see Mamma at all"; with the last farewells of the innumerable I.O.D.E. delegates rushing aboard with the intense light of lofty purpose in their eyes and their lips moving with the words of the last resolutions poured into their ears; with the humming of "Yes, we have no Bananas Today" from some one hundred and fifty delegates of the Saving Banks convention from the good old U.S.A., the S.S. Kingston steamed out into Lake Ontario.

The harbor and the miracle of reclaimed harbor land slowly receded. Eyes grew dim in searching out familiar high flung landmarks—the spires of the churches—the bold, defiant sky-scrapers.

The broad reaches of Lake Ontario's waters were novelty enough to satisfy the western eye for a time. The gentle swell of the water took one back to the wide spaces of fresh young green of the rain-drenched prairies.

We made our first stop at Rochester, New York.

"Oh, we are in dear old America again," gushed the woman in the cape, from good old U.S.A.

The I.O.D.E.-er bristled. The feather on her hat arose perpendicularly.

"America," she snorted. "America—we have never left America!"

Whereupon the woman of the cape replied, "I'd better hurry away or I'll get in an argument."

Next morning early we reached Kingston, the principal fortified Canadian point west of Quebec. The steamer then rounded Cedar Island and commenced the descent of the River St. Lawrence, passing Wolfe Island upon the right, Milton, the Spectacles and Howe Islands on the left.

At Wolfe Island, which is the western key, the Thousand Islands proper begin. They are 1,692 in number and extend from Lake Ontario to Prescott, fifty miles.

As our boat wound in and out this great natural chain of emeralds, one could conceive that the holiday of the woman who was to spend a day on each link, would become a "Thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

Again it brought to mind the west—the noble Peace River with its wooded islands. So alike and yet so different! One the summer playground of two nations, the other aloof, remote, in all its lonely beauty, where even the hoarse whistle of the weekly river boat reverberates startlingly through the great northern silences.

For a few moments we paused at Alexandria Bay, one of the most fashionable watering places in America. On many of the surrounding islands here are built palatial summer homes that carry one back to the days of feudal splendor of turrets, battlements and drawbridges. On others are groups of summer cottages, which nestle enticingly among the trees in the beautiful coves along the mainland or are perched alertly on rocky bluffs.

Typical Views Among the Thousand Islands

Gradually the channel widened and the islands became fewer as we approached Brockville, a flourishing picturesque city. Twelve miles east the passengers transferred to the river steamer, "The Rapids King," the very name providing an anticipatory thrill.

And so we began shooting the rapids. First came the Galops and the Rapids du Plat, these being the least exciting. Then followed the Long Sault Rapids, clothed in the historic romance that envelopes the "Heroes of the Long Sault." At a speed of twenty miles an hour we shot into that seething and churning cauldron of waters, plunging our way through its tortuous channels, guided safely by the marvellous deftness of our pilot.

Passing Cornwall we left Ontario. The white-washed farm homes, the numerous churches with their cross-tipped spires, the divided fields of the old French Seigneuries, brought us into the historic atmosphere of French Canada.

All afternoon the "Rapids King" sped downstream, alternately sweeping into the broad bosom of a lake, where the river widened, or foaming through narrowing channel waters that dashed through more wooded islands. A succession of lakes, islands and rapids, the Coteau, Cedar, considered to be the most beautiful, Split Rock, the most difficult to navigate and the Cascades with their white crests.

Then came the Lachine Rapids, the last of the chain and the longest. Again the valiant little steamer charged headlong into the rushing waters, swerving aside from insidious rocks, dashing triumphantly on through clouds of spray, then into the smooth, placid waters of the River, gliding into the harbor at Montreal.

The Steamship "Rapids King," Lachine Rapids

New Hope

By Frank C. Steele

When evening comes, my love,
After the toil of day,
Look to the light above
And ever pray ;
Turn your eyes to the lighted west ;
For there sad hearts find rest, sweet rest.

When evening comes, my love,
Wait for the morning ;
The night wind's wildest moan
Dies with the dawning ;
Gloom fades from memory
On the morn of eternity.

How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day

Continued from Page 43

was one of the many great men who knew the value of time. One day after Dr. Samuel Johnson had been talking with Wesley he said somewhat impatiently: "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure, he is always obliged to go away at a certain hour. That is very disagreeable to a man who likes to fold his legs, and have out his talk as I do." John Wesley said to his preachers: "Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed." There have been very few men in the world's history who have left a more lasting impression upon their fellows than did Wesley, and undoubtedly one of the reasons was that he knew the value of time.

David Livingstone used to put a book on the spinning jenny and while he was waiting for the return of the of the bobbin he would read and digest the contents of that book. Young Livingstone started life with the handicap of a limited education but by a diligent use of spare moments he made himself a well educated man.

William Carey, the great Baptist missionary to India, was another man who knew the value of odd moments. He was a shoemaker, and like Livingstone he had been sent out into the world with comparatively little education. But while he toiled away at his bench he learned some of the classics which enabled him to readily learn new languages in the pioneer missionary work which he later undertook.

Charles Lamb was a clerk in the India House, in London, and kept busy all day. But his evenings were his own and every spare moment was diligently employed. At first he wrote brief paragraphs for the Morning Post at twelve cents each, and he was glad to do this, but by close application and magnificent perseverence he succeeded in establishing himself as a writer, and his famous "Essays of Elia," which was written in his spare time, is one of the first books in any language.

Another man whose conscience would not allow him long to remain idle was Henry Ward Beecher. There is a story told of him that as he never took soup at meals he grew weary waiting till the others had finished. It seemed to him a waste of time that was almost criminal so he determined to do something with it. He had Froude's History of England, in twelve volumes, near at hand and every day when the people came into the dining-room he sat down on a sofa, picked up a volume of Froude, and read until the first course was announced. In this way he read through the entire twelve volumes in two years.

A few years ago one of the most impressive figures on this continent was Booker T. Washington. He did about as much work as three ordinary men and did it well. He superintended the institute at Tuskegee, Alabama, and in addition to that delivered hundreds of lectures and sermons and wrote several books. He said that most of the volumes which came from his pen were written as he sat in the train or fairy-boat as he went from one engagement to another.

THIS list of men of action and influence, who accomplished so much in their spare time, might be extended indefinitely. People sometimes talk glibly of "killing time," but those who kill time, insult God and injure themselves. We once heard a man who was complaining of his minister because he was so busy. "I like a preacher who drops in and spends an hour occasionally," he said. But where would the minister be who had a congregation of several hundred members and yet valued his time so little that he could afford to drop in anywhere and waste his time by the hour. When some people called on Richard Baxter during his study hours without any particular reason they soon became conscious that he seemed ill at ease. "We fear we break in upon your time," one of them said carelessly. "Of course, you do," emphatically replied Baxter.

The Country Doctor Takes a Case in Hearts

By Edna Baldwin

SO you are going away—home to Mother, so to speak." The old Doctor, family advisor, not only of bodies, but of hearts and souls raised slightly mocking eyes beneath bushy, almost white brows.

"No, I'm not." She flared tartly. "This isn't 1861. Its 1923—and I have no intention of going home. I'll simply go back to the office. My old position is waiting for me—and I am leaving tomorrow for Winnipeg." She was on her feet, one slim, cool hand extended, which he chose to ignore. Instead, the fourth finger of his right hand went out to lift her haughty chin.

"Do you mean to say you are going to let a little thing like that spoil your lives? Don't be foolish, child. It seems to me it was not so long ago that a very lovely young bride assured me that nothing in the world could possibly ever come between herself and her husband. Other people might cheapen marriage with misunderstandings and squabbling and now just because Jimmy takes a notion into his head that he'd like to go off with the boys you fly up in the air and refuse to clean the fish he caught at the Camp—and come to me with all this nonsense about leaving him."

"Doctor Westly, you used to be an old dear—but you're dreadfully old fashioned now. You know perfectly well that that is not the only reason. Good-bye." The banging of a door reverberated through the building.

He smiled a little sadly, a trifle humorously, picked up the ear piece and called a number.

"Yes, she has just left—" He said in answer to the question. "Take my advice, Jim. Let her go. She'll come back. Come on around."

He settled back a moment, wrote something across a prescription pad and smiled again.

The next visitor was frankly miserable. It was written all over the lineaments of his good looking young face.

"But, Doc." He protested after listening to the propounded theory—"It wouldn't be fair—I couldn't, really—"

"Do you want Lila back?"

"Do I want her back—Good Lord, do I want to live without her?"

"Then you do as I say." Dr. Westly swung about in his chair. "Now get out and don't spoil everything."

THE train that carried Lila away carried despair to Jimmy's heart. He ate because eating had become a habit but he didn't relish the food—forsook the friendly crap games behind the counter of the cafe next door when business was slack, and incidentally grew thin. He hated the sight of the dishevelled interior of his home, hated cold breakfasts or restaurant ones—buttons off his shirt, never knew where his things were and the laundry ruined his silk shirts. It didn't seem if the Doctor's theory was working either. Being a man, he couldn't just figure out why it should. Lila had written once; a cool, slim little note. She hoped he was well and that he wasn't minding the heat. There was a bit more than that but in these lines lay the sum and digest of it.

Lila was minding the hot weather whether Jimmy was or not. She longed for the delicious coolness of her own lovely cottage, with its blinds drawn against the hot sun—hunting for new and ravishing ways to make the supper table tempting. It wasn't the same, working, either. She couldn't get back into the old familiar easy way of things. She was a little contemptuous of the girls' talk at lunch and their loitering in the hall ways, waiting—They were so silly—nothing but boys and dances at the country club and the line they were going to adopt next. She forgot that a little more than a year ago she had been satisfied with their talk: and that wasn't all. She had met Lilian Dakin, down for a few days' shopping from a small town not far from the city. Lilian had just returned from Wellon a week before though and was desirous of repeating the gist of the news to an old time school friend.

"Your husband is not very well—so Doctor Westly was telling us—but of course you know." Lila lied charmingly. Said Jimmy had omitted mentioning it in his letters.

"Then you mustn't give me away," she said, toying with her ice cream. "I feel you ought to know, of course. They're afraid its threatened appendicitis—may have to operate—so many people now have it, but he will probably come through it all right. You never just know and there is an element of danger in everything." She patted Lila's hand as they rose to go out. Lilian smiled a little wickedly and then caught her breath. She wished she hadn't made it seem so bad.

Lila went home slowly. So Jimmy was sick and they hadn't let her know. He wouldn't want her worried of course and there was nobody to care for him—and he liked his eggs cooked just so. He was needing her, perhaps calling her name at this moment and she wasn't there. At work the next day she could keep her mind on no other subject. Pictures of him, white, anguished with pain, dying perhaps, flashed before her eyes. In a frenzy of fear she pushed back a sheaf of papers and fled to the superintendent's office.

"Of course you realize, Mrs. Laird, that we cannot allow you to go home for an indefinite period and then take you back again."

"Certainly. I understand. Thank you." She was lucky to get away without having to give notice and as if all the Publishing Corporations in the world mattered when Jimmy was perhaps lying at Death's door. She flashed past shop windows that had once held deepest allure. She bewailed the street car service and glared at the unfortunate conductor. Then, just as her trunks were going down the street to the station there came a telegram. When torn open, it read:

"Jimmy very ill—may operate tonight.—Westly."

Lila clutched at a chair faintly. She couldn't make it before tomorrow night with train connections the way they were.

"Oh! Jimmy, Jimmy." She sobbed. "If you die, I'll never forgive myself." She wired Dr. Westly; and went down to the station at ten minutes of eight. The train left at nine. Two men were talking behind her. Snatches of their conversation drifted to her, something about flying to Fendon—why, Fendon was the next station to home. She listened shamelessly now. They were staging a series of flights for some celebration, the Agricultural Fair likely. Rather desperately she faced them.

"I overheard you—couldn't you take me as a passenger—my husband is very ill and I will have to wait so long going by train—we're just the next town—could you?"

"Why, I don't know—we were going alone—we might be able to arrange it. We are leaving at ten." They smiled at the flushed eagerness of her face. Lila would have enjoyed the swift, cool diving through billowy clouds and flashing sunshine, had her heart been lighter. She had been up before with Jimmy. He had been with the Flying Corps overseas.

"Why, they're taking me home," she cried, joyfully, to the birds that darted by. "There's Jimmy's shop—and Oh! there's our cottage." They came down in a wide field of stubble just outside the town.

"Was your husband in the Flying Corps?" one of the men asked as he helped her out.

"Why, yes, did you know him?"

"He saved my life over there once. I've

Continued on Page 48

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THE COUNTRY DOCTOR TAKES A CASE IN HEARTS

Continued from Page 47

"Yes, if it's the Jimmy Laird I know. been waiting a long time to do some little thing for him."

"Oh, you have, and it isn't a little thing," Lila breathed. She would have them to dinner if—Jimmy wasn't too terribly ill. She ran through the field, across the pasture to the cottage at the end of the sidewalk. Her nasturtiums were still blooming, and a few sweet peas. They had had such fun planting them. Her fingers fumbled the door knob. She was inside now. The bedroom door was open and there was a decidedly doctorish odor issuing from within. Lila's heart pounded painfully against her ribs. A few steps farther and she brushed past Dr. Westly.

"Jimmy!" She cried, flinging herself down on the floor beside the bed. "I've come home—Oh!, my dear—" She was holding his head against her shoulder, her soft hair wildly dishevelled against the pillow.

"Honey, don't cry, I'm not sick—not seriously, just indigestion.' He grinned happily. "That darn Chink nearly ruined my tum—But, Lila—you won't go away again—I'll do anything from paring potatoes to—" He did not finish. Her mouth had come up appealingly near.

"No, you won t. It was all my fault—and you are sick—Dr. Westly said so—why, he might have to operate." She stared at him anxiously.

"Oh, he's just trying to scare us—Don't look like that, dear." he flashed a reproachful glance at the Doctor who raised his hands helplessly and hastened to explain:

"I don't think an operation will be necessary—now." He stressed the last word. He found his hat and coat and strolled out unnoticed. "Young people," —he explained again to the rose bushes along the walk—"Whether they belong to 1861 or 1923 are all alike, and I guess I'm not so old fashioned after all."

His Britannic Majesty's American Mascots for the Canadian Mounted Police

By A. de H. Smith

WHERE the Royal Canadian Mounted Police patrol the frozen wastes at the top of the map there is little of human companionship and none of the canine variety. The Eskimos though friendly enough are not companions such as the average white man desires and the huskie dogs, though dependable in the sleigh harness are more susceptible to the walrus hide whip than to fondling. It is a lonely life for the Guardians of the North, but this is to be remedied and at the present time six American bred collie pups are en route to the Arctic where the little visitors from Uncle Sam's domain will become the regimental pets of the men who maintain law and order on the shores of the Frozen Sea.

Thanks to the generosity of S. C. Radford of the Island White Collie Kennels, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, six snowy pups have been presented to the "Mounties," and if the little wanders escape the slashing fangs of the northern wolf-dogs they will unquestionably go a long way towards the strengthening of the entent cordiale between Canada and the Republic.

The picture shows the puppies just after their arrival from the States at the Arctic divisional headquarters in Edmonton, Alberta. They are being fed by Sergeant-Major W. G. Edginton, who for nine years lived at the top of the map amongst the Eskimo, and who is one of those who has made the name of the Canadian Mounted Police famed throughout the English speaking world.

After a short stay at Edmonton the six pups were sent north six hundred miles North West Territories where they will remain for a year to grow, become acclimatized, and learn that small American collies must keep strictly out of the way of fang-gnashing huskies if they are to reach a ripe old age.

Next spring they will be sent down to the Arctic by steamer and Mounted Police cruisers to the Arctic headquarters at Herschel Island, from where they will be distributed to the detachments at Coronation Gulf, King William's Land by train and river steamer to Fort Smith and other portions of the un-named north where they will no doubt gaze in surprise at the snorting walrus, and yap joyfully at the millions of caribou crossing from the Arctic Islands to the mainland on their annual migration.

Sergeant-Major W. G. Edginton Feeding the Young American-bred Collie Pups

In the far north the team dogs are fed on a straight diet of fish, but to animals bred on the "outside" this is unpalatable, hence with the pups the Mounted Police are sending out two tons of specially prepared packing plant food, and by the time this is used up it is figured that the youngsters will have been weaned from the modes of their ancestors, and will be ready to accept the Eskimo huskie method of existence.

Once grown and distributed to their various new homes the collies will accompany their masters on all the winter patrols through the white spaces at the top of the map, and though Americans possess a record as travellers it is likely that none will have ventured so far afield or have seen so much that is new as the Republican regimental pets of His Brittanic Majesty's polar police.

Her Boy

By L. H. Grover

CORPORAL JIMMY SPENCER was her only child, and when "Givenchy" was over she had none.

In a frame over the fire place the Corporal stood, as still, as still, as could be; as if he were looking, and listening, ever so silently. And mother's needles would glitter and gleam, as she sat in the firelight's glow, and dream of the babe she had rocked to sleep, in the sweet long ago.

FATHER peered over the top of his glasses, and said, "Mother, do lay down that knitting. You will ruin your eyes, they are as red as can be, please stop!"

Mother raised her big brown eyes, and with a sad sweet smile, "O, I am all right, John. You run along to bed. I'll be up in a little while. I'm not the least bit sleepy."

"Sure you don't mind being down here all alone?"

Jimmy ran around to mother's knees, and scrambled into her lap mighty quick, you may believe; and she hugged him tight against her heart, which was throbbing like anthing, and when the throbbing ceased, she cuddled him up in her loving arms, and they rocked,—rocked,—rocked,—and said never a word; but oh! it was good, so very good, to be together again. Then she caressed his curly hair, the Simpsons all had curly hair (she was a Simpson, you know), and she kissed the wee mole (another Simpson characteristic), right at the corner of his babyish mouth, and soon they were fast asleep.

Then, just at midnight, a cock in the barn trumpeted a noisy challenge to the feathered world and quick as a wink the Corporal sprang "to attention" in the frame over the fireplace, and stood as still, as still, as could be. Mother looked up at him and smiled, a sad sweet

Pola Negri, a Paramount Star whose latest production is "The Cheat."

"Quite sure, John."

"Guess I will turn in then, got to go to town for the mail in the morning."

He kissed the wee mole at the corner of her mouth, saw tears in her eyes, tenderly kissed them away, smiled up at the picture and said, "Good-night, Jimmy," then went upstairs.

Mother was not alone. The picture over the fireplace was only a picture, it is true, but he had been "blood of her blood, life of her life," and, although a cross in France marked his grave, the picture represented her boy, with her, always.

Many, many times before, they had had their make-believe hour, after father had gone to bed, so she laid the knitting on the mantel, drew the rocker closer to the fire, and shut her eyes tight. Then, in a flicker of the firelight, the Corporal sprang noiselessly to the floor and in the twinkle of an eye became a little boy hiding behind mother's chair.

Mother smiled, and whispered, scarey like, "I wonder where Jimmy is? I am afraid, so afraid, the Goblins will catch him and take him right up the chimney."

smile, and went upstairs, ever so silently.

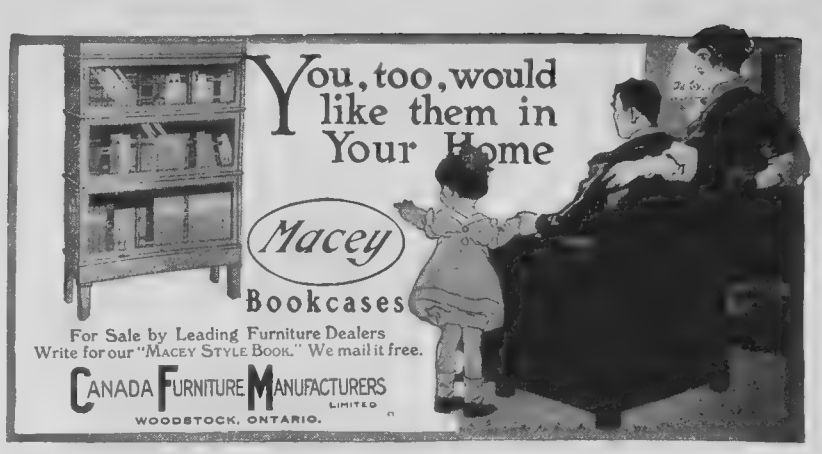
QUEEN and Bess knew there was something wrong. They trotted along the road to town, periodically glancing back out of the corners of their big eyes, but the usual cheery words by father were not spoken. He was worried about mother.

He had watched the roses on her cheeks fade away and die. Last night he had crept down the stairs, and heard her softly singing a lullaby to an imaginary child as she caressed his curly head and kissed the wee mole at the corner of his babyish mouth. "Something must be done," he told himself.

As they swung around the big elm at the turn into town, Bess gave her wilful head a shake of protest against passing the usual stopping place, the Post Office, but staid old Bess passively obeyed the rein and they went on down Main Street to Doctor Shannon's office.

"OLD Doctor Shannon's heart" was as big as any man's heart could be.

Continued on page 51



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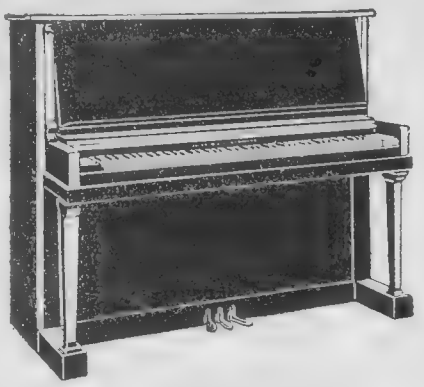

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Magazine Value as represented by The Western Home Monthly at $1.00 per year is unequalled. Tell your friends about it.

HER BOY—Continued from Page 49

It could not hold greater love for his fellow beings if it were as big as a house, and to little children it was a veritable Aladdin's lamp.

He listened to John Spencer's report of mother's failing health and strange actions, and how she, of late, talked to herself when awake, and said strange things in her sleep.

"Medicine will do no good!" said the doctor. "We must get that visionary child out of her mind, and do it quickly or we will lose her, John." He paused a moment, deeply thinking, then said, "Look here, John, I have heard Jimmy married a girl overseas, is that so?"

"I am not certain, doctor. A girl wrote to mother after Jimmy was killed, and claimed to be an orphan, and his wife. She begged mother to give her a home with us, but mother wrote her a terrible letter, telling her she had been told about girls like her over there, and accused her of being Jimmy's murderess because she would not let him come home the first time he was wounded.

"Did the girl answer that letter?" asked the doctor.

"No," replied father.

"Well, it was pretty rough on her," said the doctor "and there is no question but what some of the boys did lose their heads, but Jimmy was not that kind, was he, John?" Father shook his head. The doctor went on, "That's not here nor there. Your good wife was not responsible. She now is in a very critical state of mentality and must not be left alone. Have you no relative, a woman with children, who could pay you a visit?"

"I had thought of that," answered father, "and there is not a single one on either side."

The doctor pondered a few moments, then a smile came to his cheery countenance, and he said: "Look here, John Spencer, I may prove myself to be a darned old idiot, but I have thought of a plan that is worth trying. Don't ask me to say what it is, and I will call, just in passing, and tell your good wife she must take a good long rest, and that I'll find a girl to do the work. I'll have to advertise for her but it should not be hard to find one these days."

HELENA DARLINGTON was a real find. Doctor Shannon seemed to have conjured from the unknown an ideal girl. Mother took to her at once, and as she watched her pretty and deft ways and thorough methods of housekeeping she gradually relinquished it entirely to her, and yet—her health continued to fail, like a plant whose very roots have been robbed of something essential to life.

Evenings, in the warmth and glow of the fireplace, after father had gone to bed, mother and Helena would sit and knit, and mother would talk of Jimmy as a soldier, and of the terrible girl who had claimed to be his wife, and of his pretty ways when he was a baby, and how he used to run around from behind the chair when she spoke of goblins. When bedtime came they would lay away their knitting, say "Goodnight Jimmy" to the picture over the fireplace, and go upstairs. Then Helena would go to bed and cry herself to sleep, but mother would creep down stairs for the make-believe hour with Jimmy.

ONE day Doctor Shannon called, just in passing, to see how mother was getting along, so he said, but Helena followed him to the gate and they talked long and earnestly, and when he got into his car he said: "Be ready tomorrow night when she goes to sleep in the rocker, we will be waiting at the door."

The next night, after mother and make-believe Jimmy were asleep, Helena tip-toed into the room, still as a mouse. Father crept down the stairs and saw her standing on a chair, kissing Jimmy's picture.

Then there came a light tapping at the front door, followed by pattering of baby feet, and into the firelight's glow ran a little boy. Helena got down from the chair, shook a cautioning finger at the big brown eyes as she picked him up and gently placed him in mother's lap.

Then the cock in the barn noisily trumpeted his challenge to the feathered world, mother awoke, a great sob filled the room as she pressed Helena's boy to her throbbing heart, and kissed the wee mole at the corner of his babyish mouth.

The Indian Medicine-Man

By W. McD. Tait

FROM the time Columbus discovered America, and longer, how much longer we are not able to determine, the medicine-bag has been used by the medicine-men of Indian tribes throughout America. In the early days when buffalo were plentiful, the bag was made of carefully tanned buffalo hide. Now, cow-hide or anything the medicine-man can get, is sewed up to contain his articles of healing. In it is put old bones, stove lids, pieces of tin, broken glass, anything unfit for use in the teepee. In these the medicine-man finds his medium of healing, and through them he works his cures. Every camp has its medicine-man, and outside the teepee of every medicine-man is his medicine-bag.

All Indians believe in their familiar spirit, which assumes all shapes and forms. Sometimes it is an owl, sometimes a buffalo, a coyote, a beaver, or any other animal. This is typified in the carving of the totem-pole of British Columbia Indians, and in the decoration of the teepees of the Indians of the plains. This spirit it is that gives them protection, and, in the case of a medicine-man, power to perform the wonders done by him, and is firmly believed in by them all.

The experiences of Captain C. E. Denny, among the Indians of Western Canada afford a valuable contribution to the many tales of wonder done by Indian medicine-men. Captain Denny was for many years Indian agent among the Blackfeet Indians, the largest tribe in Canada. He came with the North-West Mounted Police in 1874 and immediately endeavored to find out how the medicine-men of the tribe carried on their arts. Regarding his experiences he says:

"I had many chances to find out the truth regarding what I had heard of them, and was truly astonished at what I saw at different times. Many of the medicine feats did not allow of any jugglery, the man being naked except for a cloth around his loins and I sitting a few feet from him.

"On one occasion I was sitting in an Indian teepee alone with one of the medicine-men of the Blackfeet Indians. It was night and all was quiet in camp. The night was calm with a bright moon shining. On a sudden the Indian began to sing and presently the lodge, which was a large one, commenced to tremble: and the trembling increased to such a degree that it rocked violently, even lifting off the ground, first on one side then on another, as if a dozen pairs of hands were heaving it on the outside. This lasted for about two minutes when I ran out expecting to find some Indians on the outside who had played me a trick, but to my astonishment not a soul was in sight; and what still more bewildered me, was to find on examination that the lodge was firmly pegged down to the ground. It was impossible for any number of men to have removed and replaced the pegs in so short a time. I did not enter that lodge again that night as the thing looked, to say the least, uncanny.

"On another occasion," says Captain Denny, "I visited a large lodge where a medicine smoke was in progress. There

The Indian Medicine-Man

Continued from page 50

were about a dozen Indians in the lodge. After the smoke was over a large copper kettle, about two feet deep, and about the same in diameter, was placed empty on the roaring fire in the middle of the lodge. The medicine-man, who was stripped, with the exception of a cloth around his loins, was all this time singing a medicine song in a low voice. The pot after a time became red hot, and, a pole being passed through the handle, it was lifted in this state off the fire and placed on the ground so close to me that the heat was almost unbearable. When the pole was withdrawn the medicine man sprang to his feet and, still singing his song, stepped with both his naked feet into the redhot kettle, and danced for at least three minutes in it, all the time singing to the accompaniment of the Indian drums. I was so close, as I have said, that the heat of the kettle was almost unbearable, and I closely watched the performance and saw this Indian dance for some minutes in it with his bare feet. Yet on stepping out he seemed none the worse for his experience. How he did it, was, and is, still a mystery to me."

The great missionary to the Indians, Brainard, was at a loss to know what power was responsible for the conjuration of the Indian medicine-man. In a report made once to the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, he has this paragraph:

"What further contributes to their aversion to Christianity is the influence which their "powaws" (conjurers, diviners, or medicine-men) have upon them —these sort of persons who are supposed to have a power of foretelling future events or recovering the sick, at least oftentimes, and of charming, enchanting or poisoning to death by their magic divinations. I have labored to gain some acquaintance with this affair of conjuration, but it seems to be such a mystery of iniquity that I cannot well understand it, and I do not know what ideas to affix to the terms Indians make use of in describing or telling about it."

"Kootenai" Brown, one of the very interesting old-timers of the Canadian West, in his "Recollections" tells this interesting incident, the truth of which he avers, but relates with the feeling that its seeming impossibility, humanly speaking, puts it back to the time of the Man of Nazareth, when he stretched himself upon the dead. The story is told in "Kootenai" Brown's own words:

"I remember Nesh-e-cappo, a medicine-man near Fort Garry many years ago. Nesh-e-cappo means Two People Standing on a Hill, but I don't know why he was so named. He was half Chippewa and half Cree. This was in the sixties.

"Nesh-e-cappa was a very remarkable Indian. He had a great reputation amongst his own people, the Chippewas and Crees, as a conjurer,sleight of hand expert, and spiritualist. The incident I am going to relate is not hearsay. I was a witness myself. I am quite aware that I am running the risk of being considered a prevaricator or of trying to bring the miracles of a day long past down to the more recent present, but there are people alive today who will corroborate the statements I make. There were three remarkable things I saw him do, but the one that awed me most was bringing the dead to life.

"On one occasion a young Indian Mini-a-pit, (bad tooth) died. He lived at White Mud River and was about 21 or 22 years old. He was a great favorite amongst his people and they were induced by friends to call in Nesh-e-cappo in the apparently foolish hope of bringing the dead to life. I was present when he died, and before the arrival of the medicine man I applied all the tests I knew of and as far as I could judge he was dead. In fact, everyone present believed him to be dead. Well, in about an hour Nesh-e-cappo arrived and after invoking the help of the Great Spirit, and going through a species of incantations, he lay on the dead man with his face towards his and breathed into his mouth, and to our great astonishment Mini-a-pit opened his eyes and got up just as he would after a sleep, and apparently no worse for the experience. He was alive for many years after that.

"Another thing I saw Nesh-e-cappo do was a trick frequently done, I believe, at show performances of different sorts. I have seen him stand up without a stitch of clothes except a loin cloth and allow himself to be tied hands and feet with raw-hide rope, so that he couldn't move. And this, mind you, on the bald prairie, where there were no trap doors more than a gopher hole. When firmly tied he called for a buffalo robe or anything that would cover his body and legs, and in less time than it takes to tell it, he had the raw-hide rope in a neat coil at his feet. No chance for tricks there that I could see, but I cannot explain how he did it. Nobody could.

"Then, too, I have seen Nesh-e-cappo ask for a "trade ball" or anything that could be marked and thrown away. He would take the ball, ask to be blindfolded, rub the ball in his hands for a few seconds, ask a mark to be put upon it and have the marker throw it as far as he could out on the prairie. With his eyes blind-folded Nesh-e-cappo would walk as straight as a crow flies, pick up the "trade ball" and bring it back to the man who threw it.

"I have never been able to understand how he did the things he did, but he did them, of that I am certain, because I saw the things done. Nesh-e-cappo is dead many years. He was an old man when I knew him."

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Oh, there's nothing like the country!
The country God has made;
Its waving grain, its rustling corn,
The cool and restful shade.

Oh, there's nothing like the country!
The scent of new-mown hay;
How its incense fills my nostrils
As in my childhood's day.

Oh, there's nothing like the country!
Where luscious apples grow,
Where the sunset sun is golden,
And the dancing streamlets flow.

Oh, there's nothing like the country!
Can mem'ries ever fade—
The song of thrush, the hum of bees
Who on the clover raid?

Oh, there's nothing like the country!
For when you turn the sod
There springs up a laughing harvest
That makes you think of God.

—George W. Tuttle.

Burned Prairies

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

I mind how in Alberta years ago
A prairie fire swept o'er the plains one day;
Like a great army marching did it go,
Destroying, blackening, in dread, red array.

The dauntless Mounties in their tunics red
Conscripted every one to fight the foe;
Flailing and beating, tirelessly they sped
Until at last the fire hosts were laid low.

Then did the prairie mourn her grasses burned—
Blackened her breast where the great fire took place;
But soon to fleecy white the plains all turned.
When the vast snows swept down with healing grace.

I passed that spot when April held her sway,—
The prairie still was black, but, joy to see!
—Purpling the gloom were crocuses so gay,
—Like chintz it looked, all flecked so daintily.

Then when the purple flowers had given room,
And April rains were weaving—and the sun—
Fresh, bright green velvet grass sprang from the loom,
—The wound was healed, and Nature's work was done!

LONGING

Most dear is my home by the inland hills,
Sweet rose—breath perfumes the air,
Dark woodand, bright meadow, and winding rills
Are lovely beyond compare.
Yet ever my heart midst their beauty craves
A vision that may not be,
Oh for the sight of the tossing waves!
Oh for the tang of the sea!

The croon of the ocean, its angry roar
Were joined in my cradle songs;
To gaze on its wild or its placid shore
Intensely my heart still longs;
Not forest, nor upland, nor mountain caves,
Bring peace to the soul of me,
Oh for the sight of the tossing waves!
Oh for the tang of the sea!

Lucretia Clarke

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

Our Wants and Our Needs

How lucky we do not need as much as we want!—Neepawa Press.

Too Often It Is Threshing Straw

Most controversy is barren, and none more so than election controversy.—London Times.

Cause and Effect

Hospital statistics suggest that too many put the quart before the hearse.—Duluth Herald.

With Regard to Germany

Great Britain: "What can she pay?"
United States: "Can she pay?"
France: "Pay!"—Broklyn Eagle.

Financial Item

German marks and our wheat are less than a dollar a bushel.—Buffalo Courier.

Life in Russia

The way to live long in Russia is to stay out of two things—jail and politics.—Calgary Herald.

The Prizes Are Disproportionate

One great objection to prize fights is that there is altogether too much prize about them.—Toronto Star.

An Explanation

"Each child is burdened with $86 of public debt." We've often wondered what makes a newborn infant yell.—Brockville Recorder and Times.

A Misfortune of Mankind

One of the great misfortunes of mankind is that only those out of office know how to solve great problems.—Vancouver Province.

Easy Marks

Judging by the bucket-shop revelations, there are fully as many marks in the United States as there are in Germany.—Pittsburg Post.

Dunning in the Ruhr

It must be admitted, in regard to the action of the French towards the Germans that they dun the best they know how.—Peterboro Examiner.

Politicians and Farmers

Political leaders are learning that to keep control of the ship of state they must hold their grip on the tiller—of the soil.—Boston Transcript.

How Could He Miss Hearing It?

That political writer who says that "the 1924 presidential campaign promises to be quiet" evidently never heard a Ford running.—Minneapolis Journal.

What They Don't Know

If some of the politicians who feel "called" only knew what they were being called, what a happy country we should be!—Chicago Tribune.

That Song Has Reached London

We gather from many hints in the newspapers that America has most of the world's gold, but no bananas.—Punch (London).

Meaning "Yes, We Have No Bananas!"

Just when we begin to think the human race is becoming more intelligent, another song of that kind makes a hit.—San Francisco Chronicle.

He Will Need To Be a Genius

Some countries in Europe go on printing currency in the hope that some day a financial genius will arise and discover something to do with it.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

If—

Maybe wars would be fewer and farther between if they are financed on a pay-as-you-enter plan, instead of on the basis of a charge account.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Suggestion to Henry

Ford says he is not in the presidential race. But he might do pretty well if he took the body off and ran on the chassis.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

A Determination to Delay

About the only nation that seems to have any influence in the matter of German reparations is procrastination.—Portland Telegram.

All Eastern Eyes Turned Westward

All eyes have turned to "the Western front," where the result of the prairie harvest, year after year, largely determines Canada's prosperity for the year ensuing.—Toronto Globe.

Wedding Rings Rare in Pawnshops

Sentiment is a mighty factor in the world. It is powerful enough to keep wedding rings out of the second-hand stores.—Lloydminster Times.

It Looks That Way

The world has come to the conclusion that when the Germans said they didn't lose the war, they meant they weren't going to let the war cost them anything more, if they could help it.—Halifax Herald.

Posers in Arithmetic

What a blessing we quitted school before teacher could spring on our unreceptive mind a problem of exchange in Canadian dollars and German marks.—Ottawa Journal.

But Mothers Will Work Overtime

Now that the steel industry is taking steps to eliminate the twelve-hour day, the Mother's Union will probably look into the prospects.—Indianapolis News.

Envious, but Cheerful

Henry Ford has made all his money in the last twenty years. He now has $750,000,000. This makes us a little envious, seeing that we are still working on our first million.—Saskatoon Star.

Where Premiers Don't Last Long

Senhor Maria da Silva's premiership of Portugal, the thirty-fourth in thirteen years' history of the republic, has constituted a record by lasting already more than eighteen months.—Montreal Gazette.

The Prosperity of Weeds

Behold the weed! It toileth not, neither doth it spin; it getteth not love, nor food, nor drink, yet it groweth and continueth to grow in spite of sun and hoe and cursing. Great and mighty is weed!—Selkirk Record.

Figures Beyond Human Comprehension

From billions of dollars and pounds we may come to discussing trillions of marks. The human mind cannot grasp such figures, any more than it can conceive of the size of stars of the first magnitude and their distance from our planet.—North Battleford News.

Home Life

Many things point to the fact that modern conditions tend to the breaking up of home life, as it was in the past. The well-being of humanity depends on the home, and too much thought cannot be given to fostering home life.—New York Times.

Not a Prophecy, but a Desire

A German has predicted that in twenty years Germany will be under a monarchial form of government and the most powerful European nation. That isn't prophecy, it's the old military gang's way of praying.—Kansas City Star.

The Widows of Mr. Villa

It is reported that five widows have put in claims for the estate of Francisco Villa, the revolutionary leader in Mexico, who was shot recently. It is remarkable that Mr. Villa was not shot before.—Toronto Telegram.

Chewing Gum and Books

For every dollar spent on books, the statistics show, $27.00 is spent on chewing gum. No doubt, but then it must be remembered that one can borrow books.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

The Gardener

Hats off to the man who finds his recreation and diversion in his garden, while the "maddening crowd on pleasure bent" scurry in every direction past him in search of what he finds at home.—Lethbridge Herald.

Aristocrats Turning to Burglary

According to a news report, some German aristocrats have turned to burglary. Experience gained in the invasion of Belgium and France ought to be a great aid in any such activity.—Providence Journal.

Near the Vanishing Point

Reports of further declines in the value of the German mark are somewhat difficult to understand. However, they may mean that part of the rim has come off one of the zeros.—New York Evening Post.

The Way of Man

Dr. Wilfred H. Osgood of the Field Museum of Natural History has discovered a hitherto unknown animal on an island off the cost of Chile, and already there is a movement on foot to arrange an expedition to exterminate it.—Victoria Colonist.

A Vital Problem

The most vital problem before humanity today is a true system of education. It is only as we train individuals and peoples to think, to use their minds and all their powers to highest efficiency, that we shall find any adequate solution of the moral, economic, mental, social, political and industrial problems that confront us.—Brantford Expositor.

The Need of Idealism in World Affairs

Lord Birkenhead says that the whole world would probably not survive if idealism were given a completely free rein. Which is as it may be; only it is more than a probability that the whole world is going to have some very hard sledding unless a judicious element of idealism is infused into international affairs.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Money-Makers

A well-equipped gang of counterfeiters has been rounded up in the United States; they had dies and presses and the whole outfit and could turn out worthless paper money on a large scale. These boys mistook their location. If they had taken their talents and machinery to Germany they might have got a regular job with the government.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Wooden Ships and Men of Iron

The old sailor loves to say that in the days of wooden ships they mastered the seas because there were iron men to sail them, with the unflattering suggestion that nowadays there are ships of iron and wooden men to man them. The economist puts it another way, pointing out that the machine has made the worker its slave and that the craftsman is no longer master of his tools.—New York World.

Farm Women's Work in Harvest Time

Napoleon said that an army fights upon its stomach. It is likewise true of the army of harvest helpers needed in the West every year that they work upon their stomachs; that is to say, they have to be fed. No matter what goes wrong in the harvest field, the meal must be on time in the kitchen. Which means hard work for the farmers' women folk.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Feeding the Hungry Harvesters

The more help the farmer gets, the more help his wife needs. She has to provide the meals for the men engaged in harvesting the world's bread stuffs. The exhausting demands of the toil of cooking made upon the women of the prairies would wilt many of the strong men who tend binders all day long in the harvest fields, with nothing to worry about except that supper may be late.—Regina Leader.

Destruction Caused by Carelessness

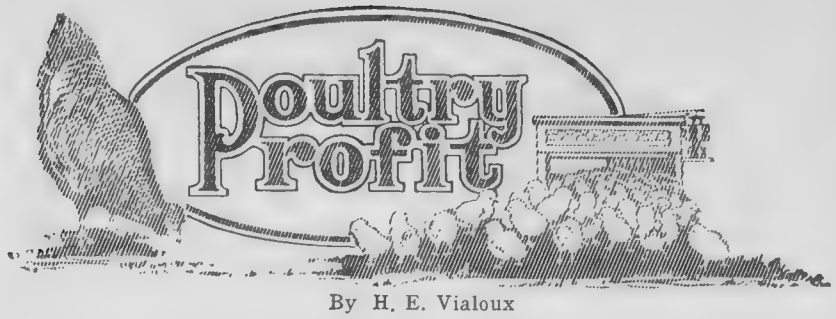
It is wholesome to be on the road and in the open, to visit the national parks and monuments, to see the rivers and mountains. But away from home is irresponsibility. It is easy to treat everybody's property as if it were nobody's. A lighted match may do more harm on Nature's carpet than on one's own rug, but then in the former case one is off and away and rarely pays the damage.—Nelson News.

A Monument of Absurdity

How supremely ridiculous now appears that inscription to the Kaiser on a monument in Germany quoted in a recent cable: "To William, ruler of seas, master of armies, this ancient stone pays homage." The war will not have been a failure if it has destroyed the system which made it possible for men, with the mental and neurotic deficiencies of William, to become the rulers of seas and the masters of armies.—Calgary Albertan.

The Mutilated Survivors of the War

The International Labor Bureau has called a meeting of experts at Geneva to discuss the question as to whether anything can be done towards finding employment for the soldiers mutilated in the Great War. There are 10,000,000 such survivors, 8,000,000 of whom are regarded as potential wage-earners. Ten million mutilated soldiers is a legacy from the last war that should make the world pretty thoughtful when it talks about having another one.—Ottawa Journal.



By H. E. Vialoux

THE new regulations in regard to egg grading are meeting with disfavor by a good many country merchants, who object to the extra work in getting eggs candled, evidently prefering the old slipshod methods of shipping in crates of eggs, which when candled in the city, prove to be at least half stale. This is an important educational work, that country merchants, and many farmers should study, and learn to improve conditions. There will be convictions and fines, for the breaking of these laws regarding egg grading. A judge from the Extension Service told me, that in the country districts, out north, the merchants were refusing to buy eggs under the new grading, which of course, means a better price for the man who produces "strictly fresh eggs" laid down in the country store, and these farmers were forced to ship their eggs into Winnipeg to secure a market. Whereas the man who hunts up stray hen's nests of eggs at intervals, and throws them into a crate, sends them to the store, does not want them graded, preferring to take the usual low price with no questions asked. in time all this will be adjusted and even careless farmers will see they are standing in their own light. Grain has been graded and classified for many years, why such a fuss over the proper grading of eggs, the most perishable food stuff on the market?

Mr. Edward Brown the well known poultry expert who is an authority on the export egg trade, reports that owing to more careful grading and shipping, Canadian eggs are meeting with great favor in England, the market of the world as regards meat, poultry and eggs. "The Dominion Live Stock Branch" have been working on this important matter, for export, for several years and the results are now apparent.

THE Boys' and Girls' Clubs have flourished this past season. The splendid turn-out of the demonstration farms in Winnipeg in September is evidence of the valuable work done by our 'teen age boys and girls, but in the poultry section of the rural clubs, the leaders of club work have noted that the club members are disposed to bring their prize birds home from "The Fall Fair," and in with the farm flock, straightway forgetting all about them until the next spring, when eggs are required for hatching in preparation for the Fall Show. Therefore, to get away from these haphazard methods, and to encourage the club members in their poultry work, a start has been made in rural Manitoba in poultry clubs, run somewhat on these lines. In each district a boy or girl must set at least three hens on pure bred eggs, and has a chance of raising say, ten good birds. The cockerels are disposed of and a record kept for the price, etc., received, then the pullets are fed for egg production, and a record kept of the eggs laid by the pen, cost of feed and the returns in cash for 12 months. Prizes are offered and ribbons for the best showing of this practical phase of poultry keeping. Quite a flourishing poultry club has been organized at Makaroff, Man. Meetings are held monthly during the winter and helpful talks given, while the leader answers all questions and encourages the members to discuss their problems. All this work will in future, be administered from the Manitoba Agricultural College. As culling hens is all the fashion these days, farmers may be interested to hear that the M. A. C. will send out an expert if ten farmers or poultrymen, in any one district make an application for the demonstration which will take place on each of the ten farms, each man being asked to send the expert on to the next neighbor and see to his transportation. There is no charge for the culling. Look out for yellow legs when looking over the old hens. The Biddies displaying them have not done their duty in egg laying, the fowl with the legs pale and washed out has stuck to her job and filled the egg basket all the season. Speaking of Makaroff being very up-to-date in club work, reminds me that a team of three boys is giving demonstrations of culling at this point, from the local poultry club. Up in that country Northern Manitoba, a great deal of poultry is raised.

THE usual reports are coming in of a good deal of blackheads in young turkeys, and an article in the Montreal Star, tells of an iodine solution being a wonderful prevention of disease in a flock of fowl or turkeys. This is used in the drinking water. The treatment is really an intestinal antiseptic one, and after two years trial the writer claims splendid results in freedom from disease, roup, etc. The solution is Tincture of Iodine 20 minims. Oil of cinnamon 5 minims, oil of Eucalyptus 5 minims, oil of thyme 5 minims, glycerine 1 teaspoon, Rectified spirits to one ounce. The cost is small and any good chemist can put it up. 20 drops of this mixture is added to one pint of water used as any ordinary drinking water, about twice a week and the claim is made that all sickness will be kept away. For roup five drops of the solution in a teaspoon of milk is given and some of the diluted solution sponged about the bird's head, and dropped down the throat. A couple of doses of this medicine given in milk or water, cures diarrhoea or kindred troubles. I feel it should be a valuable remedy for blackhead which is a germ disease. When the disease is really bad in a flock of turkeys it is a serious business. The sick should be isolated from the well birds, and all of the flock given a dose. Do not keep any of the birds over for breeding purposes another season, sell them off, and commence afresh with new blood. Even the ground and runs become infested with the germs of this deadly disease through the droppings. The co-operative selling of all kinds of chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese will be carried on again this fall through the assistance of the Dominion Live Stock Branch. Marked success was met with last season, and there will be large shipments from the same districts this year in the southern parts of this province and the co-operation plan will be worked out to some extent in Saskatchewan and Alberta this fall.

Watch the pullets these Fall days, and see that they get good feeding to mature them for their winter's work. Cockerels should, of course, be crate fed, and killed off by Thanksgiving or earlier. When the grain fields can be roamed over the fowl are in clover all the time, but in more restricted runs, certain wants should be supplied. Sunflower seeds are valuable for young and old hens. When birds are molting the seed helps them to feather out well. Then the butter milk or sour jar should be available at all times. Owing to the late spring the "molt" season is later this autumn, therefore the culling can be done a couple of weeks later than usual, but by November 11th, this job should be out of the way, and the laying hens housed for winter.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being one in adversity.—Zimmerman.

Classified Department

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AGENTS—Men and women. Sell Personal Greeting Xmas Cards. Thousands of dollars of cards will be sold between now and Xmas. Get your share of the business. We supply beautiful sample book free. "Imperial Art" selection is the most popular in Canada and has cards suitable in taste and price for all classes. You can easily make $5. up each evening, spare time. We will show you how. Deal direct and get highest commissions and best service. Manufacturers, 122 Richmond West, Toronto. 11-23

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AGENTS—Men or women. Sell knitting yarn. The article that is most in demand today. Thousands of pounds of yarn will be sold between now and Xmas. Get your share of the business. We supply sample cards showing 38 samples of the best two and four ply knitting yarn on the market. This yarn is suitable for both hand and machine knitting. We supply your customers free with printed instructions for knitting popular, up-to-date garments and allow you large profits on your sales. Write today for sample card and also particulars of our special yarns at 85c per pound. Donalda Mfg Co., Dept. 156, Toronto. tf

CLEAN UP THIS YEAR. Wonderful new fast seller. Goes like wildfire. Enormous profits. Write quick. Free particulars. Mission, Factory 52, 56w Pitt, Windsor, Ont. t.f.

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FOR SALE— Pigeons, Carveaux, Homers, White Kings—beauties. From directly imported Belgian stock, guaranteed mated. Correspondence invited. Vancouver Squab Plant, 5792 Vivian Road, Vancouver, B.C. 10-23

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MISCELLANEOUS

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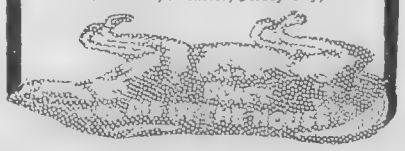
E. S. WELLS, *Chemist*, Jersey City, N.J.



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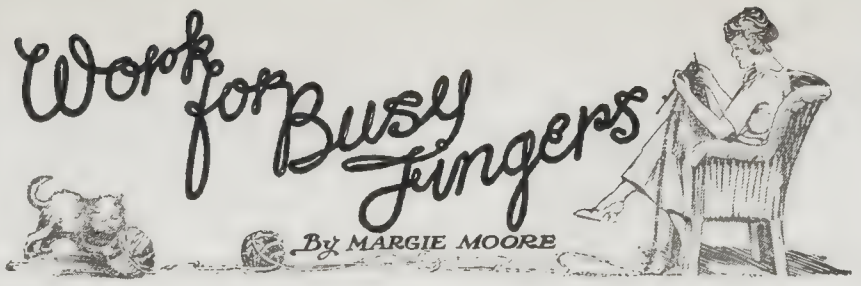


Several Dainty Yokes That Make Up Into Lovely Christmas Gifts

Directions for Butterfly Yoke

Materials—Coats Mercer-Crochet No. 60. No. 13 Hook. 8 meshes to the inch.

Start under arm, working up and down.

Ch 116.

1s Row—4 sp, 2 bl, 3sp, 1 bl, 7 sp, 1 bl, 19 sp, 1 bl.

2nd Row—Add 1 bl at lower edege, 2 bl, 18 sp, 2 bl, 7 sp, and skip the next 4 sp. This will form a slot of the beading, then 2 sp to get to the end of row.

Make two of these slots between each 2 butterflies to run the ribbon in.

Continue to follow design, adding blocks at lower edge to form the wings of butterfly.

Shoulder Straps

Start at one end, working crosswise. Ch 38.

1st and 2nd Rows—11sp.

3rd Row—Start butterfly and follow same design as in block pattern for small butterflies.

Make 2 slots between each butterfly to run the ribbon in.

Edge around neck and each side of shoulder straps, 2 s st in sp, 2 s st in next, sp, * 1 s st in next sp, 1 p, 1 s st in same sp, repeat from*.

Directions For Rose Scallop Gown Yoke

Materials—Mercer-Crochet, No. 60. No. 12 Steel Hook.

Ch 101.

1s Row—11sp, 1 bl, 6 sp, 1 bl, 3 sp, 3 bl, 1 sp, 2 bl, 1 sp, 3 bl. Follow design, adding bl at lower edge to form scallop. 14 scallops make 40-inch bust.

Shoulder Straps—6 sp wide and 110 rows long.

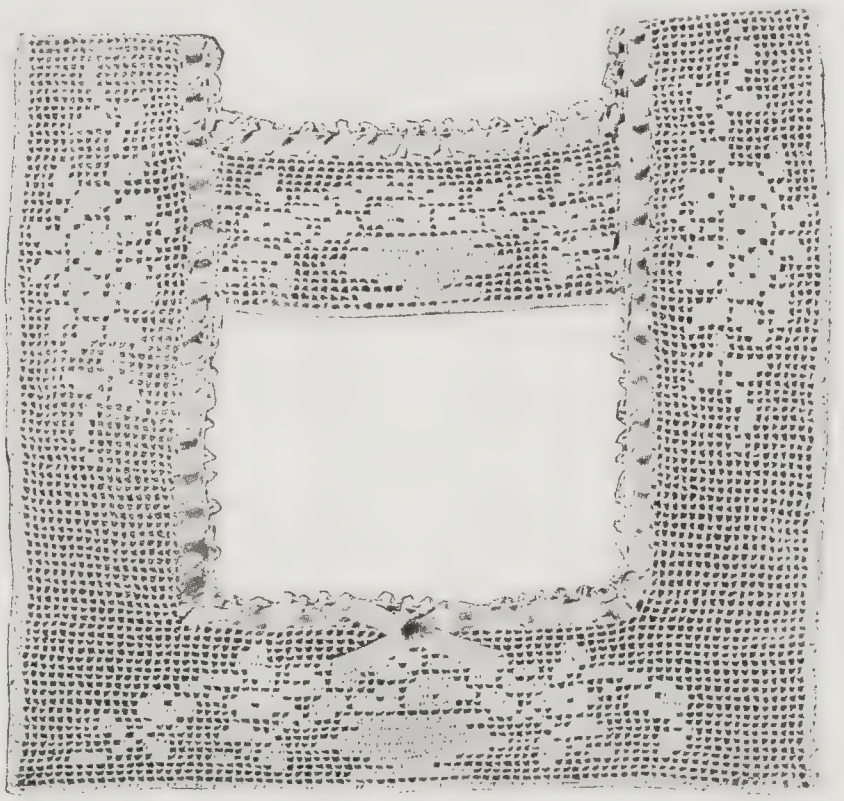
Beading Around Neck—3 d tr in 1t sp, * ch 3, 1 d tr in 2d sp, ch 3, d tr in 2d sp. Repeat from*.

Edge around neck and each edge of Shoulder Straps—3 s st in first three sp, 1 p, repeat around

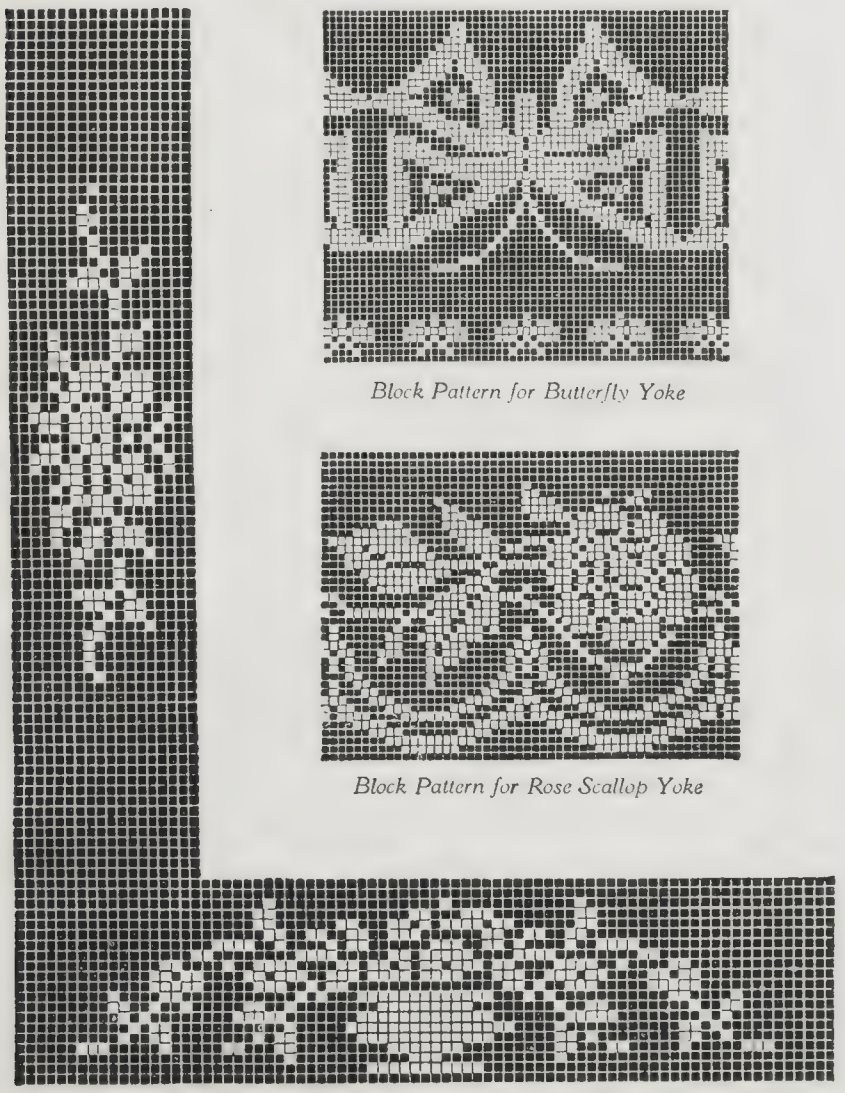
2d Row—1 s st half way between 2 p, ch 12. Repeat around

3d Row—5 s st around ch, 1 p, 5 s st in same ch, s st over s st. Repeat.

A Beautiful Camisole Yoke in Butterfly Design.



To Make This Pretty Nightgown Yoke Commence Work at One Side With a Row of Solid Blocks, and Follow Block Pattern Below



Block Pattern for Nightgown Yoke

Block Pattern for Butterfly Yoke

Block Pattern for Rose Scallop Yoke

Very Charming is this Camisole or Gown Yoke in Rose Design

Autumn is Remodelling Time for Winter Wear

With preserving days and gardening now practically a thing of the past, early housecleaning finished, and the children back at school, the homemaker herself has a little time to sit and plan her winter campaign.

Clothing for winter wear is the next point of attack and the sewing room is the field of action. Here old clothes of last and other winters are assembled for inspection and to enable the homemaker to plan for their renewal.

It is the growing girl who keeps her mother on the anxious seat. Her arms and legs grow seemingly while you wait, and between the ages of 8 and 16 she is hard to dress becomingly.

Also, girls' clothing is as expensive to buy as their mothers' so at least school dresses must be made at home in most families.

By ripping, combining, dyeing and modelling to fit her personality, much may be done with small outlay, save for time and labor. Dyeing stripes and plaids to a solid color works very well. It makes a self-toned plaid or stripe that is unusual, and trimmed with silk dyed to match, the material makes up very satisfactory. The best parts of old silk or satin blouses will take a dye which gives a material strong enough for the trimmings.

If there is enough material left, little stitched hats can be managed from it. Embellished with a little strip of fur or wool embroidery or pom-pom, such a hat does nicely for school wear.

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Clark's Pork and Beans are not only delicious and nutritious but are most inexpensive—and easily prepared—simply heat and serve.

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No bone, no gristle. Serve cold or heated.

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Throughout Canada dealers sell and recommend Clark's Pork & Beans, in convenient size tins and at economy prices.

Pork and Beans are only one of many delicious dishes which the great "CLARK" KITCHENS prepare and which you can buy ready to heat and serve, simplifying housekeeping and relieving you of much kitchen drudgery.

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Made in Canada

WHEN SHE GOES BACK TO SCHOOL

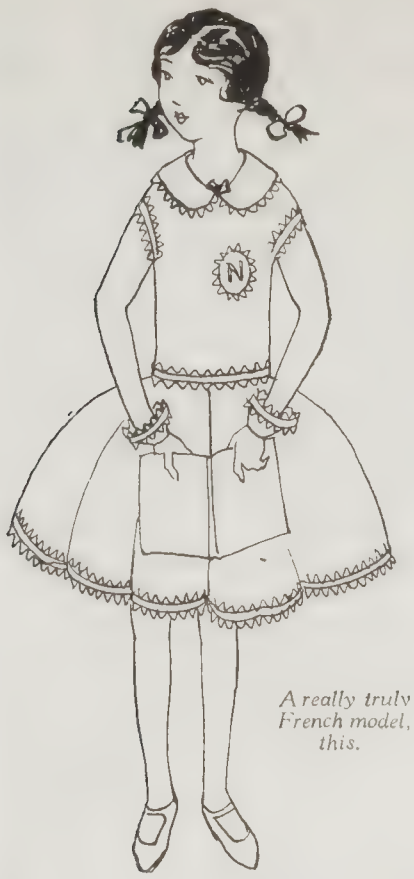
Our Little Maid May Be Equipped Smartly and Suitably

By Sylvia Sims

THE Little Red School House—or the great, modern school of stone and brick—is humming with activity after a slumberous season. The busy spider's summer lace work has been ruthlessly torn down. Floors and furniture have been swept and garnished. New chalks, fresh scribblers, unbroken slate pencils, testify to new beginnings; the old, well-worn text books are redistributed, to take up again the yearly task of putting a new group of curious, restless, eager youngsters through their grades.

But the hustle and bustle, the new duties, the fresh calls, are not confined to the schoolroom. There is every evidence of the change of season in the home—especially in that busy first hour of the morning. Children must be up, dressed, equipped, perhaps, with a lunch box, and set, with "shining morning face," upon the high road—in time to answer "present" at the nine o'clock roll call.

Just at first, the school clothes do not add much to the general problem of readjustment. Our Canadian climate is usually on its most pleasant behavior in September and summer garments are apt to be still the most comfortable day-time wear—especially if the child has a light wrap for the occasional morning that seems cool until the sun has climbed high in the glorious early autumn sky.



A really truly French model, this.

The loveliest shade of rose crepe de chine makes this party frock.

The kindergartner loves her bunny dress

Pongee, smartly smocked with a contrasting color.

Brown jersey, trimmed with knife pleating of self-material.

But in behooves the mother of young children to turn her immediate attention to the fall wardrobe, for sharper weather is just around the corner—and last year's garments probably come far short of knees and wrists, after the busy summer growing period!

SCHOOL clothes for children have been very comfortably standardized of late years. Most boarding schools and many girls' day schools have either adopted a uniform—a tunic, a middy and skirt or middy and bloomers—or have put the stamp of approval on a certain type of apparel. The activities of the curriculum, the knowledge of women of ripe experience as to what is best, and the social aspects, all have their bearing on the case. Simplicity and suitability; comfort and a nice regard for hygienic principles; durability and ease of making and upkeep—these are some of the considerations that have brought the middy or the sailor suit, the trim one-piece dress, and the adoption of serviceable colors, into such general acceptance and, at the same time, have banished fancy underwear, corsets and high-heeled shoes, from the school wardrobe of even the older girls. In the wholesome, present-day school life, with its modern ideas, its community of interest, its athletics, such acceptances and banishments have been evolved most naturally!

LET us consider first, the young girl's underwear. First of all, it must be comfortable—fit trimly but never tightly. There is no more fruitful cause of unrest than a too snug armhole, a scrubby, chafing material or a too tight elastic.

The one-piece garment, including vest and drawers (open or closed, depending upon whether or not bloomers will be worn over them), is to be highly recommended. It can be obtained in the form of a knitted combination, in many weights, and in cotton, wool, or a mixture of the two. Before cold weather demands wool, the little one-piece suit modelled after the "athletic underwear" for men and women, can be made of cross-bar, dimity or cotton crepe. Cotton chambrays and ginghams in the unbroken checks, have also come into favor for underwear, especially for the boarding school girl, who knows that the school laundry will soon mean discolored whitewear. Of course, the colored cottons must be of the best quality and strictly color-fast, or they will soon look even more disreputable!

Bloomers are now universally favored, for both summer and winter use. In the warm weather, they are made to match the dress of the small child, who will wear no petticoat. The same rule may be followed when the wool dresses are put on. Nothing else is so trim, so unobtrusive, and so serviceable. They are made either with elastic in the waist band (run through a casing made with thinner goods, when serge or other bulky material is used) or to button on to the common sense waist which will carry the weight from the shoulders.

The older girl who may, perhaps, feel that she requires a brassiere, will be glad to compromise on the new kind of waist that has been evolved to replace corset, brassiere and suspenders. It is made of coutil or some of the sturdy cotton materials, straight across the top with shoulder straps and two pairs of suspenders which draw it down sufficiently but without binding or confining.

Very knowing is this fur-trimmed frock for the older girl.

Petticoats are necessary for the little girl whose dresses still end around her knees, only if the frock she is wearing is of transparent material. The little slip, straight-cut and plain, is the most desirable type. It should be cut with a round neck—shoulder straps are awkward when they slip down over the upper arm. The hem should be very deep so that only one petticoat will be required.

NOW as to dresses. The needs of each child are bound to be a little individual, no matter how much the mother or the school leans toward standardization. It has been keenly argued by more than one careful student of the subject, that too-stereotyped a fashion of dressing a child is apt to have a repressing effect. Whilst vanity is in no wise a desirable trait to develop, personal daintiness, an artistic sense in the matter of dress, and a certain amount of individuality, are all worth developing and the psychologist claims that these and other points are brought out in the subject of good dressing.

I hold, however, that the regulation middy, sailor suit and such outer garments as the reefer and plain English overcoat, are indispensible. Middies are to be had in white and colors and in the most durable cotton materials and serge or flannel. Sailor suits come in serge, with braidings of black, white, or red and the average young girl feels both smart and correct when she is trimly rigged out in one of these smart marine-tog outfits.

Next in favor is the straight little one-piece dress of navy blue or brown. It should be trim in appearance and offer every opportunity for unimpeded action.

Considering the more individual styles, I have located in the shops that specialize in enchanting clothes for youth, a few frocks that will interest every mother. Some of them are suitable for the school dress, others are designed for the important Sunday best.

First, is a frock for the kindergarten tot. It is eminently suitable for wear without a coat in the cooler days of September and October. It is made of brown wool nun's veiling, with band trimming and bunny-shaped pockets of natural-colored pongee.

NEXT on our list is a charming little dress that was shown in a very exclusive children's wear shop; it was made entirely of the natural-colored pongee but would lend itself equally well to development in any dark color. For a golden-haired child, that green that is neither dark nor light would be a little unusual and would offer some variety from the almost universally-used blues and browns. It is a loose, simple little frock, made on a yoke. The full skirt is smocked just below the joining line, with mercerized cotton of any harmonizing color. The set-in sleeve is long and full. A loose-fitting little dress like this receives no particular strain at any point, no matter how active the child may be, and so promises long wear.

The third dress on my list is nothing less than a copy of a genuine little French model! Its original was made of medium grey wool duvetyn, trimmed with French blue silk rick-rack braid. The waist is cut kimona style the long, tight, bell-cuffed sleeves being joined beneath rick-rack braid. The Peter Pan collar, the very full skirt and the monogram are all edged with the braid. The opening in the back is the full length of the waist and has no buttons or other fasteners visible on the outside.

Next I have chosen a typical school room frock. It is very much

Continued on page 60

Gossard
Corsets and Brassieres

Keep slender figures slender

"An ounce of prevention——"
It is *so* easy to keep one's figure youthful.

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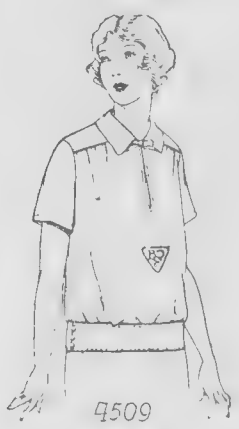

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

The sign posts on Fashion's roads point to many interesting style features, new and lovely materials, exquisite trimming and artistic accessories.

The straight line silhouette has not been supplanted, but it is brought out again with delightful invocations.

The straight frock is very straight. It is scant and wonderfully embellished with bands, borders or embroideries.

The new utility coats are full length, flat in the back, with choker or bolster collars and deep cuffs. The side is seen on many coat models and obtains also on dresses, blouses and skirts.

For indoor dresses, sleeves are short or in cape or loose effect. For outdoor they are fitted and reach the wrist or elbow. The high neck line and long sleeves give an appearance of added length. Flowing sleeves are quite in keeping with the flare so evident on skirts on which flounces appear in every conceivable outline. Tunics and tiers are shown on skirt models in velvet and cloth as well as silk and satin.

Box plait effects on woolen materials will replace the fine plaitings of the summer. Flounces on the front of skirts and tiers of plaited flounces are shown.

Skirts are to be shorter especially for street wear. The news is welcome for comfort's sake, but it is to be hoped that the Canadian woman will have her skirts in the length best suited to her height and proportions.

On some of the new models the waistline is perceptibly raised, and touches of the empire mode appear in long slender skirt lines, short waists and puff sleeves.

The new dressy wraps are charming, in taffeta silk crepe and novelty fabrics. Velvet and other pile fabrics are used for capes and cape wraps, and heather mixtures, double faced cloths are shown in such garments for utility wear.

The round neck, and that in square outline are gaining favor. The square is best for dinner and evening waists.

Berthas are still in evidence, and on youthful 1830 frocks the low shoulder line appears. Some models principally for evening wear show the "V" neck.

On daytime models the high collar is a prominent feature.

Moire is featured as a leading material for both day and evening dresses. With a satin back it affords a splendid opportunity for self trimming. Brocades and jacquards are also in vogue.

Light weight worsted dress materials are popular, some new effects in stripes as well as plain surfaces are shown. Novelty printed and fancy crepe will be used for gowns and waists.

Wool rep is smart for coat dresses sometimes worn with an underskirt of black satin.

Smooth faced cloths like broadcloth and fine serge are used for frocks and straight line coats.

Brightly printed silks for dresses and blouses will probably be in evidence until the cold weather, and the little blouse of silk will be with us for some time to come, separate or as part of a one piece cloth dress.

Velvet for entire dresses, and also as trimming will be used extensively during the Fall and Winter season.

A skirt of velvet topped by a waist or bodice of moire is very smart, and it goes equally well with a waist of figured silk, or one of satin.

Suits built to resemble dresses are in vogue. One may have a two tiered skirt topped by a blouse coat with peplum to match the skirt tiers.

Draped effects in tunics below a blouse with side closing, will suggest a coat effect.

Velvet ribbon will make a very smart trimming, in bands, on a coat dress with side closing.

Smart sports coats in plaided fleece are finished with deep notched collars that may be upturned in cold weather. The sleeves are comfortable and in coat style. A wide belt of suede holds the coat at normal waistline.

Some of the new coats have added capes or cape sections.

A very simple and effective trimming for a coat or jacket is a bias binding at the edges of self material.

Black and white as ever is a favorite combination, but to have it at its best, the dress must be of one and the trimming of the other, and the entire ensemble marked by a touch of gay color in a hand bag, hat or ornament.

Dresses of deep navy blue or black are trimmed with foulard.

Attractive dresses of black Alpaca are trimmed with small figured chintz and cretonne.

Colored embroidery on a heavy black crepe is in vogue.

Coat dresses of satin or moire may have collar and cuffs of white fur or of white silk, with a ¾ length sleeve and under sleeve of white is smart.

The return of velvet has revived the interest in lace as a trimming.

Beaded dresses are still fashionable in new and pleasing designs and charming combinations of colors.

When writing address "Fashion Department," Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

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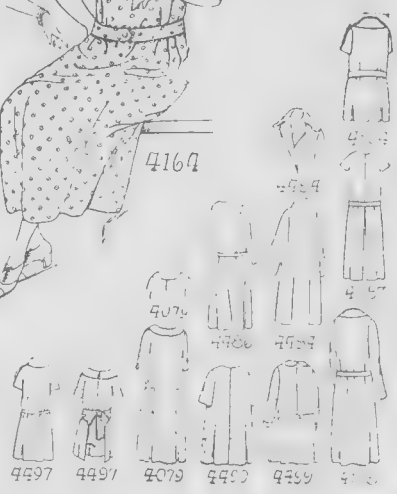

A Youthful Style, 4079—Here is a new and very unique version of the one piece dress. Belt portions over which the tab extentions on front and back are fastened, hold the fulness gracefully at the sides. Added width is given to the skirt portion by plaits that form a panel over back and front. This is a good model for gingham, and also for the new tub silks in check and stripe patterns. Organdy or linen may be selected for trimming. The sleeve is cool and pretty in the short length, and in wrist length it is the latest style feature.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 5 yards of 32 inch material. The width of the dress at the foot with plaits extended is 2¾ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Becoming Frock for the Growing Girl, 4497—Youthful lines, and popular style features are expressed in this model. Crepe satin with facings of the satin side and the dress portions of the reversed side, is here pictured. This is a pretty style for voile and organdy. It may also be developed in one material with embroidery or braid for decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 14 year size requires 4¾ yards of 40 inch material. Without tunic, bertha and cuffs 1⅝ yard less is required. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated requires 1⅛ yard 40 inches wide.

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A Stylish Seasonable Coat, 4484—This is a model, good for all cloakings, for velours, kasha, plush, and other pile fabrics, and for fur. The collar may be closed high at the neck, or rolled low with the fronts forming revers.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 5½ yards of 44 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Practical Coat Style, 4503—Broad cloth, polo cloth, heather mixtures, tweed or velvet as well as other pile fabrics are good for this model. Fur, braid or braiding will be suitable for decoration.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 2¾ yards of 40 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. n silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Work or Porch Dress, 4128—Here is a very pleasing house dress, that may also do duty as a "street dress" in coat style. The lines are simple. The sleeve may be in wrist length or finished with the cuff in elbow length.

The Pattern which is nice for gabardine, serge, gingham, percale, prints and crepe is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5⅞ yards of 32 inch material. To trim as illustrated requires 1 yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2⅜ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Pretty "Cover All" Apron, 4487—Here is a fine "protecting" apron with plait extensions at the side front seams. In unbleached muslin with a finish of bias binding in a contrasting color, this model will be inexpensive and very serviceable. Gingham, or sateen, chintz or chambrey are also suitable, and in damask in blue and white or silver gray, it will be very attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 5⅛ yards of 32 or 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style for Young Children, 4315—Checked percale was used for this model, wit chambrey for trimming. This style also lends itself well to gingham, cretonne, crash and linen. In pongee with cross or pass-stitching it will make a serviceable, washable dress.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6 year size requires 3 yards of 32 inch material. If collar, bands and facings are to be of contrasting material, ¾ yard is required.

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A Stylish "Morning Dress" in Slip-on Style, 4485—The practical features of this model are apparent at a glance. The long waist, and deep neck opening are becoming to slender and stout figures. Damask and linen could be here combined, or chambrey, with striped seer-sucker for trimming. This is also a good model for serge, ratine or crepe.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4½ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 2½ yards. For collar, vest, cuffs and belt of contrasting material ⅞ yard 36 inches wide is required

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A New Frock with Pleasing Style Features, 4217—Circular skirt sections are set low over a panel front and long waist sections, on this desirable model. The square-cut neck is especially becoming to stout figures. The sleeve is new and attractive. Broad cloth, with bands braided with soutache was used in this instance. Panne velvet, or serge would be equally pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3⅞ yards of 54 inch material. The width at the foot is 3⅛ yards (with plaits extended).

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A Pleasing Combination, 4510-4512—Here is a splendid development of an overblouse and panel skirt. Ratine, linen, taffeta and satin are good materials for this costume. Eponge in silk or cotton weaves is also appropriate.

The Blouse is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt is cut in 7 Sizes 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. To make the costume for a medium size will require 5¼ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards.

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A Dress with New Features for the Growing Girl, 4496—Plaid gingham with linen in a contrasting color would be attractive for this style. Printed cotton, crepe or ratine are also pleasing. The waist portions are cut with skirt sections, that are joined to plaited side portions. The short sleeve is cut in one with the waist. The long bell-shaped sleeve is added.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3½ yards of 36 inch material. To trim as illustrated with contrasting material requires ½ yard 36 inches wide.

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Continued on page 60

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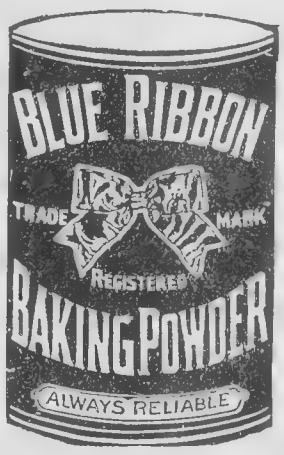

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WHEN SHE GOES BACK TO SCHOOL—Continued from page 57

like a sailor suit but has a Peter Pan in place of a sailor collar and by way of further asserting its independence, is tied with a black Eton tie. The trimming is inch-wide silk military braid.

A little lighter in weight is the brown wool Jersey frock with the half-inch knife pleated insets on each side of the skirt. The short sleeves and round neck are finished off with a band of the half-inch pleating, about three inches wide. The little hat is of brown scratch felt, with brown corded silk ribbon wheels adorning its crown.

MOST useful for any charming occasion which the older school girl may be asked to meet, is the dress of dark brown silk and wool mixture, which is trimmed with three-quarter inch bands of nutria fur. (It would be more perishable but oh, so charming! if made of grey cloth and trimmed with very narrow bands of grey squirrel.)

A stand-up collar is trimmed at both top and bottom edge with the fur, the two rows joined every three inches by a short band of the fur, making a checker-board pattern or a single, wider band may be used, as in the illustration. The cuffs of the long, tight, set-in sleeves are trimmed to match either collar. A panel of the brown material is inserted right into the dress in such a way that a point runs up into the blouse, the panel continuing down the front breadth of the skirt to be about three inches longer than the rest of the hem line. The entire panel is edged with fur and if desired, the same treatment may be carried round the bottom of the skirt, although this demands a good many yards of the trimming and runs up the expense, perhaps unnecessarily.

It would not be right to omit the dress that is reserved for the young girl's parties or special occasions. In fact, I so love a party myself that I took the most special pains to find exactly this little rose crepe de chine frock illustrated here, with its adorable accordion pleated cascade down the side and the pleated bands that form such a graceful sleeve and neck finish. Rose or white stockings and one's best white or patent leather party shoes, would complete a most satisfying costume.

FASHION AND PATTERNS—Continued from page 59

A Popular Blouse in Slip-on Style, 4509—An old friend with new features is this stylish model. The fulness of the front, makes this style attractive for slender figures. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes. 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 2⅝ yards of 32 inch material. If made with short sleeve 2¼ yards will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Good Model for Mature Figures, 4486—The combination of plain and striped material here portrayed is very appropriate for this style. The long lines and "V" shaped vest, are especially becoming to woman of mature figure. Ratine and linen or gingham and chambrey could be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5⅜ yards of one material 36 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires 2 yards of plain material and 3⅜ yards of striped material. The width at the foot is 2¼ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Youthful Stylish Design, 4505—Here is a very pleasing model, with becoming lines and smart features. The style is suitable for the new figured silks, for moire satin, or jersey weaves.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires 3⅝ yards of 40 inch material. To make belt and revers of contrasting material requires ⅜ yard 40 inches wide.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Neat and Pleasing Frock, 4504—The stylish side closing and the pretty basket pockets will please the little girl for whom this dress may be selected. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Gingham with collar, vest pockets, belt and cuffs in contrasting material will be good for this design. Brown linen with tan or white for trimming is also attractive.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 3 yards of 27 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple Apron Model, 4164—Percale in white and brown was chosen for this model, with rick-rack braid for trimming. One could have gingham, or cambric. Unbleached muslin would be strong and serviceable.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48; inch bust measure. A Medium size requires 4 yards of 36 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular Practical Model, 4490—Crepe, cambric, crossbar muslin and silk are suitable for this style. It is cut with comfortable fulness, and is good for slender and stout figures.

The Pattern is in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44, and Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material. For belt of elastic or webbing ⅝ yard 2½ inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

THE ROAD

O the road that skirted the old gray stile,
Was crooked and rough and hard;
Its turns and twists measured many a mile,
Its surface was broken and marred.

In spring, the wagon wheels made great cuts,
In that road with its many bumps;
The sharp-edged stones lay deep in the ruts,
With the knotty roots of stumps.

The grass, in summer, crept up to the edge,
Of that road that wound and wound;
The cruel thorns from the prickly hedge,
Lay strewn on the dusty ground.

The naked trees and leaves of fall,
Seemed to sadden that rugged way;
The wind from the marsh, like a ghost's weird call,
Wailed a dirge to a by-gone day.

In winter time, the frost king bold,
Locked the gates of that narrow road;
Often the clouds frowned gray and cold,
And the snow bent the trees with its load.

But ah! to the feet that oft and oft,
Had travelled that path, I ween,
The flinty stones were kind and soft,
The treacherous roots were unseen.

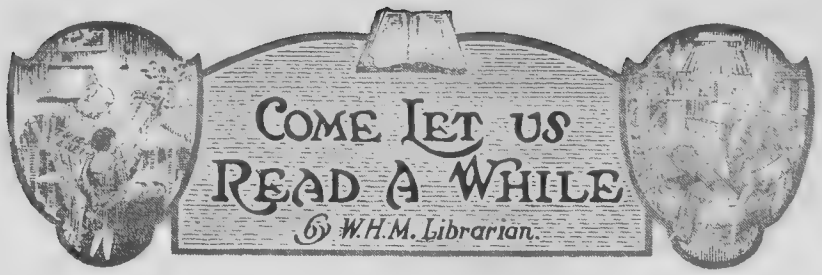
No autumn rain nor winter drift,
E'er tarried the steps that trod;
No burden was ever too heavy to lift,
From the hearts that loved that sod.

For, far at the end of that straggling way,
Past the stile, and the hedge, and all,
Where a beacon shone, with an undimmed ray.
Stood a cottage, trim and small.

Kind hearts that were loyal and true, dwelt there,
And peace, with never a blight;
Forgotten were carking worry and care,
And the weary road at night.

And there was welcome, sweetened by love,
And rest for the feet that did roam;
For that road past the stile, led to Heaven above,
And turned in, at the gate of our Home.

Olive Macken.



"WE ARE looking forward to hear of books you have read this summer." This in a letter from friends whom I have not seen since June. It rather startled me, this sentence. What have I read this summer that I would care to discuss with these friends of mine who have a fine enthusiasm and a discriminating taste where books are concerned? My conscience is troubled. It is a sad thing to have to confess that one has journeyed through several months without the company of good books. But let us talk it over. Perhaps I shall find that my fine-weather excursions into the realm of books has not been so unproductive of good as, on the spur of the moment, I am inclined to think.

I am not going to write of those books already mentioned in three earlier issues of The Western Home Monthly. I am writing this chat very early in September, and I must think backwards. What did I read in August that is worth talking about? At the begininng of the month, nothing new. Does that imply therefore, nothing worth while? Indeed not. As a matter of fact, I re-read some poetry and some prose; some fiction and some philosophy; all of which was distinctly worthwhile. For the amusement of an uninitiated friend, I turned again the pages of Leacock's "Winsome Winnie" and "My Discovery of England." And laughed as heartily as I did when these delightful novels first came my way. I re-read some of Don Marquis' poems in the volume "Sonnets to a Red Haired Lady" delicious bits of wise folly. Rupert Brooke's volume of verse was taken from my library, and he cast his spell upon me as surely as he did years ago when the literary world was first thrilled by the beauty of this young soldier-poet's sonnets and lyrics. A discussion brought to mind Matthew Arnold. I love my little green leather edition of his poems and welcome every reason for pulling it out from among its Temple Classic brothers that stand in such a fascinating row, so out it came that evening, and for the many hundredth time, I re-read "Tristram and Iseult" and loved it more than ever! The same evening, Heine's Lyrics called to me and I enjoyed reunion with those pathetic little love lyrics which do not quite break one's heart because of a cynical little touch in the end of them that is so definitely Heine and which makes one suspect that the poet's case is not as hopeless as he would have us believe!

This then for fiction and poetry. For a serious, philosophical work written in a whimsical and most human way, let me remind you of the existence of "The Dominie In Doubt" by A. S. Neill who has so much to say that is wise and helpful about education and character-building and the understanding of human nature. I can find my way through this book like the proverbial cat in the dark. I know just where the best jokes are, the most penetrating pieces of analysis, the finest bits of rhetoric. Yet, it never bores me to re-read the "Dominie In Doubt"—it always delights me and gives a fresh impulse to try to settle my own doubts! Also, during August, some periodical or the other, I forget which, printed an excellent article about the types of men and women portrayed by the brilliant novelist Joseph Conrad. This article awoke memories of some of Conrad's finest novels and I travelled in memory (almost as good as reading) through the story called The Rescue, Gaspar Ruiz and Youth. A screen production of Meredith's novel, "Diana of The Crossways" sent me in hot haste to my shelf where Meredith resides, and taking from it that most splendid of English novels, I re-read this story with as much joy and impatience as I did on the first occasion. I am sure this re-reading must be the twentieth.

About the 22nd of August, at least that was the day I secured a copy, Stephen Leacock's latest novel was published. It is called "Over the Footlights" and perhaps the best compliment I can pay it is to say that I was in no mood to read at all, much less a humorous book, yet the moment I began it, the laughter bubbled up and I had to read it through to the end. As I have said on many occasions, I am a great lover of Stephen Leacock's humour. I look upon him as the most brilliant star in Canada's literary firmanent; as a brilliant star in company with any humorous writers of today, be they in England, the United States or Canada. Satiric humour of a most delicious and clever type characterises "Over the Footlights." Always, I have wished to express my gratitude after reading a book by this royal jester. Once again I say "Thank you Stephen Leacock for the humorous manner in which you present quite solid food on the Platter of Life for our consumption." "The Platter of Life" is the title of one of the funniest and clever "take-offs" in this series.

What else have I read? A poem by a Canadian poet, Frederick Niven of British Columbia. This, strangely enough was clipped from an English paper, "The Observer" and sent back to me in Winnipeg. Which shows how a writer never knows the radius of his audience. As it is a short and charming lyric, I will pass it on to you. It will doubtless remind you, as it did me, of that famous poem by Kilmer, called "The Tree."

Trees in Canada

I thank my God that I can see
The blossom on the maple tree;
I thank my God when I behold,
Some morning after rain, new gold
Sifted upon the tamaracks,
Whose very name of grandeur smacks,
As of romance does lodge-pole pine;
I thank God for the silver shine,
Through dusk woods, of a birch-tree stem;
I do thank God for all of them,
From straight and stately Douglas fir
To little twisted juniper;
I could go down upon my knees
And sing God thanks for all His trees.
Frederick Niven.

Towards the very end of August three new novels appeared each of which I have read. Gene Stratton Porter whose novels head the list for the number sold each year, has just published another romance of the Limberlost entitled "The White Flag." In this story, the authoress pictures with great tenderness the Hosier town where dreamed and played the little girl who was destined to become in later years the idol of fiction readers the country over.

In this new Gene Stratton Porter novel, we see a certain Jason Peters who walked the road of hardship to success and was ennobled by his toil and care. We see also pretty Mahala the daughter of wealthy parents and Martin Moreland whose vision became warped by riches. This is a romance you are bound to love.

Another author as popular I suppose as Gene Stratton Porter has also produced a new novel. I refer to Harold Bell Wright who has written a high hearted romance of the Arizona Desert and mountain country, centering about the search for a fabled gold mine known only to the Indians. This thriller, it really is a thriller, is called "The Mine with Iron Door" in which figure a fugitive youth and a lovely nameless girl.

Some of you no doubt have read Herbert Quick's "Vandemark's Folly," that splendid and historical novel in which a young Dutch canal hand made his way from the Hudson to Iowa and took his place there as a pioneer homesteader. Mr. Quick has now written "Hawkeye" which in some measure is a sequel to "Vandemark's Folly" for the same country is before us and Uncle Jake Vandemark is one of the elderly notables of Mr. Quick's new novel. Although at times it seems that Mr. Quick has given us too many details too digest, "The Hawkeye" is nevertheless a very fascinating story with historic significance because it portrays a section of American society and gives a graphic portraiture of interesting individuals.

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,,	—Nov. 21,	S.S. Minnedosa	to Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp
,,	—Nov. 22,	S.S. Metagama	to Belfast, Glasgow
,,	—Nov. 23,	S.S. Montrose (New)	to Liverpool
Quebec	—Nov. 28,	S.S. Montlaurier	to Liverpool
St. John	—Dec. 7,	S.S. Montclare (New)	to Liverpool
,,	—Dec. 13,	S.S. Melita	to Cherbourg, Southampton, Antwerp
,,	—Dec. 14,	S.S. Montcalm (New)	to Liverpool
,,	—Dec. 15,	S.S. Marloch	to Belfast, Glasgow

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The demonstrations girls' teams, photographed on the steps of the Girls' Residence Building, Manitoba Agricultural College

MANITOBA BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUBS

Team Demonstrations Provincial Competition, 1923

DURING the first week in September, the most important event of a Boys' and Girls' Club year, took place when sixty demonstration teams competed for the Provincial Championship at the Winnipeg Garden Show. The young people who won the honor of a trip to Winnipeg were the guests of the T. Eaton Co., the H. L. MacKinnon Co., the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., the Western Canada Milling Co., and the Department of Agriculture.

While in the City, the boys and girls, and their leaders, made their homes at the Agricultural College for the week. The time not spent in demonstrating was devoted to visiting points of interest, listening to instructive talks, theatre parties, swimming and stunt contests, etc. The trip to Lower Fort Garry should make Canadian history something real to those girls and boys, rather than a dry task. The trip was followed by a picnic dinner at St. Andrew's Locks. The Parliament Buildings, the T. Eaton store, Assiniboine Park, and all departments of the College were among the places visited.

This year, three boys' teams entered the competition, one in bacon hogs from Elgin, dental care from Killarney, and from The Pas two boys gave an interesting fur demonstration.

The highest honors went, this year, to two bright girls from Teulon, who chose "Bees and Honey" for their demonstration. The subject was handled very skilfully, no phase of the bee-keeping industry being neglected. They had some delicious cookery in which honey was used as the sweetening agent.

The Rosser Milk Drinks Team was a close second. They convinced the audience that for those who do not care for plain milk as a beverage, innumerable delicious drinks may be made by altering the flavor.

Third place was won by the Interior Decoration Team from Mather, who gave us a great deal of valuable information about furnishing the living-room.

Each member of these three teams won a gold medal.

The Belmont Bread Team, who won silver medals, proved that young school girls can make just as good bread as any experienced housekeeper.

The girls from Elm Creek made a variety of most attractive and delicious salads.

A First Aid Team from Carman know how to act if sickness or accident overtakes any one near them.

A Textile Team from Teulon concluded the list of those winning silver medals. These girls considered linen, cotton, wool and silk from the original source to the finished article.

These four teams won silver medals.

The Elva Team, who told us all about caring for the hair, and the Hamiota Milk Drinks Team won bronze medals.

An individual gold medal was given to Edith Unsworth, a little girl from Emerson, who made a high score in "The Care of the Baby."

Perhaps the striking feature about the contest is the generous spirit shown by all the girls and boys. They have learned true team work, and seem to be just as glad for somebody else who wins as if it had been themselves. The work done by all the teams was excellent.

Many and varied were the subjects chosen.

A number of girls who selected bread-making showed by their skilful handling of the subject that they had worked hard and faithfully. Still more made such quick-breads as muffins, biscuits, pan cakes and waffles.

Among those not winning medals were several other milk drinks demonstrations. A number of teams chose table setting. The table should be the centre of the home, and it can be made a true gathering place if a little attention is paid to the dainty serving of meals.

There was an interesting macaroni demonstration in which the product of Durum wheat was cooked in a number of appetizing ways.

Another team, who selected beverages, gave us an amazing amount of information about tea, coffee and cocoa. The beverages they made proved that their methods were the very best.

Then there were some canning teams, besides some in other household subjects, such as laundry, in which approved methods of washing and ironing were illustrated, as well as the removal of several familiar stains. Two small girls from Roland showed us how to care for furniture, and clean various household metals. There were several teams who selected interior decorating. Millinery and sewing were not neglected.

Some subjects were more along the line of health and kindred ideas: First Aid, Home Nursing, Care of the Baby, Care of the Teeth, Care of the Hair, Sensible Footwear, etc. The Care of the Baby deserves special mention. A big doll is bathed, washed, as a baby should be cared for, and careful explanation given of artificial feedings.

A team of special interest was the Quick Breads group from Beausejour, three bright Polish girls who were the guests of the Lake of the Woods Milling Company. They talked English, but answered questions asked in Polish in that language, and English questions in English. They wore attractive uniforms made from flour sacks, with the lettering washed out.

From St. Lazare came three French girls who gave a good demonstration of Bread Baking in English, though they use French in their daily conversation. They were able to answer any question in French. Their demonstration closed with the singing of "O Canada" in French.

In all the demonstrations, one was impressed with the ability of the girls to intelligently answer the questions which were asked. It was quite evident that a great deal of time and effort had been devoted to the thorough mastery of the subject by the girls and boys, and by their leaders.

Special credit is due to the women who devoted so much time to training the teams. Many of them are busy farm women with innumerable home and community duties—in many cases they are active members of Women's Institutes and United Farm Women's Locals.

The highest scoring teams began studying their subjects last fall.

There is no other line of work being carried on among the boys and girls which will do more to make of them the finest type of Canadian citizens.

Leaders of the Demonstration Teams, 1923

The entertainment programme below will give some idea of the interesting and enjoyable week these girls and boys spent in Winnipeg.

Monday, September 3rd

Demonstration teams arrive in Winnipeg and proceeded to the Agricultural College, which will be Club Headquarters for the week.

6.00—Supper. College Dining Hall.
6.45—Address of welcome by Professor C. H. Lee, Acting President.
7.30—Games, motion pictures and songs. College Auditorium.

Tuesday, September 4th

7.30—Breakfast. College Dining Hall. Announcements.
8.30—Excursion to Lower Fort Garry.
10.30—Shopping excursion for leaders.
10.30—Inspection of bastions, portholes and historic relics at Lower Fort Garry, the seat of government in 1831 and Louis Reil's headquarters in the first Northwest Rebellion.
11.30—Picnic dinner at St. Andrew's Locks.
12.30—Return to M.A.C.
2.30—Leaders' conference, M.A.C.
2.30—Sports programme under the direction of R. W. Youmans, Physical Director, M.A.C.
6.00—Banquet at Agricultural College.
8.00—Stunt evening. College Aud.

Wednesday, September 5th

7.30—Breakfast.
8.00—Address—Dr. M. Stuart Fraser.
9.00—Leave by special car for city.
10.00—Visit the T. Eaton Co. Store.
12.30—Banquet. T. Eaton Co. Store.
2.30—Theatre party at the Capitol.
6.00—Supper. Roseland Gardens.
7.00—Leave for College.
8.00—Swimming exercises at M.A.C.

Thursday, September 6th

7.30—Breakfast.
8.30—Address—Mrs. Duncan, Director Home Economics Department, M.A.C.
9.00—Excursion to all departments of the College.
12.10—Dinner. College Dining Hall.
2.00—Leave for Assiniboine Park by street car.
3.00—Visit conservatory, menagerie, etc.
5.30—Supper. Pavilion, City Park.
7.00—Leave for College.
9.00—Swimming exercises, M.A.C.

Friday, September 7th

7.30—Breakfast.
8.15—Address—Miss Hiltz, M.A.C.
9.00—Leave for city.
10.00—Visit to Parliament Buildings.
12.00—Dinner. Y.W.C.A.
1.00—Theatre party at the Metropolitan.
4.00—Shopping excursion.
5.30—Supper. Young Church, Sherbrooke and Broadway.
7.30—Visit to Winnipeg Garden Show.
7.30—Champion teams demonstrate at the Winnipeg Garden Show.
9.30—Presentation of medals by Jas. H. Evans, Deputy-Minister of Agriculture.
10.00—Board street car for M.A.C.

Saturday, September 8th

Demonstration teams leave for home.

—And I Earned All the Money At Home—in My Spare Time!

"IT was really lots of fun, I didn't have to neglect my housework or my children at all—yet in a surprisingly short time I had all the extra money I needed!"

"But tell me Margie, how *did* you do it?"

Mrs. Keene was frankly puzzled. Only a little while ago Margie had complained to her that she couldn't make ends meet. Now there were beautiful new furnishings in Margie's home, fashionable new clothes in Margie's wardrobe, a wonderful new happiness in Margie's smile.

"There's nothing mysterious about it," Margie laughed. "I'll tell you exactly how I did it."

She wheeled in her lovely new tea-wagon, served tea from a shiny new urn, and the two life-long friends sat down together to discuss, over their cups, the wonderful thing that had come into Margie's life.

"You remember," Margie began, "that John was obliged to accept a smaller salary when the company changed hands. We were both very much upset about it, but there was apparently nothing we could do. We just had to worry along on the smaller salary and try to keep up appearances.

"You know what a struggle it was. More than once I felt I would just have to give up—I couldn't go on. I wrote my sister about it—you know, the school teacher in Rockville — and her answer solved my whole problem in a flash. Here, I still have the letter. Let me read part of it to you."

A Wonderful Letter and What It Contained

Margie took the letter from a desk and read excerpts of it to her friend.

". . . therefore I advise you to get one at once. I have had mine for almost a year now, and don't know what I'd do without it. . . . I would have told you about it before, had I suspected. I always thought you and John had plenty. . . . Be sure to get it at once. Use it in your spare time as I do. You'll be able to earn an income of your very own, earn extra money right at home for the things you want. . . . I made almost $300.00 in the last six months and I am using it to make the first payment on our own home . . . and I know, Margie, you will find this the ideal way to make money in your spare time at home."

Mrs. Keene listened breathlessly. It sounded like a page from the Arabian Nights! Think of being able to earn so much money right at home without neglecting other duties, without having a "boss" to whom one must account! She leaned a bit closer as Margie continued the story.

"Well, I assure you I lost no time in getting one of those remarkable Auto Knitters that my sister told me about. John and I set it up in the dining room and before long we both knew how to operate it perfectly. The first month I didn't make very much. The second month I made $43.00, with which I bought the phonograph—you know how long I wanted one! Last month I made over $50.00. And, remember, my dear, I Auto-Knit only in my spare time, only when I am able to! It's wonderful. Whenever I want a new frock or something new for the house, I know how I can earn the money for it. And, Oh yes! I started a bank account yesterday. I am going to put aside something from my earnings every month."

* * * * *

Margie's story to Mrs. Keene is not very different from the stories scores of women write us. We have, for instance, a letter from Mrs. R. Hewson of Ontario, who reports that she earned $275.80 in five months. Miss Harriet Pushee of Nova Scotia says she often earns from $2.50 to $3.00 a day just Auto-Knitting in her spare time. Miss Ruth Elley of Ontario kept careful account one year and found that she earned over $750.00 Auto-Knitting for us. Mrs. F. A. Nunns of Nova Scotia writes a most interesting letter in which she says she not only made money on her Auto-Knitter but *saved* money—as she made socks, leggings, sweaters and other useful and necessary things for her family.

How much do *you* want to earn at home in your spare time? Would you like to earn $5 a week extra—or $10 a week—or even $15 a week? Would you like to earn enough for a new phonograph, or a new parlor suite, or some fashionable new clothes?

Let Auto-Knitting solve all those bothersome little more-money problems. Auto-Knitting is a tested, dependable method of turning those wasted hours and half-hours into extra dollars for the things you want. How about it? Are you going to add your name to the great Auto-Knitter pay roll? Are you going to make your spare time worth money?

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We will be glad to send you, absolutely without cost or obligation, full information concerning Auto Knitting. You are urged to send for this free information at once. It will be sent to thousands of women all over the country and perhaps some will be kept waiting.

Remember, no cost or obligation. Just clip and mail the coupon, and all details will be sent you free. But do it NOW, before you forget. The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Dept. 7310, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ont.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.
Dept. 7310, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Ont.

I, too, am interested in turning my spare hours at home into extra dollars. Please send me full particulars regarding Auto Knitting. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way whatever. I am enclosing a 3c stamp to cover cost of mailing information to me.

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Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuritis	Lumbago
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CANADIAN GIRLS FARMING IN THE OKANAGAN VALLEY, B.C

By Isabel Cromwell Logie

ENGLISH women and girls have been the most energetic and venturous among the gentler sex in taking a hand at farming in Canada, although others have been equally successful.

Farming as an occupation and means of livelihood for women has been discussed on Soldier Settlement Boards and other land settlement schemes, written about at considerable length, and decisions arrived at with due consideration given the whole proposition from various points of angle.

The undertaking from an outside standpoint looks quite feasible and easy, and to a great extent is so; but many difficulties present themselves at various seasons of the year notwithstanding; and whether the operations be on a large or small scale, fruit farming or even extensive vegetable gardening is not always work for a woman.

Fruit farming is most generally recommended for women desirous of entering the field of agriculture in preference to vegetable or mixed farming. To this is added "chicken ranching" which is perhaps the most likely of all to prove successful.

A visit to some of the established fruit farms of British Columbia, managed entirely by women, reveals the fact that the ability to supervise and make a success of the proposition is fully demonstrated. Although there are not many who have undertaken and carried to successful issue the work of carrying on, either a fruit or chicken ranch, but there are a few who have, and if one can do it, why not another?

Miss P. A. Morgan and Miss Edith Murray learning how to set out their tomato plants

In making the foregoing remarks regarding woman's ability to farm successfully. I do not mean to convey the idea that women do all the hard work occasioned in operating. Some have tried and abandoned the project with a loss of health and money.

A woman always needs a "mere man" around to take the heavy end of the stick, whether he be white, dusky brown or almond eyed, this goes without saying, or should, for man was made the stronger.

However, several ladies have made a successful effort and are still prospering, albeit money or a man at their back, sometimes both.

The unique experience of testing out the proposition of a prosperous and enjoyable life on a small fruit and vegetable farm was made by Miss P. A. Morgan, amateur photographer, Miss Edith Murray, school teacher, and Miss J. L. Blair, nurse, all formerly of Nova Scotia, but residing in British Columbia long enough to thoroughly understand conditions and methods in various departments of agriculture which they had been studying for some time.

These three energetic ladies. "dubbed" themselves "Bony," "Slim" and "Slivers" and quite looked the self-styled part as they went about their work in the long farmerette overalls.

With good heads and healthy bodies they set about with a will to make a Canadian test of efficiency as real genuine farmers.

The selection of a place was duly made with the caution and consideration of experienced Canadian girls, the choice resulting in a four and a half acre farm in close proximity to the pretty town of Kelowna, in the Okanagan Valley, B.C. The whole piece was under cultivation, about half being in orchard, bearing cherries, pears, plums and apples. The remainder they planted in tomatoes, onions and cucumbers.

Novelty after novelty presented itself taking the edge of the hard and sometimes dirty grind which faced the workers at times.

The pruning, spraying and seeding accomplished, all with one accord "pitched in" to make the little home somewhat brighter and withal more comfortable. Boxes and boards were requisitioned from various corners and soon the hammer was whack, whacking and bits of cretonne and muslin made bright and beautiful the rough exterior of the newly acquired furniture. And thus . . . all of the living room and kitchen furniture (except the stove) was manufactured by "Bony," "Slim" and "Slivers." The whole interior was neat and comfortable with an "up-to-dateness" about it, indicating, "somebody lives here" not "just stays."

Very soon the weeding, cultivating and irrigating begins. "Turns" were taken at this. as in the case of house management and cooknig. Note how many things these ladies were capable of doing. House managing, cooking, furniture making of its kind, sewing, seeding, weeding, cultivating and irrigating and numerous other things.

Presently the ripening fruit is ready for picking and early vegetables for marketing. No time for lazying around now, if benefits were to be realized from the expenditure of both money and labor. "Up in the morning early," and ready for bed with the darkness and some times before, was the daily routine. No "farmerette" business about this job; really and truly FARMERS.

Miss P. A. Morgan taking the fruit to be shipped at Kelowna

The marketing of the produce was the only trying ordeal experienced in the year's operations. This was in some instances discouraging, when a cucumber bringing to the producer only two cents sold on the Prairie for forty cents (early shipments). The cucumber crop was abundant and this was disheartening, but they must take the bitter with the sweet. Tomatoes sold at a good figure but were only half a crop while the onions were water soaked. Cherries, pears, plums and apples all brought fair returns. Even with the difficulties mentioned, the venture was voted a success, as returns were made for the money invested, and a living in the open earned from their labor; and not only that, but three women left the Okanagan Valley with hardened muscle, farmer appetites and a tan that lasted them over the winter: healthier and happier for their experience. To return? . . . who will say . . . for many a fruit farmer in the valley has picked his sweetheart from the "step-ladder" of an apple tree . . an attractive setting for the "bride-to-be."

All the work entailed in carrying on this proposition was done by the trio of ladies undertaking it, with the exception of the preparation of the soil and seeding and one help in picking fruit, when Miss M. C. MacIntosh, another Nova Scotian, was engaged to assist. Even the putting up of the fruit boxes which is usually a man's job in fruit picking time, but a little piece of work easily accomplished by anyone handy with hammer and nails.

Being desirous that this article should be of service to any girls contemplating going into agricultural activities in Canada, especially British Columbia, either for a livelihood or pastime, and whether it be the "chicken ranch," "fruit farm" or vegetable gardening under consideration, I speak from considerable experience and observation, and advisedly, when I say, that greater strength and endurance is often required than is possible for any woman to give continually. The management is quite a different matter, and any woman with knowledge and experience in agriculture can manage equally as well as a man. Why not?

The question of a man around the farm is sure to come sooner or later and a girl that is a good enough sport to tackle farming on her own, is just the kind of young woman hundreds of bachelors already on the land and thousands ready to go unto it, are watching and waiting for. So many bachelors living alone on their homestead or purchased farm land, say: "Girls are not willing to build their homes from the beginning as they used to do. We have to spend the best part of our life alone and heap up money before we can get a wife." Of course, I know that we all do not marry for the "heaps" of money but just for the "Luv of Mike" and I think all the more of a man who says "I couldn't bring a girl to this place." Such a one deserves the love of his very best sweetheart and her companionship early in the game, if she would make the reality of a "Home Sweet Home" ring true throughout life's journey.

The Lenkoskis Purchase a Cream Separator

By V. Bryan Robinson

THE Lenkoskis have purchased a cream separator; the first to be owned by anyone in this district; in fact, the only one for miles around. When Sophie came on Tuesday to do the family wash, she could hardly wait to take her apron off before relating this astounding bit of news. It should perhaps be explained that Sophie has original and entertaining ideas regarding the functions of aprons. "So nice and clean like. It is too bad to get it dirty," she remarks as she takes off that article of dress and hangs it on a hook. "I like to wear it, then nobody can tell if you got holes in the dress." Exactly, I wonder that this use of an apron was not explained to me long ago. Original as the idea is, it remained for the little girls of the school to find a more unique use for aprons. Little Annie Chorney, proud of her new calico dress but bitterly disappointed to find that she had not received the badge for the neatest girl in the school, declared that the winner was "only clean on top. Her apron, it is clean but her dress it is all dirt." Alas! I am afraid that there was a good deal of truth in this denouncement, and that even Sophie had an eye towards hiding her dirty dress when she sallied forth in a brand new apron. As I have said, she could hardly wait to take her apron off before relating what was to be the news of the day. She opened her conversation by saying, "I like those pink and green stripes," pointing to the rather obvious checks of her new apron. "They look better than white like you got, I think so it is. What you call those funny things," she inquired, pointing to the appliqued flowers that decorated the latest addition to aprons in our household.

After being initiated as to the mysteries of appliqueing, she continued, "Levi, he get me the cloth for my apron when he was in Warsilino yesterday and you never guess what he brought home." She was right, we never should have guessed anything quite so unusual as a cream separator. In the first place we wouldn't have believed that any one in the district was quite so progressive as to invest in a piece of modern machinery, and in the second place we would have doubted if there were cows of sufficient merit to justify such a purchase. "He bring us a cream separator! All new and pretty like. It's got the name painted on the side. Now how you say it? Levi, he can say it fast like anything. This morning we run it first time. She was funny, the Papa he want to run, Mike he want to run, Pearl and Annie, she want to run, but Levi say No! only he can run it, nobody else know enough 'bout machinery. She run so easy like and we get, oh! so many lots of cream. We're going to sell the cream to Mr. P. Burns and get lots of money. It ain't very long before we get back all the money we paid for that separator. The Papa, he's going to save all that money and perhaps bye-and-bye we get a house with a floor. The Papa, he see the picture of that separator long time ago last winter. He is see it in that farm book we get every week by the mail. Right by that picture is lots of cans of cream and money you get. The Papa, he see all of that and he say him that he is going to get him all that money. He sell all the little pigs this spring, and put the money in the Bank so he can buy him a cream separator, just that one in the picture." We both agreed that this was a very far-sighted move on the part of "the Papa" We had many times discussed the possibilities of the district as a dairy one, but each time agreed that the one barrier was the utter disregard of the people for even the first principles of sanitation. Dairying meant cream separators, cream separators meant washing, and washing meant distasteful labor to most Russians. I am quite sure that Marjorie had this in mind when she asked Sophie if they did not find their new separator hard to keep clean. "Oh no! it is not difficult. The nice young man who sell it to the Papa, he say it only need be washed once a week. Last winter when the Papa show me the picture and say he was going to buy him the cream separator, I tell him all about the one the Morton's had over in Belmont where I work that time. I tell him how many times all those little tin things got to be wash each day and I tell him I got too much work now to do all that. He say don't worry, he will get him a better one than that."

When Mr. Lenkoski was in Warsilino about three weeks ago, Maurice Chorney, who runs the one and only hardware store in the community, called him into the shop. He showed him a young man who would be able to get him a separator just like the one in the picture. The picture, much the worse for many foldings and unfoldings, was produced and shown to the commercial traveller. Yes, he could sell the Papa a cream separator just like the one in the picture, indeed he would be pleased to take his order. Privately, the truth of the matter was, he was glad to be able to sell anything. He couldn't think what the firm was "up to" to send him to this outlandish corner of the earth. The idea of sending a first-class salesman through this wretched foreign district. Hotel accommodations were simply dreadful! It was as much as he could do to force himself to complete the trip outlined for him. Just wait until he got back in civilization and met some of these smart folks who were always talking about making Canadian citizens of foreigners. It was a downright shame to let such people as these Russians in a white man's country. To do business with them was terrible. One never knew if they understood what you were saying. One could talk all day and be rewarded with a five dollar order. Well, here was an opportunity to sell an expensive machine, make a good fat profit for himself, and get cash with the order. Somewhat cheered by this unexpected bit of good luck, our salesman friend returned to the hotel to await the train that would take him from this dreadful town to the next dreadful town.

Yesterday Sophie did our weekly wash. Naturally we are interested in the progress of the Lenkoski family in their struggle with the new cream separator. Frankly, we are not above being attracted by a machine that needed washing but once a week. I must confess that we were a bit doubtful on this point but Sophie was so insistent in her remarks to the effect that "the nice young man, he tell the Papa this separator is all different than any other kind, she only need to be washed once a week," that we were forced to believe that perhaps after all the statement had been made. Of course we realized that such wonderful progress was being made with farm machinery that it was altogether within the realm of the possible to have just such a machine as Sophie described. We were therefore, anxious to hear the very latest news on the subject of cream separators, with particular attention paid to the Lenkoski separator. After waiting a decent length of time for Sophie to open the conversation on this topic, and after throwing out several broad hints to the effect that we were not disinterested parties, we were reduced to the rather embarrassing necessity of having to ask point-blank for the latest news on the subject. "Yes sir, the cream separator is working fine like. What you call those funny things on the sleeping robe?" Having given the proper name to, and explained the use of, the funny things on the sleeping robe we returned to the topic under consideration. "No ma'am, we don't send no cream off yet. Please sir, that Sam's pulling the leg of your sleeping robe." I hurried out and

Continued on page 67

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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

Bulbs for Winter Cheer

AFTER the profusion of bloom that comes with spring, summer and autumn, in the average prairie home there is no need to be cut off from the cheering presence of flowers entirely, as the cultivation of bulbs for blooming indoors is carried on successfully in many homes in the Prairie Provinces and while the countryside may be buried in snow and whipped by blizzards, the interior of the home may present a brilliant display of the blooms of tulips, hyacinths, and narcissi.

The process of potting bulbs for winter bloom is very simple, but it is well worth the trouble to give them every possible chance to succeed while one is about it. The potting mixture should consist of two parts of good garden loam, one part of well decayed manure and enough sand to make an open, friable soil. Arrange drainage at the bottom of the pot by means of putting in a thin layer of coarse gravel, pieces of pottery or small flat stones. Fill with soil lightly and then press the bulb into the soil base down, cover the bulb and press firmly all around. The bulbs should not be crowded or set too far apart. The proportion of five tulip bulbs to a five-inch pot is effective planting. These pots containing the bulbs should be placed in a cellar or basement and cool, dark conditions provided. The soil should be kept moist continuously while the pots are in the cellar and it is well to examine the pots to see that full root development has taken place before bringing the pots up to the light. When the bulbs are first brought into the light, the pots should be placed where the temperature is moderate and the light not too bright nor the atmosphere very dry. Water freely but do not apply more than is necessary to keep the soil moist. When the flowers appear, remove the plant from the direct rays of the sun, as the blooms may be scorched by the sun shining through the window. The lower the room temperature after the bloom appears the longer the blooms will last.

The following are some of the varieties which have been found successful in Manitoba as winter-blooming bulbs: Roman hyacinths, Paper White narcissus, Golden Spur daffodil, White crocus, L'Innocence Dutch hyacinth, La Reine white tulip, Chrysolora yellow tulip, Van Sion double daffodil, Sir Watkin daffodil, Keizerskroon red and yellow tulip, Couronne d'Or double tulip, King of Blues hyacinth, Yellow Hammer hyacinth, Gertrude hyacinth, La Tulipe Noir tulip, Emperor daffodil, Victoria daffodil, and Barri Conspicuous narcissus.

Hyacinths should be selected from good ripe bulbs, firm and well developed. The five-inch flower pot is the best and most useful receptacle to grow the bulb in. These should be lightly filled, first with drainage material, then a rich compost of garden loam, leaf mold and sand. Press the bulb into the soil and cover, leaving only the tip exposed. After potting is completed, all should be buried in a sand or cinder box in a cellar, care should be taken to cover all six inches deep. The pots may then be taken up and gradually brought to the light and heat, care being taken at first to let the stem assume a good, healthy green before moving to a bright window. Ample moisture should be applied to the soil.

Paper White narcissus are very fine plants, are easily raised, and require no dark room treatment. In ordering the other bulbs, endeavor to get as much variety of color as possible, in fact, it would be interesting if making the first attempt to produce winter blooms, to obtain a few of each recommended variety and ascertain which prove successful under your own conditions.

Let the Trap-Nest Cull Your Flock

IT is very easy to advise the farmers, but as some of the advice given is costly to put into execution both from a labor and financial standpoint, the farmer under present conditions does not as a rule feel very enthusiastic about such advice.

The installing of trap nests on the poultry plant will involve a certain amount of expenditure and as these require three or four visits a day with the necessary record keeping in conjunction with each visit, it will appeal only to those farmers or their wives who are making a special effort to grade up their flocks for the maximum production, but it should strongly appeal to the town poultry keeper or the poultry farmer who desires to keep only birds that are worthy of their feed and keep. By ridding one's flock of the birds that the trap nest system has plainly shown are not self-supporting and enabling the selection of breeding stock from the heaviest laying birds, trap nests are an essential where such results are desired. Even when in use for a comparatively short period, trap nests can give a good indication of how things are going with your poultry; for instance, farmers can breed up the laying qualities of their flocks by using the trap nests from November 1st to say March 1st, or until they become too busy in the spring, and take the birds that lay well during this time and mate them with a good vigorous male of a laying strain, and from these only take eggs for breeding, or, if this is not practicable, buy each year a male bird from a good laying strain and mate him with the best hens of the flock.

Miss M. C. McIntosh who has enjoyed three seasons in the Kelowna district and has become quite expert in picking, packing and grading. She has made a special study of the canning business as well.

When using trap nests, of course the hens must have leg bands, each hen having her own number. When making the periodical visits to the trap-nests a note book must be carried, or, what is more convenient, a register may be nailed up on a convenient part of the wall near the nests, and as each hen is released she is held long enough to obtain the number on her leg band and an egg is credited under such number on the register. It is obvious that under this system the hens that are producing creditably will soon make themselves known to their owner, and in a similar manner the "boarders" will soon qualify for removal from the plant.

The trap-nest record also shows the time of year at which the eggs are laid. One hen that lays 100 eggs may be more valuable than another hen that lays 150 because of the time of year at which she lays them. Eggs in the winter time are worth from two to three times as much as they are worth in the summer time. The trap nest shows conclusively not only the hen that lays the largest number of eggs, but the hen that lays the largest number of eggs at the right time of the year. Trap nests are good in that the daily handling of the hen makes it possible for the attendant to get acquainted with the individual birds. Broodiness, sickness, injuries, etc., can be noted at the start and steps taken to guard against them. Hens that lay undesirable shaped eggs, small or wrinkled eggs, can be detected and weeded out. There is an occasional hen that enters the nest regularly but never lays an egg, and only the trap-nest will expose the culprit.

In regard to the number of trap-nests necessary, it may be said that during the heavy laying season there should be one to every four hens. Should the number be insufficient, some of the hens will lay on the floor.

Help the Bees to Survive the Winter

THERE is considerable loss each year among the Manitoba domestic bees, and a good deal of the loss is due to insufficient stores. A colony of bees will need thirty-five pounds of honey to make a safe siege during the winter. Another cause of winter loss is excessive swarming during the summer months and it is advisable to allow the bees to swarm only once during the early summer.

Before placing the bees in their winter quarters, see that the basement where they are to be is clean and free from objectionable odors. Do not hurry the removal of the hives from the summer stands if the weather is at all mild. The usual time of placing bees in winter quarters is toward the end of November. If bees are put away too soon, the cellar is apt to be warm enough to keep them lively when they should be otherwise. The temperature of the cellar in which the bees are kept should be about 45 degrees F., should be quite dark, well ventilated, and quiet.

Do not handle the hives after they are placed in the winter quarters; this practice should be avoided, and if the cellar conditions are favorable, the bees should not be disturbed until they are placed on the outside stands in the spring. It is not the best plan to place the hives on the floor of the cellar, but a stand should be provided that will support the hives so that their floors are about a foot off the floor level of the cellar.

Of course if weak hives are placed in winter quarters, one must not expect very encouraging results in the spring when the time comes to place the hives back on the stands. As the bees that have worked one summer will not live until the next, it is as well to have the frames well covered with young bees and a queen that is not past the age limit for safe wintering, in other words, a queen not over two years old.

The Advantages of Keeping Sheep

AS weed destroyers, sheep have repeatedly demonstrated their value to the farmer, and not only do they clean up the weeds, but thrive on these otherwise worse than useless plants. Another point in favor of sheep is a very important one indeed under present farming conditions, and that is, economy in housing. The sheep carries sufficient wool to take care of the warmth requirements in extreme cold, and all that it needs is to be kept dry. A very cheap and easily constructed shelter is all that is necessary in the form of a lean-to made of poles and covered with straw. They will work at the land in their endeavors to obtain feed until the last thing in the fall and will resume this work as soon as any green growth is showing in the spring.

Frequent changes of pasture is the best practice in regard to sheep farming. They should not be exposed to extreme heat without the chance of getting into the shade, a good supply of clean water should be available at all times, and salt must be given regularly to keep them in the best condition.

There is a good demand for wool and this is a crop that can be raised without the accompanying anxieties of so many other crops.

Economy on Farm Machinery

A GOOD many farm implements are hard to purchase but very easy to get rid of owing to the fact that exposure to the sun, rain and general weather conditions, coupled with hard usage and lack of lubrication makes them rapidly depreciate in value. A machine that is neglected will eventually be responsible for poor work and considerable delay through a constant need of repairs.

Some sort of small repair shop on the farm will soon justify its existence by keeping the farm implements up to a better standard of efficiency. This shop

ABOUT THE FARM

Continued from page 66

could form a kind of headquarters where the lubricating oil, oilers, spare wrenches and spare parts could be kept so that they could be found at times when they were most needed.

When the implements are brought in in the fall they will be in a better state for immediate use in the spring if given a thorough inspection before being stored for winter. By the aid of a wrench, each piece may be gone over, all loose nuts tightened and all lost bolts replaced. In cases where it is found that the repairs are beyond the scope of the home repair shop, a card or some kind of tag should be attached to such an implement giving a description of the repairs required so that one may be forewarned before the implement in question is required for its own special work on the land. All axles should be greased so that the spring with its rush work will not include that of greasing axles and will solve the spring question as to which axles have been greased and which have not. All parts that are intended to be bright are better greased in the fall than left to rust.

The keeping of quantities of lubricating oil and paint in the repair shop will involve a certain expenditure but oil and paint are far cheaper than the repairs caused by the lack of them.

THE LENKOSKIS PURCHASE A CREAM SEPARATOR

Continued from page 65

rescued my best pyjamas from further rough treatment and chained Sam to his kennel. Knowing from past experience that there was more in this matter than met the eye, I returned to my self-appointed task of cross-examiner. "Oh sure we gets lots of cream from the separator but we ain't got any some days last week so we won't be able to send any to Mr. P. Burns till maybe Thursday. Sure the cows is give lots of milk but we ain't got it the separator working some days last week. Two, three days after we get it she turn awful hard and the Papa say Levi, he know so much 'bout machinery maybe he can tell what is wrong. Levi, he take it to pieces and find all sour milk like in it. I wash it just like I do the one at Morton's over at Belmont where I work that time. Have to wash it now every time just the same. Lots of work to do; maybe I can't come to wash with you no more." We both expressed our surprise and regret to learn that the new separator wasn't what it had been represented to be. I suggested that "the Papa" get Maurice Chorney to write to the concern that had sold the machine. I did this realizing that such a move would probably meet with little success, but I knew that it would at least acquaint the firm with some of the selling methods employed by their salesmen. Sophie received the suggestion in silence answering me with a look. It was a look that I had seen on other occasions. It told me plainer than any words Sophie could have used, that Maurice Chorney would be told of the faithlessness of the smart young man from Edmonton, that in time the district as a whole would learn what to expect when someone tried to sell them a separator, and further, that true to Russian characteristics, the Lenkoskis would say nothing of their disappointment to those who might try to adjust matters. Many days will pass before anyone of this district buys a cream separator; many persons will wonder why these Russians are so slow to take up with modern farm implements; and many salesman will try in vain to sell anything but what the dealers intend ordering, all because a smooth-talking salesman saw an opportunity to sell a high-priced cream separator by telling what he probably considered a white lie.

MIXED FARMING IS THE MOST PROFITABLE

An Open Letter to the Farmers of Western Canada

Never in the history of this West has it been borne home so forcibly as at the present time the necessity for every farmer to diversify his system of farming.

Up until a few years ago it was possible for a farmer to make a living, and in many cases a fortune, out of growing grain (principally wheat). But times have changed, just the same as they have in the older provinces of Canada and the United States. The soil fertility that was so evident is not to be relied upon now and the cost of operation is ever increasing, making it well nigh impossible to rely entirely on the grain crop. In fact, the best proof of this lies in the fact that the financial organizations are more ready to assist farmers who are following mixed farming than they are farmers who rely entirely on grain growing.

While the above statements may not appeal to many who have still in their minds the easy money that was made in the past by farmers who took up land and were successful in growing fairly good crops of grain at comparatively small expense, that together with the rapid advances in the value of their land enabling them to call themselves well off, still the cold facts are borne home to us all each succeeding year that passes that if the farmer of today does not change his methods and adapt himself to changed conditions he stands a chance of being left by the wayside.

In studying the changes that the older provinces have gone through, everyone will admit that the dairy cow has played a great part in saving the situation, and at a time when the product of the dairy was worth far less than it is today.

It is well remembered when Ontario and Quebec farmers were forced to change from grain growing to keeping cows and were not able to get more than 60 cents to $1.00 per 100 lbs. for their milk, which was equivalent to from 15 to 20 cents per lb. butter-fat. Of course, expenses were not as high then as now, but the fact remains that it was the cow at that time that saved the situation and she will do so again.

As matters stand at present your land is just as fertile today as ever for the growing of crops that will produce milk, and we offer you a market every day of the year for your product—at the best price the world's market will allow us to pay, and, what is more, we pay you cash for every can. By the addition to your herd of a few more cows you can reduce the cost. It takes only a few more additional minutes to care for these additional cows and to milk them, and it is the same expense in time to take to the station the cream from 15 to 20 cows as it is to take the cream of 5 cows. What is better still, rust, hail, wind and frost will not destroy your dairy crop.

In closing, we wish to say that the City Dairy Ltd., affiliated with Standard Dairies Ltd., are in a better position than any other firm in Manitoba to give the farmers the best market for their cream. Being located in Winnipeg with a large milk and cream business, they have a home market at highest prices for their butter, and being managed by men who have spent their whole life in the business, they know the real requirements of the farmer. For these reasons we feel that we have a right to ask you for your patronage with the full confidence of knowing that we can, if you lend us your co-operation, assist in assuring to you a successful future.

Jas. M. Carruthers, Pres.
J. W. Hillhouse, Sec.-Treas.

CITY DAIRY LTD., Winnipeg and Treherne
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A LARGER HERD REDUCES YOUR COSTS

Eastern and Western Brokerage Houses Amalgamate

AN EVENT of considerable interest to the Canadian retail trade is the amalgamation of the firm of Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Toronto, and that of Screaton & Whiteside, Winnipeg. The Winnipeg business will be conducted under the name of Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Limited. Mr. S. M. Screaton, for many years the Manager of Screaton & Whiteside, Winnipeg, will be in charge thereof. Mr. Screaton, before going West, was identified with Edward Adams & Co. of London, Ont., and has had wide experience in the grocery and brokerage business. The amalgamation is the result of the increasing importance of the Western Canadian market. The decision of these two prominent houses to join forces and operate in the West under the management of Mr. Screaton, will give Western buyers even greater facilities and service in connection with the many important lines which this House represents. The establishment of the Winnipeg Branch of the Harold F. Ritchie Company is a further link in a selling organization which is rapidly extending to every country on the globe.

A Well-Built Instrument

When the concert was over, and the pianist was driving along the snowy road to the Burnham Inn, where he was to spend the night, he ventured to ask his host of the evening if he had enjoyed the playing. "You did first-rate," Mr. Burnham told him. "That's my opinion."

"Yes," he went on, after a minute, "you certainly did first-rate. You showed power and stren'th beyond anything I ever expected to listen to, and you was lightning quick into the bargain.

"Anybody that heard you could tell you'd worked hard and long and steady to get your trade. But I tell ye who else had ought to have some credit—that's the man that made the piano you played on.

" 'Tain't every instrument that would stand the strain you put on it, not by a good deal.

"I should call it the praise ought to be divided pretty even betwixt ye."

Not What She Expected

An English lord was recently dining with a family in New York. The hostess's little girl, says the Children's Visitor, sat opposite the lord and stared solemnly.

"Are you an English lord, really and truly, sir?" she said at last.

"Yes," he answered, laughing. "really and truly."

"I never saw an English lord before," she said. "I've always wanted to."

"And now you're satisfied, aren't you?" said the young man, gaily.

"No, I'm not satisfied," responded the little girl. "I'm disappointed."

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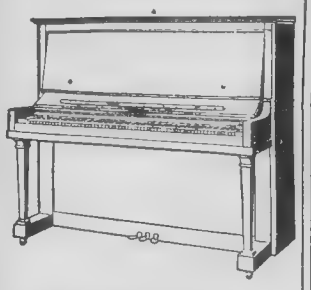

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Good Topic

Dear Editor and Readers,

I come once again with a letter to the Correspondence Page. I wrote once before and was fortunate enough to have it printed. I am still a reader of The Western Home Monthly. I saw in the June issue that "Ivy" was asking for a debate on some subject of interest to farm people, so will try and comply with her request. My subject will be "Reciprocity with the States." I think that should be of interest to the farmers of this country. At the present time we are paying an enormous price for our manufactured goods especially machinery. The manufacturers of Canada, are being protected at the expense of the public. I do not see any reason why they can't compete with the States manufacturers. The States manufacturers can ship their products up here and still sell them as cheap as the Canadians do, and the duty on manufactured goods coming from the states is very high. Then again if the Canadian farmer wants to ship his cattle to the States he has to pay a big duty on them, with the consequence that the price of Canadian cattle is below the price of production. In my opinon if we had free trade with the States the farmers of this country would have a better show but I may be wrong in my ideas. I would like some of the other members to discuss this question in the Correspondence Page. Hoping this escapes the W. P. B.

Scotty.

Exploring Brandon

Dear Editor and Correspondents,

I have never written to your page before, as I was afraid I might be too young. Is there any age limit, editor? The Correspondence Page is certainly an interesting and helpful one.

My home is on a farm, and always has been, so I have had very little experience in trying out cities, but I prefer the country to what I do know of them. I think it is more a matter of what suits one's nature, rather than opinion.

We were to Brandon Provincial Fair this year and had a fine time. We autoed to Brandon and stayed two days, but were just on the Fair Grounds part of the time. We saw some of the city, and were at both the Strand and Allen theatres. My brother and sisters were over too. There were not as many at the Fair this year as there sometimes are.

The busy season is here now and there's no time to do anything but work; sometimes there's not even time to do that, at least what should be done. We have picnics and socials in summer, but not very many, and it would be no use as the farmers are too busy to go to them. In winter though we have fine times—lots of dances and social evenings We have no hall, so the dances are mostly invitation. "Christiana" seems to have the idea that at a dance one swings and whirls away all night. The dances here are not like that "Christiana," and besides, it is not necessary to dance every dance.

I love getting letters, so "parcels of news" from the correspondents will be more than welcome.

Sincere wishes to the editor and all,

Calista.

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been a subscriber of the W. H. M. for nearly four years, and find the magazine better every month. My favorite page is "The Young Woman and Her Problem." It is splendid and should be such a help and guide to many a girl. I should like to be able to get all the talks by Mrs. Hamilton bound into book form. The "Editorial" and "Come Let Us Read Awhile" are well worth a good reading.

I notice from time to time letters from teachers. How many have rather original questions coming up occasionally? I have had such questions as "What causes the northern lights?" "Why is the rainbow in the east?" and "Where are banana seeds?" One has to do a great deal of studying and reading to be able to meet such questions. I think teaching a very interesting vocation.

I notice many name their favorite authors. I have many but B. M. Bower and Zane Grey come first. The part I like of their books is the description. It seems so vivid. I have to be satisfied with that much because I may not have a chance to see for myself. I should like to spend some time in the mountainous country where many of the books by these authors were written. Above all I should like to be able to ride as some of the heroines do.

The crops around these parts like in many others gave good promise in the earlier part of the season, but are badly rusted.

Hoping to see my letter in print and gain a few friends.

Hollyhock.

A Correspondence Album

How do Friends?

Have come through all this rain just because of "Christiana's" letter, so don't mind my goloshes and rain coat folks, will you?

Well "Christiana" some people have a mania for dancing and goodness me, could go four nights a week and still not get enough of dancing, but I think they just live for a good time, so they naturally would loose looks, health and sleep, but don't think we're all dance mad. Now you can skate and ski which perhaps lots and lots of us girls can't do, so we dance instead, but haven't experienced any of the things you say in your letter. You think m'dear that we always go to a dance to show our powdered faces and new gowns! No, not every place where they dance, for here we go to our old hall, enjoy ourselves immensely because we are all a big family and good friends, dance just for the sake of dancing and not just to feel someone's arm's around us. So many old people and middle aged folks enjoy coming just to sit and listen to the music as well as watch the younger people dance. We all work hard and enjoy an evening off occasionally. You know Christiana you wouldn't give up your skating and skiing for worlds. Dancing like everything else is perfectly all right if it isn't overdone, so don't be so hard on dancing. Of course we all have our own opinion on different subjects. I too, am a Scandinavian born in the U. S. A. and always considered myself an American until I came to this great old Canada of ours. I believe in "Don't bite the hand that's feeding you" and to always stick up for your country. I am also a lover of music, (but then who isn't?) and believe in having some sort of a musical instrument in the home, if it isn't the expensive piece we've always wanted, as long as it is something to make music out of.

Best wishes "Buffalo Gal," you're some farmerette. My sister and I are getting prepared for harvest as we are going to do the stooking this fall again, the crops look lovely around here and are ripening fast. This is hoping for a bumper crop for all the farmers.

Am baking my favorite cakes, "cream puffs," so editor if you like them just step this way for a "puff" and a cup o' tea.

I would like to start a W. H. M. Correspondence album, meaning, I would like to receive different snapshots of the members with their pen name written across the bottom of snap, just for a sort of a keepsake of the Correspondence Page, y' know.

Gesss I'll join your pack train "Canada First" just to have a glimpse of this wonderful West of ours. I would certainly love to travel through the Rockies and camp out somewhere, I'd certainly give up dancing then "Christiana." I enjoyed reading "Breath of the Mountains" by Nellie McClung in the June and July issues.

I wonder if "Tolerable," "Fly by Night" and several of the other old members are still reading the page and are just sitting

A day's catch in the Okanagan

CORRESPONDENCE—*Continued from page 68*

in the background with a rather criticizing look.

I expect to soon be initiated into the Yeomen Lodge of which my father and several relations belong, my sister also. I am attending a lodge dance tonight over at the hall, they are going to have lots of good things to eat, but I am not only going for that, I'm going to dance and may be we won't do that if it keeps on raining. I'm wondering if we shall hear from many of the teachers after reading "Christiana's" letter. I have heard many an argument over teachers attending dances during week nights. I am on the school board here, so maybe that's why it reaches my ears quicker, for when one is not supposed to hear anything and doesn't want to, it will be sure to reach a person, one way or another.

Thanks Mr. Editor for forwarding all letters to me from different members, I appreciate hearing from anyone that cares to write.

Well I must be going. I've been so excited, my muddy goloshes have made tracks all over your clean floor. Shake hands "Christiana" and let us part friends even if we agree to disagree on dancing.

Best wishes to you all, I remain

Sincerely,

Light of the Morning.

Autumn Beauties

Dear Editor,

Here comes another interested reader seeking admittance to your charming and sociable corner and although the thoughts of that terrible, old, letter-devouring monster known as the "Waste Paper Basket" almost overpowers me yet I am going to endeavor to trample my fear underfoot and go valiantly forward to glory or defeat—whiche'er the end may be.

Autumn is once again beginning to trail her flaming robes of scarlet and gold over valley and hills and the whole countryside is one vast panorama of gorgeous color. I am a sincere lover and an ardent admirer of Nature in all her moods but I think I love the autumn more than any other season of the year—there is something so sad and yet so beautiful about it. I love the wilderness and the solitudes and would be quite content to make my home in an isolated, out-of-the-way place providing I was near some lake with lots of pine trees in the vicinity and occasional glimpses of far off, misty mountain tops. Loneliness would then be the least of my troubles for who could be lonely when the forests are so full of loving little friends—if only we would regard them as such.

I am fond of literature—composing being one of my favorite pastimes, and it has always been my ambition to someday write a book. I have made one or two attempts in this line but as yet have done nothing startling. Music I regard as a vital necessity in my life but above all I love animals—especially dogs and horses. As far as travelling is concerned I must admit I have done very little but have been as far west as Alberta and as far east as New Brunswick.

Should any one care to correspond with me I shall be delighted to have them do so and will exchange "snaps" with any who cares to. I am a Canadian girl of twenty-two.

Perhaps.

Joy in Dressmaking

Dear Editor and Readers,

I enjoyed reading the letters in the last issue, especially the ones on dancing. I did not see the letter by "Crank," but by the sensation it caused I must have missed something.

I do not see any harm in dancing in moderation. I am very fond of it myself, learnt at home when I was a little girl. My parents did not like me to go to public dances in the city when I was going to school, but I do not see any harm in going to a dance when you do not carry it to extremes. In fact I think it is a very enjoyable way of spending the time. If you go to extremes, going too often, running outside to cool off or not dressing warm enough, then it is harmful. I do not like to see girls running off to dances two or three nights a week and then coming to school or the office too tired to study or work. That is the time it is overdone.

How many of the girl readers do their own sewing? For the last few years I have done all mine and find it great fun. Isn't it nice to make a dress or coat yourself and then figure out how much you made by doing so? Why, you can make two dresses for the price of one in the stores in the city.

Are you fond of reading, too? How many have read "My Father" by Lucille Stead. W. T. Stead's life must have been a very beautiful and interesting one. Another interesting one is "The Drama of the Forests." It gives a different side of life in the north than one usually gets.

If I don't stop soon I'm sure the Editor will not let this pass the W. P. B. Dare I hope it will?

A Bookworm.

Why Not Write Him?

Dear Editor and Readers,

I am a frequent reader of your correspondence column and feel like "Lonesome Maiden." I wish someone would write to me. I have been homesteading some years back and still have the farm, but have a good position in the city and feel more at home here. I notice some of your correspondents are kicking against dancing, I think it's just lovely although I do not dance myself, but I like to see others enjoy themselves if they feel like it. I like the sentiment of "Christiana," though as she gets older she may broaden out in her views. I think she has been well brought up. We can well excuse "Steno" for being what she is, she must need recreation and she certainly can get it dancing if she does not overdo herself.

I wish one of these would write me as I am so lonely or else I might as well be in the W. P. B. too.

Sincerely,

A Welsh Lad.

A Valued Appreciation

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been a silent reader of your paper for about two years and wish to be allowed to voice my sentiments in favor of such a splendid and inspiring magazine. It took me a long time to pick up enough courage to write, but when I read the letters contained in the columns of the Correspondence Page and notice that they come from all parts of Canada, it only seems proper that I should write and let the contributing members of the Correspondence Page know how much I enjoy the letters. In fact not only the Correspondence Page, but the magazine on a whole is I believe the best monthly paper I have ever had the privilege of reading.

In regard to poetry, Mr. Editor, I wish to congratulate you for displaying such good judgment in your selection. I cannot express in words the inspiration I receive as I read the poetry which appears in your magazine. I also wish to make reference to the page devoted to the Young Man and His Problem. As I am just twenty-one it certainly meets my requirements.

Some time ago there seemed to be quite a discussion going on about city versus country. Well as for me I hardly know which I like best. I can enjoy myself almost anywhere, out in the country close to the heart of nature or in the crowded streets of the city where the great masses are running to and fro. And as I try to study the history that has left its mark on the hundreds of faces that pass by, it is indeed a source of great inspiration to me as well as an education. I did not have the opportunity of receiving much of an education when a boy, as I had to get out and scratch for myself when I was about eleven years of age. So I only managed to get to the fifth grade, but I am beginning to realize now what an education means to a person. However, I'm very fond of good reading matter, something that is of an educational nature. That is why I like The Western Home Monthly so well. As this is my first letter to the page I had better not make it too long. So with best wishes to the editor and readers, I will say goodbye.

Dreamer.

NOTICE:—There are letters in our office addressed to "Only a Boy", "Lonesome Maiden", "Punch & Judy", "Christiania". If these parties will kindly send in their names and addresses we will be glad to forward letters to them.

"The world has no such flower in any land,
And no such pearl in any gulf—the sea
As any babe on any mother's knee."
—SWINBURNE.

Every normal
Mother
can
Breast-Feed
her
Baby
with the help of
LACTAGOL

¶ Because where the flow of milk is scanty, one teaspoonful of Lactagol taken three or four times daily in milk, milk and water, or water will promptly increase the flow.

¶ Because where the flow is ample but the nourishing properties are insufficient to satisfy baby's appetite, Lactagol taken by the nursing mother will enrich the quality of the milk by raising the proportions of the fats and proteins in such a way as to provide adequate nourishment for her baby.

¶ Because in those cases where the mother is able to breast-feed her baby but finds herself suffering from fatigue or overstrain, Lactagol so strengthens her system as to remove all trace of strain and keep her strong and well.

There is nothing "just as good" as LACTAGOL
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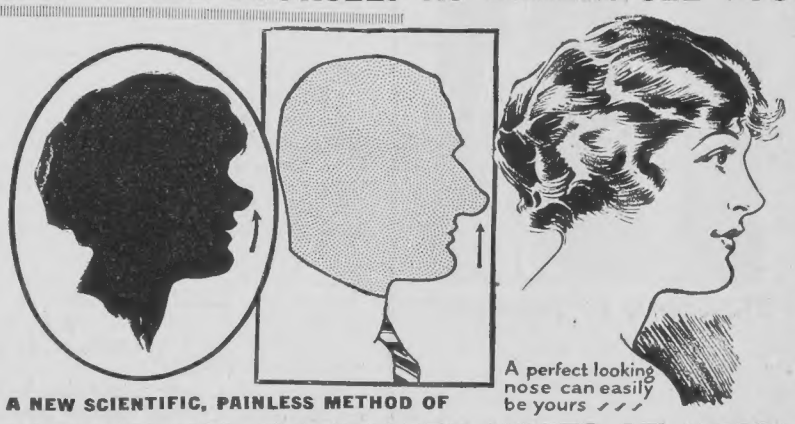
E. T. PEARSON & Co., Ltd. LONDON ENGLAND

DO YOU SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU?



A perfect looking nose can easily be yours

A NEW SCIENTIFIC, PAINLESS METHOD OF
CORRECTING ILL-SHAPED NOSES AT HOME

TIME ADVANCES—as does science succeed in perfecting each invention. My 15 years of experience in manufacturing and selling Nose Shapers have proven to me that I can now offer to the unfortunate possessors of ill-shapen noses the most meritorious Nose Adjuster of the age. My latest improved Model No. 25 (U.S. and many foreign patents) has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all my previous shapers and other Nose Adjusters by a large margin.

In the first place, my newest appliance is better fitting; the adjustments are such that it will fit every nose without exception—my apparatus is constructed of light weight metal, and is afforded very accurate regulation by means of six hexagonal screws, which are regulated with a key and the screws are then locked in the desired position. These screws will bring about the exact pressure for **correcting the various nasal deformities**—such as: long—pointed nose—pug—hook or shrew nose—and turned up nose—and will give marked success in modulating the distended or wide nostrils. There are no straps to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ

Model No. 25 is upholstered inside with a very fine chamois (covering a layer of thin metal) which protects the nose from direct contact with the apparatus; this lining of metal causes an even, moderate pressure on the parts being corrected, thus avoiding a harsh, violent pressure in any one place

Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and **corrects now all ill-shaped noses without operation,** quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

If you wish to have a perfect looking nose, write to-day for my free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist **1924 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.**

Relieves Rheumatism

Thousands of sufferers vouch for the relief obtained from

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT
23

MAPS

Excellent pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta, showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province, postpaid.

For sale at the best stationers, newsdealers and drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

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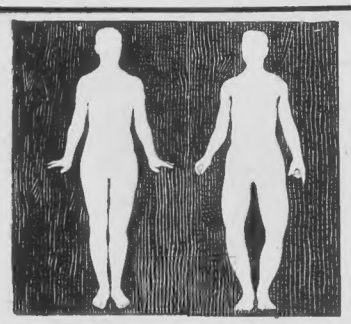
OTHER MAPS FOR ALL PURPOSES
Write for price list or further information

Every boy and girl has heard of Thornton W. Burgess whose delightful tales of animal life are known the world over. We have some of his best known books, each story complete in itself and beautifully illustrated in colors.

Peter Rabbit Puts on Airs,
Jumper the Hare Cannot Sleep.
Jerry Muskrat Wins Respect.
Unc' Billy Possum has a Fright.
Buster Bear Invites Mr. Toad to Dine.
Grandfather Frog stays in the Smiling Pool.

These books we are offering to boy and girl readers of The Western Home Monthly on remarkably easy conditions. Just send us $1 in payment for one year's subscription for yourself or on behalf of one of your friends and we will forward you any one of the above books, postpaid. This offer is for a limited time only so we suggest that you send along your order right away so as to avoid disappointment.

Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

Is now more than ever the key-note of success. **Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women,** both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lim-Straitner," Model 18, U.S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation and improve your personal appearance 100%.

Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

M. TRILETY, SPECIALIST
624 L. Ackerman Bldg. BINGHAMTON, N Y

Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

A Riddle

There is a little giant
Of wondrous power and skill,
Who can paint a dainty landscape
Or bridge a lake at will.

He can make each little flower
Bow its dainty head ;
The bright green leaves, when he goes by,
Turn yellow, brown and red.

He can pile the ice in mountains
Or shape a crystal feather ;
He can break the rocks in pieces
Or bring the wintry weather.

But if you wish this giant
To turn and run away,
Just build a little fire
Or bring a sunny day.

Flying Fish

Out where the sky and the sky-blue sea
Merge in the mist of sheen,
There started a vision of silver things,
A leap and a quiver, a flash of wings
The sky and the sea between.

Is it of birds from the blue above,
Or fish from the depths that be ?
Or is it the ghosts
In silver hosts
Of birds that were drowned at sea ?

Mary Fenollosa.

Something We Have Received

Seal, Alberta,
June 25, 1923

Dear Editor,

I am writing to thank you for the nice button which I received for the story. I was very glad to get it and hope to enter in some other contests in your Cosy Corner.

Wishing the Club all success
I remain,
Yours sincerely,
Bert Morrow

P.O. Atchelitz, B.C.

Dear Bobby Burke,

I wonder if I could join the Cosy Corner I am ten years old. I was born in South Africa. I have been in Australia and New Zealand. I have only been about three years in Canada. I will write again and tell you about our voyage over from New Zealand and send in a game.

From Molly Mackenzie

R.R. No. 1 Deepdale,
Manitoba,
June 18, 1923

Dear Bobby Burke,

Having seen your interesting page for a long time, I would like to become a member. I hope to see this letter in print and also to gain correspondents. I am fourteen years of age and I am in Grade Nine. I have a pony of my own which I ride to school. I also hope that I may get a badge.

Now will close, wishing the Club every success.

I remain,
Doris Lade

Dear Bobby Burke and Readers,

I thought I would enter your Children's Cosy Corner. I am ten years old in December. I am not a very good drawer, so I will not send you a picture, but I will send some riddles and a joke.

Riddles—

Why shouldn't you tell secrets in a corn field ?

Ans.—Because the ears might hear.

If you were a tiny child what land would you love ?

Ans.—Lapland.

Why is life the greatest riddle of all ?

Ans.—Because you must give it up.

What is it that a policeman, a king and a rabbit are always doing at the same time?

Ans.—Growing older.

Joke—

Farmer (to little boy): Did you read the notice, sonny, which says fishing not allowed ?

Little boy : I am not fishing aloud. I am fishing quietly.

Jean Forman,
Alvinston, Ont.
c/o R. Forman.

Carstairs, Alberta,
July 24th, 1923

Dear Bobby Burke,

May I join your Cosy Corner. We have taken the W.H.M. for some time, but this is my first letter.

I am thirteen years of age and live on the farm.

I am sending some riddles.

1

As I was passing under a wall
A voice to me did loudly call
His beard was flesh, his mouth was horn
And such a man was never born.

Ans.—A Rooster.

2

A blind man saw it,
A lame man caught it, and
A naked man put it in his pocket.

Ans.—A lie.

I would like to have correspondence from any boy or girl my own age.

Yours truly,
Hazel Ray

Big Lake, Ont.,
May, 1923

Dear Editor and Readers,

I do so love to read your wonderful paper, especially the Cosy Corner. I am going to tell about where I live. I live on the Manitoulin Island. There are fifteen townships on it. There is only one railway Station, which is at Little Current. I go to school and am in the Sr. Third Class. There are four in my class. Our school is only a small one, about fifteen go to it.

I would be very much pleased if somebody between eight and twelve would write to me.

I remain,
Annie Johnston

Some Games You Want to Play

Pantomine School—A good leader is chosen who places the rest in a row and takes his stand in front doing "stunts" which the rest must attempt to do, such as the following ; hold the hands outstretched and move the index fingers sidewise, back and forth without moving the other three ; open the fingers between the middle and ring fingers, the others not being separated ; move the little fingers sidewise without moving the others ; rotate the hands, one in one direction and one in the other ; pat the head with one hand and rub the chest with the other ; twirl the thumbs one in one direction and the other in the opposite direction ; place the hands on the hips and touch the elbows behind the back ; wiggle the ears ; move the tip of the nose like a sheep. When a player misses he must move down a place towards the foot of the line. The one remaining at the foot when the game is over must pay a forfeit.

Hopping Bases—Sides are chosen and bases marked out. The sides line up within their respective bases, fold their arms, and hop toward the other side, trying to make their way into their opponents' bases, but preventing their opponents from getting into theirs. When one succeeds in reaching the enemy's base, he puts the opponent who was opposite him out of the game, and may return to help his companions. The arms may not be unfolded at any time, and whoever drops a foot to the ground is out. The side getting possession of the other's base wins.

Our Competitions

Well, boys and girls, some of you have indeed worked hard this summer and the results are good. Here are splendid collections of leaves and nice little sketches of the harmful insects of your neighborhood. The prize for the best collection of leaves goes to Evelyn Goetz, of Red Deer, for a collection including spruce, pine, balsam fir, balm of Gilead, balsam, swamp cotton wood, red ash, mountain ash, Manitoba maple, white birch, weeping birch, canoe birch, red birch, white elm, plum, crab apple, cherry, apple, shining willow, willow, crack willow, tebb willow, black willow, peach willow, poplar, Lombardy poplar, caragana, red stemmed dogwood, Japanese lilac, lilac, witch hazel, cranberry, Saskatoon, pin cherry, chokecherry, silverberry, Labrador tea, snowberry, wild rose, black currant, raspberry. Her story of insects also follows.

The first prize for the Insect Story and Leaf Collection goes to Lloyd Alanson, of Vanscoy, Sask. Second prize for the Leaf Collection goes to Donald Holiburton also of Red Deer, for well mounted, well described leaves and a neatly written story of harmful insects.

Honorable mention to Lily Thompson, Westward Ho, Alta., and Bertha Sainsbury, of Dauphin.

These were all good and I am proud of you all. Will the prize winners write and say which of the prizes they wish to have.

Vanscoy, Sask.
August 20, 1923

"Children's Cosy Corner, W.H.M."

Dear Bobby Burke,

I am sending in my list and description of the harmful insects in this neighborhood, also leaves of trees mounted and named.

Harmful Insects

1. The Housefly—This is an insect about half an inch long, which is very

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack. Winnipeg

CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—*Continued from page 70*

troublesome in the house. On its feet is a sticky substance which enables it to walk on walls and on the ceiling. This substance on its feet also gathers germs which are left off wherever the fly goes—sometimes on food and when this food is eaten causes sickness.

The fly breeds in garbage and from there, flies to the kitchen and all over the house leaving germs wherever he places his feet.

Flys are got rid of by hauling away the garbage and rubbish from the buildings, but a swatter is always handy around the house.

2. The Sawfly—This is a black slim fly about a half an inch long which lays its eggs on the wheat stems and is present from the middle of June till the middle of July.

The egg hatches into a grub which eats its way down the centre of the wheat stem until near the bottom when the wheat is ripe he eats all around the inside of the stem causing the wheat to topple over.

It then eats its way into the root where it winters, only to come out in the spring the shape of a fly.

3. The Grasshopper—This is a big insect which grows about an inch and a half long and a quarter inch wide. It has long hind legs on which it hops around.

Big grasshoppers have wings on which they fly from field to field. When this insect comes in large numbers they eat up the crops and the only way to get rid of them is by poisoning.

Perhaps the most harmful insect is the **Grasshopper.** It is a brown insect with two pairs of wings. It lays many eggs which it buries in the ground. Its legs are long and it can hop a long distance. To get rid of the grasshopper the farmer sprinkles the ground with bran, mixed with Paris Green.

The **House Fly** has three body parts. It has two eyes which are made up of thousands of small eyes. It also has three simple eyes across the front of the head. The fly lays about 150 small eggs on manure or other filth. The fly spreads disease. To get rid of flies we use fly poison or catch them on sticky paper.

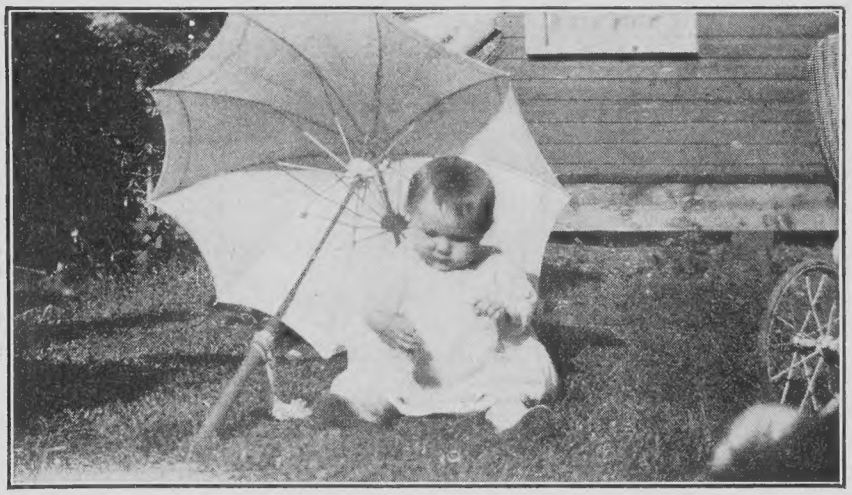
Some **Plant Lice** have no wings and some have four. Some are smooth and green and others have bodies covered with white powder. Most of them live on the leaves of plants or on the stems. The lady bug kills them. The plants are sprinkled with helibore to get rid of them.

There are two kinds of **Cabbage Butterflies,** the large white one which destroys the outside leaves and the small white one which burrow into the head of the cabbage. To protect against them the ground is sprinkled with wood ashes.

The mouth of the **Mosquito** is needle shaped. The eggs are laid on water. They are very troublesome to stock in the evenings. To protect against them a fire or smudge is built.

We often find plants, cabbages, peas, beans, etc., cut off and see no insect. If we dig around the plants we find a brownish, greasy looking caterpillar about an inch long. The head is smooth and shiny. On the section next to the head is a smooth shield. They stay in the ground in the day and work at night. These cutworms are hatched from little eggs in the spring, summer, or fall. When they are full grown, about an inch and a half long, they burrow into the ground and remain asleep for several weeks. Then they hatch into a moth with wings and legs and feelers. These moths are dull colored and lay the eggs from which cutworms hatch.

The Army worm is not very common in this country. It is a caterpillar of a moth. They live in large numbers which gives them their names. They destroy much green food.



Under cover

4. The Horsefly—This is a fly about three quarters of an inch long, which is very troublesome to horses especially in haying time, when it gets up in their nostrils and stings making the horses go almost crazy.

Screen nose bags are used to prevent the fly entering the nose, but even then they trouble by stinging the horses on the stomach causing big swellings and sores.

5. The Cutworm—This is a worm about an inch or an inch and a half long which damages the gardens by eating the roots and leaves of the plants. We get rid of them by sprinkling Paris Green on the leaves of the plants.

Harmful Insects in my Neighborhood

Much destruction is done to the garden and crops by the cutworm, but we do not class it as an insect. We do not have the potato bug in our neighborhood.

Noxious Insects of Alberta

The noxious insects of Alberta are: 1 Grasshoppers; 2 Cutworms; 3 Moths; 4 Beetles (Potato); 5 Chintz Bug; 6 Army Worm.

The grasshopper destroys nearly all kinds of field plants. It has six legs, three on each side. Its hind legs are long which help it to jump or hop. Its body is in parts, or sections. It has two long curved feelers, sticking out in front of its head called antennae. It has two large eyes and a mouth fitted for biting leaves or stalks. The outside of its body is hard. The female grasshopper lays its eggs in the fall in a hole in the ground. The eggs stick together and in the spring they hatch. They have no wings but hop around and eat green things. Later they get wings.

The potato bug is found in Southern Alberta. They do damage to potato plants by eating the leaves. The hard-shelled beetle lays orange colored eggs in the under side of potato leaves. The egg hatches into soft larvae which eats the leaf. The beetle is striped black and orange. It has a hard surface and is about two-thirds of an inch long.

The chintz bug which is a small black bug a little smaller than the lady bug, and has a peculiar smell. It destroys radish and turnip tops.

We have no pea weevils or turnip flies, nor currant worms in Alberta.

Donald Haliburton,
Red Deer,
Alberta.

Not a Square Deal

"Remember, children," said Miss Mason to her Sunday-school class, "the tares represent the bad people and the wheat the good ones."

"Why, that's funny," said a small auditor who had listened to the lesson with breathless attention.

"Why is it funny, James?" asked the teacher.

"Because," replied the youngster, "the wheat always gets thrashed and the tares don't."

He Caught It

"The trouble with you is the same as with Mr. Brown," said the doctor. "He worried and got nervous dyspepsia. He was worrying himself to death about his grocer's bill. Now he is cured."

"But how did you cure him?" asked the patient.

"I told him to stop worrying and he has," replied the doctor.

"I know," was the sad answer; "I know he has. But I am his grocer."

According to Orders

The following unusual interpretation of a common command appears in Tit-Bits: The mistress came downstairs and tried the door of the sitting room, only to find it locked against her, while the key, which was usually in the lock, was missing.

"Bridget, I can't get into the sitting room!" she cried.

"Sure, it's meself knows that; and ye won't, fur I hev the kay in me pocket."

"Open the door immediately."

"Will yez go in if I do?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then yez won't get the kay."

"Open the door, I say! What do you mean?"

"Sure, it's by your own orders. Just yesterday ye said. 'Don't let me come downstairs in the morning and see any dust on the sitting room furniture.' So I puts the kay in me pocket, and says I, 'Then she shan't!' "

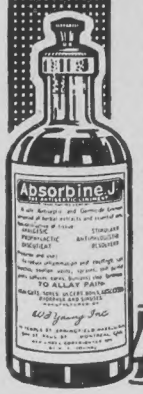
sore muscles

Whether they come from bruises or overwork, sore muscles will quickly yield to the soothing effect of Absorbine, Jr.

Rub briskly into the muscles a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. and the inflammation which caused the pain will quickly disappear—and with it the pain. Keep a bottle on hand and be prepared for emergencies.

$1.25 a bottle at your druggists or postpaid. A liberal trial bottle sent for 10c.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
109 Lymans Bldg., Montreal



Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

Get Rid of Your FAT

A trial treatment, together with my booklet on Obesity, as well as my special "PAY-WHEN-REDUCED" offer, sent FREE on request.

I am a licensed practising physician and have successfully treated thousands of patients for fat reduction without subjecting them to change of diet or unnecessary exercise. My patients have often reduced at the rate of a pound a day, and are to-day in better health than ever before. Let me send you more proof at my expense.

DR. R. NEWMAN, Licensed Physician, State of New York, 286 Fifth Ave., N.Y., Desk C-87.

TELLS DYSPEPTICS WHAT TO EAT

Avoid Indigestion, Sour Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Gas On Stomach, Etc.

Indigestion and practically all forms of stomach trouble, say medical authorities, are due nine times out of ten to an excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. Chronic "acid stomach" is exceedingly dangerous and sufferers should do either one of two things.

Either they can go on a limited and often disagreeable diet, avoiding foods that disagree with them, that irritate the stomach and lead to excess acid secretion or they can eat as they please in reason and make it a practice to counteract the effect of the harmful acid and prevent the formation of gas, sourness or premature fermentation by the use of a little Bisurated Magnesia at their meals.

There is probably no better, safer or more reliable stomach antiacid than Bisurated Magnesia and it is widely used for this purpose. It has no direct action on the stomach and is not a digestent. But a teaspoonful of the powder or a couple of five grain tablets taken in a little water with the food will neutralize the excess acidity which may be present and prevent its further formation. This removes the whole cause of the trouble and the meal digests naturally and healthfully without need of pepsin pills or artificial digestents.

Get a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia from any reliable druggist. Ask for either powder or tablets. It never comes as a liquid, milk or citrate and in the bisurated form is not a laxative. Try this plan and eat what you want at your next meal and see if this isn't the best advice you ever had on "what to eat."

THE DOIN'S OF PUG

By J. A. Cormack, Winnipeg

Swift's Jewel Shortening

ALWAYS fresh and good—pure and wholesome—the most enticing of table delicacies are assured when you use Swift's Jewel Shortening. It makes the task of cooking light and agreeable. It is very economical too, for it requires a much less quantity than butter or lard.

You will also find Swift's Jewel Shortening splendid for frying as it cooks without burning and is both odorless and tasteless.

Your Butcher or Grocer has this famous Shortening for you, packed in sanitary pails or cartons in convenient sizes to your requirements.

Swift Canadian Co.
Limited